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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

FROM

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE,

1826.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

VOL. III.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

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THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1826.

RT. I. *Mr. Jacob's Report on the Trade in Corn, &c.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed. Folio. pp. 168. 1826.

N all the warm discussions to which the corn laws have given birth, o topic has been so abundantly and triumphantly descanted on, by e supporters of these measures, as the prodigious powers of pro-uction supposed to exist in the agricultural countries of the north Europe. The restrictions laid upon the importation of grain ve been more than once compared to the barriers required in re-ons that lie lower than the neighbouring ocean, to protect them om a general deluge; and Poland and Prussia have been perpe-lly referred to as the quarters from which a tide is ever ready to ur upon us, and sweep away "that most important interest of the tion, upon which the prosperity of all others depends." It has en frequently observed of this class of reasoners, that they seemed think it wholly unnecessary to descend to particulars and details; ut the grand question in debate was always taken for granted; d that they appeared to consider the exhaustless fertility of the rth as one of those facts of "public notoriety," which needed no oof, and which there was some presumption in disputing. In s sort of controversy they had a great advantage over their ad-rsaries. It is always far easier to excite than to allay alarm; and ey who most suspected the accuracy of these bold assertions, found difficult to combat them, from the want of sufficiently detailed d exact information on the statistics of the countries to which ey referred.

This defect is now, in a great degree, supplied; and the publica-n of Mr. Jacob's report will oblige those who tremble at the no-n of imported corn, to seek food for their fears in some other rt of the world than the north of Europe.

In the summer of last year Mr. Jacob, at the desire of the Board Trade, proceeded upon a tour through those countries, the pro-ctions of whose soil are usually exported from the depots of the ltic and of the North Sea. His instructions were numerous and nute, and pointed his inquiries to every subject connected with supply of *foreign corn*, especially with a view to ascertain what *ntities of grain had been* conveyed during a series of yea the various ports, and how much was then warehoused ; what likelihood there was that an increased demand from England would be followed by an increased supply, and what effect such a demand would probably have upon the prices of corn ; what was the cours of cultivation in those countries, and, generally, the state of agriculture and manufactures, and the wages, skill, habits, and mod of living of the lower orders of the people.

The route which Mr. Jacob took was judiciously selected. 'H passed through the Netherlands, the Prussian provinces on th Rhine, and the dominions of Saxony, to Berlin, and from thenc by Stettin to Dantzic. From Dantzic he travelled through th kingdom of Poland, visiting Thorn, Warsaw, and Cracow ; deviating in several directions from the main road, returned throug Gallicia, Moravia, Austria, Bavaria, and Wirtemburg, to Strasburgh, where he entered France, and, by way of Paris, reache England.'

The information which he collected, during this long course, i full, minute, and satisfactory. Scarcely a subject relating to th main scope of his enquiries seems to have escaped his observation and the few points in which his report may be deemed defective are either of little importance to the purposes of his mission, o such as were incapable of complete examination, by one traversin such extensive districts in so short a period. Mr. Jacob appears t have left England in the end of June (1825), and to have returne in the beginning of last February.

The chief depots for the exportation of corn in the north of Europe are Dantzic and Elbing. The vast tract through which th Vistula is navigable, is almost wholly devoted to agriculture, an sends all its productions, designed for foreign sale, to be war housed at these ports, and thence transmitted to the foreign ma kets. Konningsburg, Memel, and Riga to the north, and Stett to the south of the mouth of the Vistula, are less favourably situ ted, both from the inferior facilities afforded by navigable rive and the smaller quantity of surplus produce yielded by the countri of whose productions they are the outlets. Riga, in particula to which the government of Russia have been for some time e deavouring to divert the corn trade of Poland, is not likely ever become a great corn depot, owing to the length of time durin which that port is closed by frost ; the difficulty, arising from t severity of the climate, of drying corn preparatory to shipmen and its distance from the countries which may happen to requi supplies of grain. For these reasons, Mr. Jacob thinks that Ri has little chance of being made a successful rival to Dantzic a Elbing. Of the sea-ports on the North Sea, which afford exit the corn that passess down the Elbe and the Weser, Hamburgh, might be expected, has the largest share in the exportation of grai but the quantity sent annually from these ports is small, wh compared with the shipments from the mouth of the Vistula.

n every district which Mr. Jacob visited, he found the trade in
ı, and especially in wheat, extremely depressed. The agri-
urists were complaining of ruin from falling prices; and the
ers who bought to sell, and the creditors who took the produce
he soil in payment of the debts which were charged upon it,
e either compelled to hoard it from the impossibility of procuring
prices in expectation of which they had accepted it, or to sell
grievous loss. In the interior of Poland, along the course of
Vistula, the warehouses were actually empty. After a state-
it in detail, of the quantities of wheat stored in the various ports
ve-mentioned, the following is given as a summing up of the
le:—

he whole stock of wheat may be now brought into one point; and
ar as follows:

Pomerania	67,103	Quarters.
Dantzic and Elbing	361,500	—
Lubeck	29,900	—
		—
	458,503	—
Conjectural:		
Denmark	25,000	—
Rostock and Wismar	25,000	—
Petersburgh, Riga, and Memel	100,000	—
		—
	608,503	—
In ports in the North Sea, as ascertained:		
Hamburgh	105,000	—
Bremen	27,970	—
Total	741,473	Quarters.

f the wheat to which we have referred, as accumulated in the several
s, I was assured nearly one-fourth part is of so bad a quality, as to
no market in this country, except in seasons of uncommon dearth.
hen, out of the whole 741,473 quarters, 556,330 quarters were to be
to England, it would not be more than the consumption of ten days.'
12.

his is to form the tremendous "inundation" which is to desolate
land if the corn laws be removed or mitigated! But even this
ore than could, according to ordinary calculation, be made to
upon us. Much of what is thus warehoused could not be
rted without the temptation of very high prices, nor without
erially interfering with the supply required for other purposes
exportation. We are furnished in this report with the means
nowing the proportion which the quantity exported bears to
whole quantity stored. The total bulk of wheat stored at Dant-
nd Elbing, we have seen, was 361,500 quarters. In page 51
table, from which it appears that the quantity of the same
n actually *exported from those* places during five years, was as
ws :—

1821	126,136	Quarters.
1822	44,352	—
1823	68,450	—
1824	59,996	—
1825	118,681	—
Total	417,615	—
Average of the five years	83,523	—

The largest quantity exported during any of these five years not amount to one-third of the whole bulk warehoused when Jacob obtained his returns from Dantzic and Elbing; so th supposing the proportion in other places to be the same, and supply not designed for exportation to remain undiverted from usual channels, and adopting Mr. Jacob's estimate with that c rection, we shall find remaining, to deluge England, as much would afford its inhabitants about three days' consumption. must not, indeed, be forgotten, that a sudden demand from En land might be such as to force the whole stock into the chann destined for her supply; but neither must it be forgotten that could only be effected by an advance in prices. How far this crease in prices might proceed, and how far the supply might increased by a demand from England, are questions to whic large portion of the report is devoted.

Mr Jacob's account of the provinces of Prussia and of Pola which export their produce through the harbours of the Vistula, by far the best piece of statistics we possess of those countries. T state of agriculture and manufactures; the condition of the p santry and of the higher classes, and the social and political re tions subsisting between them; the general state of society; value of property; the rate of interest, taxation, and wages;— deed, all the subjects that can interest one who reads a book travels, as much for the sake of instruction as for the gratificati of curiosity, are discussed briefly, but with great clearness and int ligence.

A peasantry can seldom be found in extreme wretchedness wh agriculture has made much improvement, and still more seld where manufactures flourish. Even if no details were given, state of agricultural industry, and the progress made in the a which give comfort and dignity to social life, might be infer from the condition of the lower classes in these Prussian provinc of which Mr. Jacob treats somewhat at large. The peasantry poor and degraded, enjoying little more than a mere animal ex ence, apparently unambitious of improvement, and even ignor of the value of the political rights that were given to them at memorable period of 1807, when the genius, vigour, and patrioti of Von Stein, laid the foundations of that political system of whi unhappily, only a few corner-stones now remain. They have cea to be *adscripti glebæ*; they have been raised to the rank of labourers; they have been invested, to a very great extent, with the right of property in the land on which they formerly worked as slaves; yet they continue to be marked by 'a listlessness and slovenly indolence, which was natural to their former character, and which,' Mr. Jacob adds, 'their new condition has not had time to remove.' We may remark, in passing, that nineteen years are a pretty long period for trying the effect of a political change upon a degraded people; and that there must be some leaden weight, lying at the heart of the nation, preventing enterprize and paralyzing industry, or the impulse given by the great statesman, to whom we have alluded, would have urged Prussia to a far different stage of social existence from that in which she now stands still.

Except upon the royal domains, or on very fertile patches of land, near large towns, or on the banks of great rivers, there is in Prussia no class of agriculturists corresponding to our farmers. At the period, before referred to, of the emancipation of the peasantry from feudal servitude, a composition was made, compulsory upon the lords, but optional with the vassals, by which, in lieu of certain prescriptive claims of the latter, a proportion of the soil they inhabited, varying according to the amount of these claims, was given to each vassal who chose, on those terms, to be made free. This composition was carried into effect very generally, but not universally; some of the peasants preferring servitude to independence! The result has been, that, with the exceptions stated, every occupier is his own landlord, and cultivates his property with his own hands, or, in the case of richer proprietors, by means of hired labourers, usually paid in kind.

The value of land, if sold in (what we would term) fee-simple, varies from about fifteen shillings to about forty shillings per acre. This, however, is to be considered as its present value, at a time when all agricultural property is greatly depreciated. The degree of fertility may be judged from the average rate of increase in the various kinds of grain, which, taking all descriptions of grain together, is estimated at about four times the seed. Mr. Jacob ascribes this want of productiveness, in a great measure, to the small number of cattle in proportion to the extent of soil; that proportion being *three times* less than in England. The general course of cultivation is—

> 'to fallow every third year, by ploughing three times, when designed for rye, or five times if intended for wheat, and allowing the land to rest without any crop during the whole of the year, from one autumn to the next. Most of the land is deemed to be unfit for the growth of wheat, under any circumstances. Where it is deemed adapted to that grain, as much as can be manured, from their scanty supply of that article, is sown with wheat, and the remainder of the fallow ground with rye. The portion which is destined for wheat, even in the best farms, is thus very small; and, as on *many none is sown, the* whole of the land devoted to wheat, *does not amount to one-tenth* of that on which rye is grown.'—p. 15.

The proportion of wheat grown upon a great part of the country which Mr. Jacob visited, was small, and had been of late years declining. It is not deemed a profitable crop, except for exportation. This is an important fact, and Mr. Jacob seems to have bestowed some pains in ascertaining that it was not confined to particular places. It can only arise from the incapacity of the soil to produce this grain without a sacrifice not to be made unless on occasions of extensive demand and high prices. And it leads irresistably to the conclusion, which is enforced in other parts of the report, that no very great additional supplies of this article could be yielded, without a rapid impoverishment of soil, in a country having such scanty means of renovating its fertility by manure. So little, indeed, is wheat used for consumption in the north of Europe, that Mr. Jacob says:

> 'From the time I left the Netherlands, through Saxony, Prussia, Poland, Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemberg, till I entered France, I never saw either in the bakers' shops, in the hotels, or private houses, a *loaf* of wheaten bread. In every large town, small rolls made of wheaten flour, could be purchased, and they were to be seen at the tables at which foreigners were seated. In the small towns and villages only rye bread can be obtained; and travellers commonly take in their carriages sufficient wheaten rolls to supply them from one large town to the next. Wheat is only used by the natives for making, what our English bakers would call fancy bread, or in pastry and confectionery. If there be no foreign demand for wheat, the difficulty of selling it, at any price, is great; and that little, which the very limited demand of other countries of late years has required, has been confined to wheat of the best quality; for rye, on the other hand, sales may be always made at a market price; and the price of that grain has not been depressed in the same proportion as the price of wheat.'—pp. 15, 16.

The proprietors of land in Prussia are described as in a most lamentable state of distress. In the year 1794 the Landshaft, or States, a local assembly of the principal proprietors, made a valuation, upon a low scale, of certain estates which were then intended to be mortgaged, and upon this valuation debentures were given to the lenders, with a right of priority over all other claims. At some periods in the interval that has since elapsed, these debentures bore a high per centage, and subsequent mortgages were created on many estates charged with them. Such has been the fall in the value of property, that some estates, so far from being adequate to the secondary incumbrances, are incapable of keeping down the interest on the debentures, and, although a sequestration is generally deemed a ruinous process to both debtor and creditor, have been subjected to that proceeding. If the landholders of England apprehend ruin from the industry of the Prussian nobles, these last ascribe all their misfortunes to the former. The Landshaft, in their session of last year, made a very pathetic appeal to the king, imploring his majesty to wreak vengeance upon the English for their pertinacious adherence to the corn laws, by—prohibiting the introduction of British goods! We might be tempted to smile at the remedy devised by these sages for the drooping industry of their country, if, unhappily, the very same sort of empiricism were not in vogue with a certain school of political doctors among ourselves.

The provinces of Poland which Mr. Jacob visited, though differing in local circumstances and in national character from the Prussian states, and enjoying, in some parts, a higher degree of fertility, exhibited the same scene of agricultural distress and declining cultivation. Society, indeed, and the arts that contribute to its advancement, are there in a still more backward state than in those portions of Prussia which he describes. The whole population is divided into two classes, the nobles and the peasants. There is no middle order, unless it be said to consist of the Jews, or the German artisans, who, with other foreigners, have, of late years, settled in the country, attracted by some feeble attempts to encourage manufactures. The Jews drive their old trade of money dealing, and, though despised and deprived of many of the privileges of citizenship, contrive to engross almost the whole traffic of the country. The condition of society is thus described by Mr. Jacob:—

> 'Among the real Poles, there is no regular gradation of ranks between the noble proprietor and the wretched peasantry. There may be, and visibly are, differences in the condition of the peasantry, depending on the personal character of their lords, and upon the more or less embarrassed state of the property on which they may be settled. There is also a difference between the landed proprietors, owing to the different degrees of activity, economy, and attention that they exercise; but there is not a middle class of Poles. The Polish gentry are too proud to follow any course but the military career; and the government, by its large standing army, encourages the feeling, though the pay is scarcely sufficient to supply the officers with their expensive uniforms. The church has too few prizes, among many thousand blanks, to induce any but the lower classes to enter on that profession. The offices of government can employ but few, and those are ill paid, and said to depend on small peculations, rather than on their salaries. Whatever difficulties may present themselves to the placing out young men of good family, none have had recourse to commerce: and if they had, such would be treated by others as having lost their caste, and descended to a lower rank of society. The manufacturers and the artisans in Poland are almost all of the German nation. If a joiner, painter, mason, tailor, shoemaker, or a person of other similar occupations, including too the medical profession, is wanted, he will commonly be found only among the Germans. The merchants, bankers, and traders, are nearly as exclusively of the Jewish race; and that, too, of all classes, from the importer of wines and colonial produce to the dealers in rags and old clothes; from the monied man, who traffics in foreign loans and foreign exchanges, down to the lender of small sums, which the poor can obtain by pledging their miserable furniture or implements.'—*p. 33.*

The rigour of the feudal system has been relaxed in Poland, but its spirit remains. The peasants are no longer the legal property of their lords, but they are in general as much bound by their necessities in his service, as they were by their obligation as vassals, before their formal emancipation in 1791, which has been confirmed on the various changes of masters their country has since undergone. They live in cottages, upon land which they are entitled to occupy on condition of performing certain stipulated services for the lord, and rendering him a sort of rent in kind, composed of various articles of the produce of their holdings, as 'poultry, eggs, yarn, and other things, in conformity with ancient usage.' If they are required to do more than the specified quantity of labour, they are entitled to wages. They are at liberty to leave the domain of the lord on discharging all that is due to him; but they are seldom able, and not often willing to avail themselves of this privilege. They usually remain upon the estates on which they and their fathers have been accustomed to live, unless the decline of their landlord's fortunes, in which the tenantry must necessarily share, compels them to seek elsewhere an easier or securer livelihood. The general poverty of the country cannot be better evinced than by the fact, that 'the want of peasantry is a general subject of complaint, especially among those (who are the far greater number) whose estates are loaded with mortgages or other incumbrances; such sometimes lose them, but cannot command the means of inducing others to settle on the land.' Their condition is miserable in the extreme.

'These people live in wooden huts covered with thatch or shingles, consisting of one room with a stove, around which the inhabitants and their cattle crowd together, and where the most disgusting kinds of filthiness are to be seen. Their common food is cabbage, potatoes sometimes but not generally, pease, black bread, and soup or rather gruel, without the addition of butter or meat. Their chief drink is water, or the cheap whiskey of the country, which is the only luxury of the peasants; and is drunk, whenever they can obtain it, in enormous quantities. They use much salt with their vegetable food, and, in spite of the heavy tax on that commodity, can never dispense with the want of it at their meals. I was informed, and saw reason to credit the accounts, that when the peasants brought to the market towns their trifling quantities of produce, a part of the money was first used to purchase salt, and the rest spent in whiskey, in a state of intoxication that commonly endured till the exhaustion of the purse had restored them to sobriety. In their houses they have little that merits the name of furniture; and their clothing is coarse, ragged, and filthy, even to disgust.

'This representation of the condition and character of the peasantry, though general, cannot be considered so universal as to admit of no exceptions; some rare instances of perseverance in economy, industry, and temperance, are to be found; and, unfavourable as their circumstances may be for the creation of such habits, they are here attended by the usual *correspondent results*. Some few peasants have been enabled to gain *three or four allotments*, and to employ their sons or hired servants to work for them; and there are instances of such persons making a still further progress, and being enabled to purchase estates for themselves. Such cases as these, however, occur so rarely, that though they produce individual comfort and wealth, they have no perceptible influence on the general mass of society, or on the surplus quantity of agricultural productions.'—pp. 27, 28.

The estates in Poland are large, some of them of enormous extent; and as both lands and titles are descendible to all the sons in common, (unless in some cases where the estate is fettered by an entail), the number of nobles would be prodigious, but for a salutary regulation which controls their number by a reference to their income. Nobility, however, is cheap in Poland. The income requisite for a baron is equivalent to twenty-five pounds sterling. Seventy-five pounds a-year is the valuation of a count's title; and a man (duly born) may be a prince for one hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum. No Jew can be the owner of land; but people of that race become occasionally the subjects of very sudden conversions; and the mortgagee of a large property will sometimes (though the instances are not numerous) embrace Christianity in order to secure the estate.

The far greater number of proprietors are in great embarassment. A mortgage, indeed, is deemed so much an ordinary and proper appendage to an estate, that the owner will usually talk of the annual interest, as a farmer in this country would speak of his rent, rates, and taxes. These involvements have become so general, that a measure was lately adopted by the diet, which, for its singularity, deserves to be noticed.

'A national bank is to be established, in which landowners who are in debt, whether on mortgage or on simple contracts, may deposit a schedule of their estates, and a valuation of them: this valuation is to be made by themselves, and it is calculated it will not be made too high, because as the present land tax is collected on the income, and future imposts are to be levied according to this valuation, few will be induced to give in more than the true value. On the valuation, an annual interest is to be paid to the bank, at the rate of six per cent. for twenty-eight years. This is to be considered as interest at the rate of four per cent.; and two per cent. is to form the means of discharging, by compound interest, the principal in twenty-eight years. The bank, on receiving the documents, is to deliver to the proprietors its debentures or certificates; when, twenty per cent. being deducted from them, they are made a legal tender for the payment of all debts; and on which four per cent. interest is to be paid by the bank. When the instalment of the first year is paid, the two per cent. is to be divided among all the holders of the bank debentures, by a lottery. The drawers of the fortunate numbers will then be paid in full. The others will receive their interest, at the rate of four per cent., till their numbers are drawn prizes, some of which must, of course, wait till the expiration of the twenty-eighth year; at which period, upon this plan, if it should *work well, all the debts* will be liquidated.'—p. 35.

Mr. Jacob, with no little colour of reason, thinks it at least possible that the same embarrassments which led to the adoption of this measure will prevent its due execution; and that it gives a strong temptation to a needy proprietor to sacrifice his creditor to his present necessities. It is only a bad modification of a plan, which has been sometimes proposed, though fortunately without meeting much encouragement, within the last few years in this country.

In Poland, as in Prussia, Mr. Jacob found the cultivation of wheat manifestly on the decline. In various instances, which are stated both in the report and the valuable appendix annexed to it, the price of wheat, when sold, did not amount to the cost of its production. In case a demand for this grain should arise in England, it appears, that in addition to the increase of price which would accrue from the allotting to the cultivation of wheat, lands now devoted to other purposes, there would be a very great increase in the cost of carriage from the most fertile provinces along the Vistula, to Dantzic, and thence to England. Mr. Jacob states the expenses attendant on the conveyance of wheat from Warsaw to Dantzic, and its preparation for shipment there, at twelve shillings per quarter, and estimates at eight shillings the freight from Dantzic to London. From Cracow to Dantzic, the whole expenses would be fifteen shillings a quarter, including the charges at the place of exportation. But in the years from 1796 to 1799, when the exports from the harbours of the Vistula were very considerable, these charges, on wheat sent from Warsaw, amounted to sixteen shillings and sixpence, and a corresponding difference must have existed in the expenses of consignments from Cracow, though no exact account of these is given in the report. Mr. Jacob concludes his reasoning thus:—

> 'If a duty in this country of ten shillings or twelve shillings per quarter was imposed, it would not allow of such a profit, on the supposition of the price being from sixty shillings to sixty-four shillings, as to induce any great exertions to increase cultivation in the districts bordering on the Vistula. The chance of a rise occasioned by war, by a winter so severe as to injure vegetation, or by a rainy harvest season, might induce those of a speculative turn, to increase their growth of wheat; but those who have that turn, and have the means of indulging it, are so few, that they would produce no sensible increase in the general surplus.'—p. 53.

We shall give but one more extract from this truly interesting document. It states the views of the intelligent writer on the progressive exhaustion of a corn-country engaged in a course of perpetual exportation. If these views be sound, the apprehension that England could, by any change of policy, be very largely supplied with bread-corn from the north of Europe, is little better than an idle day-dream. And we own that to our understanding the facts which Mr. Jacob has adduced in support of these views, both in the report and the appendix, appear perfectly irresistible.

> '*It has been frequently* remarked, that the exportation of corn from

any country, if long continued, must tend to exhaust the soil, unless some articles, capable of becoming converted into manure, are introduced to compensate for the injury. Many parts of the north of Africa, and of Asia Minor, which formerly supplied large quantities of corn to Europe, have since become deserts. Perhaps one of the chief causes of the progress we have made in agriculture, and of the superior productiveness of our fields, has arisen from our exporting but few, and importing many of those articles which are capable, when decomposed, of becoming manure, and being applied to renovate the soil, as much or more as it is exhausted by cropping.

'From Poland, for nearly two centuries, according to the document in Appendix, No. 24, the exports of corn have been very large, whilst, on the other hand, nothing has been imported, deserving of notice, which could be converted into nutriment to the soil.

'The system of rotation by which two crops of corn are raised in succession, and nothing is administered to refresh the land but a fallow, would exhaust the best soil with which we are acquainted.

'In every part of my journey through Poland, the impression communicated, in looking at the fields, whether with growing crops, in stubble, or under the operations of the plough, was, that they were approaching to a state of exhaustion from excessive cropping.

'This view, which the rotation of crops and the face of the country suggests, is confirmed by the statistical facts, which shew that its power of supplying the wants of other countries is greatly diminished. The return of peace, after more than twenty years of extensive warfare, is commonly supposed to have increased the productions of the soil, and to be the cause of the depreciation of prices, which has been the general subject of complaint in every part of Europe. In Poland there has been no sensible increase of numbers, except within the last six years, when Germans, emigrant work people, to the number of 250,000, have established themselves in the different trades to which they have been accustomed in their native country.

'On comparing the surplus quantity of bread corn which Poland has exported in a series of the same number of years, we shall see what has been the falling off.

'In the eleven years (see Appendix, No. 15) beginning with 1795, and ending with 1805, the exports of wheat from the mouths of the Vistula, were 5,059,163 quarters or 438,263 a-year, on the average of the period. In the eleven years, beginning in 1815 and ending with 1825, the exports from the same ports were 1,669,027 quarters, or on the average of the period, 151,729 quarters per year. In the latter period, indeed, 78,265 barrels of flour were exported, supposing them to be all wheaten flour, it will increase the quantity 39,132 quarters, reckoning that two barrels are the produce of one quarter of wheat. In the first of these two series of years, the rye shipped at the same ports was 1,680,096 quarters; and that in the last series only 456,192 quarters.'—p. 42.

The picture which Mr. Jacob draws of the condition of a people, depending upon agriculture alone for employment and subsistence, may operate *as a useful lesson* to those fanciful speculators on the *destiny of nations, who decry* cheap food from an apprehension *that the growth of manufactures* may, some day or other, conve

England into "one great town." That wealth and civilization, the comforts, the enjoyments, and the dignity of man in social existence, can only advance in company with those arts which give employment to classes consuming the produce without engaging in the cultivation of the soil, is a truth of which it would be difficult to find a better illustration, than a contrast between commercial and manufacturing England, and agricultural Prussia and Poland. There is no magic in the name, no peculiar virtue in the soil of this island. It was once a barren, woody, and thinly peopled country. To ingenuity and enterprise, the children of free institutions, the parents and nurses of trade, commerce, and manufactures, we owe those very proud and princely fortunes, drawn, indeed, apparently directly from the produce of the soil, but, in truth, derived from those complex causes which make up the value of the nation's income. Without cattle to manure the soil, it would soon become poor, like that of exhausted Poland. Without a commercial population, these means of fertility would be denied to us, as to the Poles and Prussians. We smile at the idea of a prince with an income of £125 a-year. We, too, would have our pauper princes, if England had not long since ceased to be what Poland yet remains—an agricultural nation.

ART. II. *The Lives of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and James II.; the Hon. Sir Dudley North, Commissioner of the Customs, &c.; and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c.* By the Hon. Roger North. A new Edition, with Notes and Illustrations, Historical and Biographical. 3 Vols. 8vo. 36*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

THIS is a most amusing cabinet of family portraits. For here we may be said to have four whole length pictures of as many brothers of the house of North, besides many less elaborated heads and outline sketches of the secondary worthies of the same race: the curiosity of the collection consisting in this, that while a strong family resemblance pervades the whole, a separate and even opposite character has been given to each subject by extraneous circumstances, by difference of pursuits, and accidents of fortune. Hence there is full as much variety and individual contrast, as there is general conformity in the series. The habits of thought and action, engendered by the different professions and stations in which these brothers moved, have thrown peculiar shades of expression over their several characters and dispositions; while there is still discernible throughout them all those habitual lines of deliberation and wariness, which were the common features of the race.

Thus, of our four "whole lengths," we have, first, the Lord Keeper, beyond all dispute the greatest and most distinguished personage in the generation:—a man of talent and goodness, a shrewd and laborious lawyer, a well-intentioned statesman, and, to his family, a most affectionate and generous benefactor; and yet, withal, penurious in his early habits, and servile in working his rise at the bar; as a judge, whenever popular prejudice was to be encountered, most passive and craven-spirited; and, as a politician, an avowed supporter of arbitrary principles, a faint and timid opponent of the bold bad men who surrounded him, and an exemplary model of temporizing cautious subserviency.

Next to this strange compound of wisdom and weakness, of virtuous purposes and unworthy artifice, we have his brother Dudley; who, from being early thrown upon the foreign world to seek his fortunes as a merchant, had engrafted a more rude and vigorous temper upon the native mildness and pliancy which belonged to the genius of his house. As a trader, he had commenced by exhibiting the Lord Keeper's qualities of quiet sagacity, unwearied perseverance in business, and admirable adroitness in ingratiating himself in men's favour. But travel and enterprise, exposure to danger, and familiarity with personal vicissitudes, had stamped his nature with a bolder impress: fearless and active, a sanguine and successful adventurer in the fields of commerce, he at a later period of his career carried the same spirit into political life, and served the government of Charles II. and his successor, during the rage of party, with a straightforward intrepidity and carelessness of personal hazard, which, whatever we may think of his cause, certainly offered a very curious contrast with his brother's timidity.

Our third portrait differs altogether from the two preceding. John North was even more unlike the merchant than was the Lord Keeper. With profound learning, and intense application, he was no more than a sensitive, apprehensive scholar, who shrank from the touch of public society, and almost dreaded communion with the world. The Lord Keeper had plunged into the turbulence of law and politics; the merchant had traversed ocean and continent; but the scholar scarcely quitted the cloistered cells of his college. Yet he rose in the university and the church, with the same discretion and judgment which had advanced his brothers in wealth and dignity; and the three men are remarkable instances of a similar course of success, attained in different paths of industry, and by characters in general oppositely constituted, but agreeing in the common possession of those invaluable requisites of judgment, prudence, and perseverance.

Our fourth and last of these family portraits is that of the affectionate artist, who has painted the other three, and who, in executing this tribute of fraternal love, has unconsciously set before us the features of his own character in most amiable and delightful colours. Roger North, the youngest of the brothers, survived them all, *and devoted himself to* the undertaking of their biography. *He was, even more than* Dudley and John, deeply indebted, all his early life, to the fostering protection of their 'best brother,' his emphatic and constant term for the Lord Keeper; and there is something very beautiful in the spirit of grateful love that breathes through every line of the most elaborate of these performances, which he has dedicated to the honour of his kindest protector and guardian. It is manifest that he idolizes the memory of his 'best brother;' that he has set up his image in his own heart for the standard of perfection, and that he can see neither error nor unworthiness in the ways of the Lord Keeper.

Accordingly he is, notwithstanding his partiality, the most artless of biographers; for, in the fullness of his veneration, he records every act of his hero, and believes that nought but honour can attach to the most questionable of his proceedings. He gives us a much higher opinion of his own excellence, than of that of any of his brothers; with a host of prejudices, he was evidently a sincere lover of truth; with no bitterness in his nature, he was bold as Dudley himself in upholding the reputation of his departed brothers; and, if we may judge from the tenor of his work, a being more warm-hearted and grateful, more devoted to others, and thoroughly forgetful of self, can no where be instanced in all the records of human affection. Writing, for the most part, in the third person, he scarcely mentions himself, except incidentally as the younger brother of his heroes; and he in no instance obtrudes his own claims upon our attention. This absence of all egotism renders his character, as he unwittingly developes it, the greatest charm of his volumes: the sincerity of his eulogies on the dead is above the suspicion of intentional flattery; his mental servility has the purity of gratitude; and even his adulation is a virtue.

Besides the amiable impression which Roger North has bequeathed to us of his own simple minded character, his interesting domestic narrative of the struggles through life of a whole family, and of the bonds of affection and fellowship in which the four brothers were tenderly united, there are many other little points in these memoirs which have accustomed us to consider them as among the most attractive examples of our old national biography. There is a quaintness and raciness about the author's style, and it is interlarded with a profusion of wise saws, and proverbial phrases, which most amusingly illustrate the familiar idiom, and colloquial tone of the age. The book is composed without the slightest ambition of ornament; the biographer evidently wrote as he would have spoken; and his language is precisely what we must receive as the conversational manner of the gentlemen of his day. It is a complete mine of our "mother English" of the seventeenth century; homely, and frequently, to our modern ears, even coarse, in expression and epithet; but nervous and forcible, and developing very singularly the careless simple naiveté of the writer. Hence, in his unpolished earnest manner, he often surprises us by the uncouth but vigorous delineation with which he can strike off the peculiarities of habit and character.

Moreover, there is to be found in these biographies no inconsiderable mass and variety of incidental circumstances, which strikingly illustrate the manners and opinions of the times, and particularly the professional customs of the age in legal, commercial, and collegiate life. The memoirs of the Lord Keeper, especially, exhibit by far the most lively and familiar sketches which we possess of the practice of the courts during the last half of the seventeenth century, as well as of the characters of the lawyers who flourished in that "olden time;" and we know no book, which, with its garrulous, curious, details, will afford more entertainment and interest in this respect, either to the legal or the general reader. The biographer was himself a lawyer, and in recounting his brother's professional career, he has naturally introduced very animated portraits of most of his distinguished contemporaries, at the bar and on the bench, with whom he was personally acquainted.

After the partiality which we have expressed for these pieces of old English family biography, it will be imagined that we are disposed to applaud the present republication of the series. It is, indeed, the first occasion on which the three lives of the lawyer, the merchant, and the scholar, have been collected into a single work. It was not until so late as the year 1740, long after the death of the biographer, that his son, Montagu North, originally published the first of them, that of the Lord Keeper, in a single quarto volume; and he afterwards printed the other two lives in a second quarto, in 1742. The life of Lord Guilford was republished some years ago; but the memoirs of Sir Dudley and Dr. John North did not accompany it, although the author had certainly intended the three pieces to form one work. They have all long been familiar to the lovers of our old literature; but the present book, in its complete form, will, we have no doubt, compose an agreeable novelty for the public at large.

Of the edition before us, it is only necessary to add, that it is printed with sufficient care; but the ambitious promise of 'notes and illustrations, historical and biographical,' is scarcely justified by the few and meagre remarks which are thinly scattered over the margin; and the editor, in his introduction, has not avoided the too common error of exaggerating the importance of his subject. We believe few well-informed readers will agree in his extravagant estimate of the work, as throwing more historical light on the times of which it treats, than is to be 'derived from any other memoirs relating to the same period, with the exception of Burnet, and the lately published Stuart MSS.' The chief value and interest of the collection at the present day, is in its illustration of domestic life and manners, in its narrative of the personal characters and fortunes of its heroes, and in the sketches which we have *praised of the old lawyers*: but certainly not in its mere *political or historical matter*. Where the biographer indulges in comments upon public events, it is only to display his egregious partialities and prejudices; and even admitting, with the editor generally, that we may gather some desirable insight into the feelings and views of party, from the extravagant bias of such contemporary evidence, we should really be at a loss to discover in what respect these memoirs throw any additional light upon the historical transactions, and political intrigues of the 'memorable period between the restoration and the revolution.' In truth, we cannot point to a single historical fact of value in their contents that may not be found in the common authorities, and if the book is to be classed only among the chronicles which record the courtly and political gossip of the same day, it must take its place far below the entertaining diaries of Evelyn and Pepys.

Looking upon the whole work, however, chiefly as biographical, we proceed simply to select for notice a few of the most remarkable particulars in the fortunes of the three brothers. Francis, Dudley, and John, were the second, third, and fourth surviving sons of Dudley, Lord North. There were, besides daughters, three other brothers. The eldest, who succeeded to the title, separated himself from his brothers, deserted them, unassisted, and with very slender provisions, to work their own rise in the world, and rendered himself an alien from the affection which they cherished for each other. In later life, he espoused opposite principles in politics from those to which the other five adhered, and attached himself to the 'faction,' as Roger is fond of designating the country or Whig party: 'for which reason, and other family differences, they corresponded little with him.' He is accordingly dismissed with a brief record. The fifth son, who became, under Dudley's protection, like himself, a Turkey merchant, had no remarkable fortune, and died abroad: and the sixth and youngest (our biographer) was, under the Lord Keeper's auspices, fortunate at the bar.

Lord North, the father, appears to have been a kind and good parent; but his power of providing for his numerous progeny was small. *His* father 'had consumed the greatest part of his estate in the gallantries of King James's (I.) court, or rather his son, Prince Henry's,' and Roger thefore describes the Norths as a 'half decayed family, with a numerous brood, and worn out estate.' These circumstances are to account for the straits to which the five younger brothers were reduced in their outset of life, and may also explain the necessity which compelled a nobleman, with a sacrifice of aristocratical pride not very usual in those days, to put out his sons to professions and trade, as if he had been a mere country gentleman or citizen. Hence, too, it was, that when the poverty of their house had obliged the brothers wholly to shift for themselves, and when Francis had led the way to success, he became, to his honour, the support of all the younger, the second father of the race, and, in the grateful eulogium of his biographer, the

'Columen familiæ et fastigium domûs.'

the infancy of the future Lord Keeper there was little re-
ible. He was early sent to school, but there received 'very
rent tutorage,' for it was in the fanatical time of the pseudo-
onwealth; and 'the master was a rigid presbyterian, and his
i furious independent. This woman used to instruct her
in the gift of praying by the spirit, and all the scholars were
to kneel by a bedside and pray; but this petit spark was too
for that posture, and was set upon the bed to kneel with his
o a pillow.' As men, quoth Roger, very often cross the
ır of the age wherein they had their first education, young
, from being sent for divers years from one of these fanatic
masters to another, imbibed a rooted aversion to the whole
us and political party to which they belonged; and this
ful prejudice influenced all his future public life. He was at
owever, placed under a 'cavalier master,' and had become
y an excellent scholar, when he was entered a fellow com-
of Cambridge. After having there farther increased his
of knowledge, he was removed to the Temple, and, in due
of time, admitted to the bar in 1655.

a legal student, with a very straitened allowance, he lived
audable parsimony, and studied with indefatigable diligence.
musing to observe the keen professional relish with which his
pher recounts the progress of his studies: his diligence in
g of cases, commonplacing his reading, and so forth; being
'after the fullness of the reports in a morning, about noon
e a repast in Stamford, Crompton, or the Lord Coke's Pleas
Crown, &c., and the antiquarian law books.' So also he
ich an appetite for the Year-Books, that he was wont to pre-
e of them 'before any comedy!' He never frequented either
ng or fencing schools, despising the opinions of the '*female*
n,' as Roger is pleased to term the ladies, and holding in
abhorrence the 'decorums of the step, and the skill of parry
hrust, for one who was to wear a long robe, and contend
vith his oral faculty.' Yet he did not disdain the cheerful
tion of a petit supper and temperate glass with his friends,
as ready to take his part in 'every decent thing, as gammon,
, picquet, or even the merry main, but ever had a notable
l to his purse!' His greatest delight, however, in the way
axation, was music, in which he was a proficient, on the bass
ra viol. This was, all his life, his favourite relief from the
gery of the law.

er he was called to the bar, his industry and legal acumen
soon rewarded with success; and one of the first uses to which
plied his young gainings, was very honourable to him. His
could only give *his brother* Dudley a single hundred pounds
s first mercantile venture; but the youthful lawyer lent him
that sum, which was all the wealth of his own slender purse.

An early friendship with the son of Sir Jeofry Palmer, attorney general, was the young lawyer's first step to advancement; for Sir Jeofry conceived an affection for him, and so high an opinion of his abilities, that he threw much practice in his way. He needed only an opportunity of showing his powers, and thenceforth 'he walked the public stage of business ever erect and rising,' as his biographer quaintly remarks; 'and made no retreat or exit but one, and that was from the top of his preferment and the world together.'

It was by Sir Jeofry's interest that he was retained for the crown after the restoration, in the celebrated writ of error case, which was brought by the Commons to reverse the well known judgment obtained by Charles I. against five of their members (Hollis and others), for a riot in holding the speaker in his chair. North argued for the crown, upon this occasion, before the House of Lords, with so much ability and zeal, that, though the Commons prevailed, he was immediately made of the king's counsel. This preferment, with the advantages of precedence at the bar which it gave him, was soon followed by a vast increase of his practice; and his own personal deportment wonderfully promoted the success of his legal attainments. The account, indeed, which his biographer unscrupulously gives of his numerous artifices to secure the favour of the court, is exceedingly amusing. He never opposed or thwarted the bench, and here his servility knew no bounds. If a judge gave an opinion wrong in law, he ever echoed 'Ay, my lord,' to the error; if it was adverse to his own client, his cry was still the same: 'for he used to say, that contradiction had but made the judge more positive against him, and had only weakened his own credit against a better occasion.' This cunning pliancy, joined with his more worthy qualities, soon marked him in those times for a rising man; and the great Hales made an early prophecy of his future eminence. "Make way for the little gentleman," said the chief justice, who once saw him bustling into court, "for he will soon make way for himself."

We need not follow the successful advocate's rise through its next gradations of the solicitor and attorney generalships, nor pause to describe his entrance into parliament, his continually increasing importance, and his final elevation, after his toilsome career at the bar, to the dignity of chief justice of the Common Pleas. Now Sir Francis North, and a privy councillor, his devotion to the court was finally rewarded, at the close of the year 1682, with the dignity of Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and a peerage, by the title of baron Guilford. And here his biographer feelingly records one more instance of the nothingness of human greatness.

He declares, that 'for conformity of language, he calls this last *step a preferment*; but, in truth, it was the decadence of all the *joy and comfort of his life*; and instead of a felicity, as commonly *reputed, it was a disease,* like a consumption, which rendered him heartless and dispirited until death came, which only could complete his cure.'

Unquestionably intending well for the public weal, and above reproach in his personal character, he wanted, in his high political capacity, the courage, or the power, to restrain the tyranny and corruption of the unprincipled monarch and government that he served. His natural timidity made him fearful of becoming the victim of political enemies; and his integrity revolted from some of the measures in which he suffered himself to become a passive instrument. Yet he still clung to office, and had not the resolution to insist on resigning the custody of 'that pestiferous lump of metal,' which was the burthen of his declining existence. He did not long survive the accession of James II., and may truly be said to have died of no other disease than the irritation and agony that had been preying upon his mind, and gradually undermining his constitution, for all the last years during which he held the great seal.

To so brief an outline as we have here been able to offer of the Lord Keeper's life, we might despair of communicating any of the charms of his attractive biography. Its rich fund of legal anecdote, its animated characters of many celebrated contemporaries, of his own profession especially—such as Hales, Scraggs, Saunders, Maynard, and the detestable Jefferies—and its picture of the private life of the hero, which so admirably familiarizes us with the manners of his age: all this we must be contented to pass over with a mere recommendation to the reader, who is desirous of a few hours' easy and even profitable entertainment, to turn to the work itself. We shall, however, afford one extract touching the Lord Keeper's courtship and marriage, both as a specimen of his biographer's manner, and because it whimsically elucidates his lordship's business-like and wary mode of proceeding on the most 'interesting occasion' of his staid career. He certainly was no hypocritical pretender to the sentiment of the tender passion; and if all our forefathers of his day were of his mind, there must have been some marvellous thrift, and sad lack of romance, among them.

'After he was called to the bar, he applied himself closely to the attendance and operations of the law, and wanted refreshment, such as was reasonable to be enjoyed at vacant times; and he was weary of being at the loose hand as to company, which he could not have, at all times, to his mind. He was no clubster listed among good fellows; and often passed his evenings in walking, or solitary (if it may be so termed, when he had only me with him), rather than join in any promiscuous society, or of such as were not either in his friendship, or distinguished by some notable talents that recommended them. And he thought it would be an ease to his mind to know continually, after his business done, what was to become of him; *and that he* thought best provided for by a family and *housekeeping; which is never* well settled without a mistress, as well *as a master of a family.* These considerations inclined him to look out for a suitable match. And, to say truth, his constitution required it as much as any man's whatever; but, being excessive modest, and by resolution virtuous, he was solicitous and ardent in the pursuit of it, and not a little encouraged by a manifest feeling he had of success in his profession, which dismissed all fears of the lean wolf. And not being insensible of a fair character in general, which, together with some quality and happy relation that fell to his share, he fancied he might pretend to as good a fortune in a match, as many others had found, who had less reason to expect it; but without some advancement in that way, he was not disposed to engage himself.

'That which sat hardest upon his spirits, was, how he should give a fair answer to the question, "What jointure and settlement?" He used to own but one rood of ground in the world, that yielded him any profit, which was Westminster Hall; a meagre particular, unless he might have added, as Finch did, his bar gown £20,000. There came to him a recommendation of a lady, who was an only daughter of an old usurer of Gray's Inn, supposed to be a good fortune in present, for her father was rich; but, after his death, to become worth nobody could tell what. His lordship got a sight of the lady, and did not dislike her: thereupon he made the old man a visit, and a proposal of himself to marry his daughter. There appeared no symptoms of discouragement; but only the old gentleman asked him what estate his father intended to settle upon him for present maintenance, jointure, and provision for children. This was an inauspicious question; for it was plain that the family had not estate enough for a lordship, and none would be to spare for him. Therefore he said to his worship only, "That when he would be pleased to declare what portion he intended to give his daughter, he would write to his father, and make him acquainted with his answer." And so they parted, and his lordship was glad of his escape, and resolved to give that affair a final discharge, and never to come near the terrible old fellow any more. His lordship had, at that time, a stout heart, and could not digest the being so slighted; as if, in his present state, a profitable profession, and future hopes, were of no account. If he had had a real estate to settle, he should not have stooped so low as to match with his daughter: and thenceforward despised his alliance.

'His lordship's next amour was, in all respects, better grounded; but, against all sense, reason, and obligation, proved unsuccessful. When Mr. Edward Palmer, his lordship's most intimate and dear friend, died, he left a flourishing widow, and very rich. The attorney general, and all his family, had projected a match of their cousin North with this lady, who were no strangers to each other: nor was there wanting sufficient advices, or rather importunities, of the whole family, for her to accept him; against which she did not seem to reluct, but held herself very reserved. In the mean time, his lordship was excited to make his application; which he had never done, or, at least, not persisted so long as he did, but out of respect and compliance with the sense of that worthy family, which continually encouraged him to proceed. Never was lady more closely besieged with wooers: she had no less than five younger brothers sat down before her at one time; and she held them in hand, as they say, giving no definitive answer to any one of them, till she cut the thread, and, after a clancular proceeding, and match with a jolly knight of a good estate, she dropped them all at once, and so did herself and them justice. There were many comical passages in this wooing, which his lordship, without much pleasantry, used to remember: and, however fit for a stage, would not muster well in an historical relation; for which reason, as his lordship was dropped, I drop them. The unhappiness was, that he never could find out her resolution as to him; for she stood in some awe of Sir Jeoffry Palmer's family, and would not break with them till she had provided herself another interest; and his lordship would not slight their excessive kindness to him, by deserting his post at which they had placed him: so, between the one and the other, he was held at the long saw above a month, doing his duty as well as he might; and that was but clumsily, for he neither dressed nor danced, when his rivals were adroit at both; and the lady used to shuffle her favours amongst them affectedly, and on purpose to mortify his lordship; and, at the same time, be as civil to him, with like purpose to mortify them: and his lordship was not so mystified by his amour, as not to discern these arts; and nothing but the respects I hinted, could have held him in harness so long. For it was very grievous to him, that had his thoughts upon his clients' concerns, which came in thick upon him, to be held in a course of bo-peep play with a crafty widow. And I have heard him often say, that he never was, in all his life, more rejoiced, than when he was told that madam was married; whereby he was escaped from a miserable confinement. And the fastidium, upon this occasion contracted, and his increase of business, which gave him little time to think of any thing else, diverted his mind from undertaking any more projects: and so he went on his way.

'Another proposition came to his lordship, by a city broker, from Sir John Lawrence*, who had many daughters, and those reputed beauties; and the fortune was to be £6000. His lordship went and dined with the alderman, and liked the lady, who (as the way is) was dressed out for a muster. And coming to treat, the portion shrank to £5000, and, upon that, his lordship parted, and was not gone far before Mr. Broker (following) came to him and said, Sir John would give £500 more, at the birth of the first child; but that would not do, for his lordship hated such screwing. Not long after this dispatch, his lordship was made the king's solicitor general, and then the broker came again, with news that Sir John would give £10,000. "No:" his lordship said, "after such usage, he would not proceed, if he might have £20,000." So ended that affair; and his lordship's mind was once more settled in tranquillity.

'It is said that marriages are made in Heaven; and if frequent and unforeseen accidents (often to be observed productive of them) are any argument, the proverb hath countenance; for so it happened in his lordship's case: for, out of a contingent interview, a proposition sprang, pregnant with all advantages of honour, person, and fortune; more than which was not to be desired or expected. And it was for a match with the Lady Frances Pope, the middle daughter of three co-heirs of Thomas Earl of Down, who lived at Wroxton in Oxfordshire. The eldest was married to Mr. Soams, of Thirlow in Suffolk, within four miles of Catlidge, the seat of his lordship's father. And, as the use is, the grave Countess of Down, with her two younger daughters, attended the new-married couple to their habitation, and made some stay there; during which time, the visits of joy came in, and, amongst the rest, the family from Catlidge made their appearance; and the countess and her daughters, in due time, made their return, which happened to be at a time when his lordship was at Catlidge. His mother laid her eyes upon the eldest unmarried daughter, and, when they were gone, turned about and said, "Upon my life, this lady would make a good wife for my son Frank." And, in short, at the next visit, with his lordship's fair consent, she moved it to the countess, who consented that his lordship might make his advances. His next business was to muster what sums of money he could, in order to make an honourable proposition; and, with £600 borrowed of a friend, he could compass but £6000 in all to join to her fortune, which was esteemed at £14,000, for making the jointure and settlement intended to be £1000 per annum. After this, he ventured down with a decent equipage and attendance, and, in less than a fortnight, fixed his point with the lady, and appointed another time to come and finish what was so auspiciously begun. And then his lordship went with full attendance, and some friends; and, after the necessary writings were sealed, the lovers were happily married in Wroxton church.'—Vol. i. pp. 154—161.

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* *Lord Mayor* in the year 1665.

Our notice of the fortunes of Sir Dudley and Dr. John North must be yet more brief than the account which we have endeavoured to give of the Lord Keeper. Of the youth of Dudley, our biographer has entered into an amusing and even instructive account. He seems to have been a boy of rather questionable promise; for he proved but an 'indifferent scholar,' and the liveliness of his parts were evinced only by his dexterity in overreaching and defrauding his schoolfellows. It was these goodly indications of 'a genius for traffic,' which seem to have determined his father to 'breed him a merchant;' and he was removed to a writing school in the metropolis, to prepare him for a counting-house. Here 'he enjoyed full liberty, and ran a great risk of being ruined for ever.' Every unseemly frolic of the town, cock-fighting, betting, low company, and extravagant expense for his means, he plunged into with avidity; and it might be imagined, from his honest biographer's confessions, that he was in the right road to the gallows. But in the midst of his irregularities, he had the resolution to make 'a short and sudden turn;' and having extricated himself from his youthful embarrassments by a stroke of knavery, he at once reformed altogether, and commenced a more worthy career. His character was, perhaps, determined by these early trials: even the pursuit of his headlong irregularities encouraged in him a nascent spirit of enterprise, and the same kind of resolution which he exerted of checking himself in his course of extravagance, was repeated in many important emergencies of his after life, when he knew how by these 'short and sudden turns' to evade the consequences of misfortune or error, and to strike out at once into a new and more prosperous path of fortune.

With his removal from the writing school to the house of a

Turkey merchant, commenced the useful activity of his life. He was soon entrusted with foreign ventures by his master; and was sent on a long trading voyage to Archangel, Italy, and Smyrna, where he at last settled for many years as factor. Here his good judgment and prudence, his mingled caution and decision, became so conspicuous, that notwithstanding several untoward events and difficulties, he triumphed over every impediment in his way, and evinced a very extraordinary art in securing the general affection and esteem of his fellow merchants. The mere report of his character, produced an invitation for him to remove to Constantinople as partner in a celebrated English mercantile house there. This was 'the great crisis of our merchant-adventurer's fortunes,' and he converted it into the foundation of all his subsequent distinction and riches. He was raised by his superior abilities to be the principal of the great firm to which he had removed; the fortune, which he accumulated before his retirement, we may presume was very great; and he returned to his native country, after an absence of twenty years, but still in the vigour of life, to enjoy and improve his wealth.

From the epoch of his arrival in England, our merchant entered on a new and uninterrupted course of prosperity and honour. His biographer admits, with his usual naiveté, that when 'abroad he had been *moderately vicious*, but showed himself strictly virtuous at home.' His personal character for integrity thenceforward certainly suffered no taint, and his eminence as a merchant was increased in the direction of the Levant company; but his most remarkable part in the world was latterly political. A bold and uncompromising Tory, he served his party and the court during the turbulence of Charles the Second's and the following reign, with equal fearlessness and discretion. He took the shrievalty of London, at the personal desire of Charles, when the office was attended with danger; he was knighted, and sat in parliament; and he was called, by the merited reputation of his talents for business, first to the commission of the customs, and afterwards to that of the treasury. The revolution removed him from office; but his political enemies failed in their efforts to intimidate or molest him; and he died peacefully a few years after his retirement.

The busy life of Sir Dudley North has supplied his biography with a great mass of very entertaining matter. His memoir abounds with most amusing details of his travels and residence in the east, and with some really valuable information, taken chiefly from his own journals and letters, of the contemporary state of Turkey; so that it would be difficult to find any where else so familiar and apparently accurate an account as is to be gained from these pages, of the laws and institutions of the Ottoman empire, and the condition, manners, and habits of its people, in the last half of the seventeenth century. The narrative of his subsequent share in the politics of our own country, is also full of a pe sonal and lively interest. But the curiosity of his memoirs is in the animation and minuteness with which they record all the steps of his mercantile career, and develope the acuteness, dexterity, and assiduity, by which he built up his fortunes. Here the book offers a very uncommon and instructive piece of biography; for the authentic lives of successful merchants have very seldom been written, and a few such recorded examples might be rendered full of utility for the guidance of the commercial youth.

We turn lastly to the life of John North, the scholar of the family; but it is only to lament our inability to transfuse the quiet charm of the narrative into our pages. For there are no marked lines in his history, which can at once convey an impression of the silent though uneven tenor of his existence; and the hues of his mind were so delicate and shifting, that it is impossible to catch and exhibit them in such a microscopic view as we can afford. Yet the character which his biographer has altogether enabled us to conceive of him, from a number of little traits and anecdotes, is one of the most interesting and, in some respects, melancholy in all the biography of retiring and sensitive men of letters. In the mere vicissitudes of his life, there is little to record. He passed through school and college with the promise of excelling, as the event proved, in learning and learned taste; obtained a fellowship in Jesus College, Cambridge, and afterwards became Greek professor of his university; received some preferment in the church; and was finally raised to the mastership of Trinity College, to which he had removed, and where he died. But this advancement, like his 'best brother's' elevation to the custody of the great seal, proved the bane instead of the happiness of his subsequent years, and had a great share in hurrying him to a premature grave.

The unhappiness of his existence was occasioned by the nervous morbid constitution which he had received from nature; and this corporeal tendency to apprehension and melancholy was aggravated by his sedentary and studious habits. He read and thought intensely, and his course of unremitting mental labour gradually wore out his feeble frame, and rendered him, in the process, a victim to the most painful hypocondria, and gloomy anticipations. Yet he is described, in his better hours, as an affectionate and cheerful companion, and by no means indisposed to the quiet enjoyments of society with a few chosen friends. His own habits were abstemious rather than temperate; and the conjecture of his biographer is probable, that if he had not condemned himself to a life of rigid self denial and celibacy, he might have prolonged his life, and shaken off his mental distempers.

But perpetual study was almost his only occupation, and the collection of a library his exclusive passion. He never published any of his writings, and burnt them all before his decease, except *'a little note book'* of his opinions, which accidentally escaped the *flames.* He appears never to have been satisfied with his own performances; and so sensitively did he shrink from exposing the fancied imperfections of his mind to observation, that his note book contained 'the pleasant imprecation, "*I beshrew his heart that gathers my opinions from any thing he finds wrote here.*"' Among his other morbid phantasies, he was haunted by night fears; he lived in horrid dread that he should die of the stone; he had always an unaccountable aversion to sit for his portrait; so absurd was his weakness on this point, that 'it fretted him that the people in the street should look on him;' and so careful was he to obliterate even the least trace of his person, that 'he would not leave the print in his bed, where he had lain, undefaced!'

The spectacle of such hallucinations in a spirit, which, for all the higher purposes of our being, was vigorous, acute, and clear, is one to excite far other emotions than those of levity or ridicule; and a stroke of paralysis which overthrew the mind of this unhappy scholar, even before it utterly destroyed his imbecile frame, was only the sad consummation of that humiliating law of our nature, which in this life condemns our intellectual essence to share the weakness and decay of its worthless tenement.

'The seat of his memory was ruffled by the disease falling upon his brain and nerves, which had made such havoc, that he had no firm notion of himself, or of any thing; but had his experience to gather, and his understanding to frame over again. After he could lie awake and think, I guess he had some reflection that he had been over severe with himself by too much hard study and abstemiousness, which, possibly, had brought that disease over him; and then fancied he must cure himself by a course clean contrary; and, accordingly, he thought that now he must be merry and jolly. Pursuant to this (conjectured) model, the company, that assisted about his bed to entertain him, must find merry tales to tell, and if a little smutty, the mirth paid for it. The lighter sort of books, and frivolous comedies, were read to him, and he heard them with notable attention, and, at the quaint passages, was unusually affected, and often laughed, but (as his visage was then distorted) most deformly. He fancied to admit a young gentleman of the college, one Mr. Warren, to be his reader in ordinary, who was very useful during his weakness, and deserves to be remembered with much respect.

'After he was enfranchised from his bed, and had the entertainment they call walking about his chamber, and divers friends and acquaintance came and stayed with him, he gathered some little strength. But his levities still continued; and he used to please himself with rehearsing paltry rhymes and fables; and what with difficulty of utterance (for his speech was touched, and never perfectly recovered), and what with his unseemly laughing, it was long before he could get any thing well out; and at last he made but broken stuff of it. All this was inexpressible grief and mortification to his friends, seeing that dismal alteration. They had known his genius bright, and, in his health, solemn, grave, and instructive; and his mirth, when it happened, not without a flow of pleasant wit, and, *as it ought to be*, ever decent and without offence; far *from all suspicion of a possibility*, that such levity of humour and dis-

course should ever appear in him. He seemed as a high-flying fowl wi
one wing cut; the creature offers to fly, and knows no cause why
should not, but always comes, with a side turn, down to the grou
The doctor had some remembrances of his former forces, when he co
mount up and fly; now, his instruments, on one side, failing him, he w
forced to deal in low concerns, and reptile conceits, that scarce rose fr
the ground.'—Vol. iii. pp. 180—182.

He lingered on for some time after he was reduced to t
dreadful condition. From the period at which he had beco
master of Trinity he had been harassed by vexatious wranglin
with the senior fellows of the college, who, having been imprope
suffered by his predecessors to arrogate to themselves the ent
control over their body, were impatient of all other governme
He endeavoured to support his own authority, and the statut
with proper spirit, and regard to justice; but his bodily stren
had finally broken down under the continual irritation with whi
the quarrel afflicted him, and the fit which struck him to the gra
was produced by his last exertion to maintain the discipline of
college. The mental anguish which even this paltry struggle co
inflict upon a being so sensitive and nervous, was shown by
injunction, when he felt himself near his end, 'that he should
buried in the outer chapel, that the fellows might trample up
him dead as they had done living.'

ART. III. *List of Petitions and Private Bills in Parliament, and P ceedings thereupon, Session* 1826. pp. 11. Printed by order of House of Commons.

THE parliamentary paper before us, which forms a part of the 'vo
of the session, is a document of very general interest and imp
ance. Although a mere alphabetical list of petitions and acts
parliament, yet it furnishes the only complete view of the prog
of national improvement, and, at the present time, more parti
larly, exhibits some very curious contrasts with the state not o
of wild speculation but of rational enterprise in previous years.

The session of 1825 presented, in the vast mass of private busin
before parliament, a memorable, and, in many instances, a fea
example of the *excessive* and extravagant energy with which
great principle is developed in this country. For two or three p
vious years, the real prosperity of the nation, and the abundance
artificial capital, had called forth the most intense application
science to purposes of utility, and had united with it to give an i
pulse to public improvement and private cupidity, quite unequal
in our commercial history. Much of this impulse was for good
must invariably be the effect of any great movement of the hum
mind; and many noble and magnificent projects have grown
of it, and are going forward to their completion. But, on the ot
hand, a dreary number of absurd and ill-digested schemes

crumbled into ruin, benefiting only their projectors and agents, and entailing misery upon a legion of blind and ignorant adventurers. The commercial distress which immediately preceded the meeting of parliament restored all these matters to a much more healthful state; and, while it greatly diminished the number of petitions for private bills, it gave a very different character to the business of committees, by utterly annihilating that large class of joint-stock delusions which had maddened the community in 1825. At the same time it is satisfactory to know, that the course of *real* improvement has not been retrograde; and to perceive, as we do from the list before us, that the country is still steadily advancing in the developement of its agricultural resources, in making additions to the beauty and comfort of its cities and towns, in facilitating the means of its internal communication, and in affording new conveniences to its navigation.

The petitions presented, and the bills read in several stages, or finally passed, in 1826, as compared with 1825, are as follows:—

	1825	1826
Petitions presented . . .	438	287
Bills read first time . . .	358	237
Bills read second time . . .	329	219
Bills read third time . . .	294	206
Bills which received the Royal Assent .	286	206

It may appear extraordinary, considering the wide extent of commercial distress in the beginning of 1826, that a much greater diminution did not take place in the private business of parliament. Making every allowance for the number of projects for which the funds were previously raised, and of which their agents would naturally press the legislative completion, we cannot but consider the circumstance as a satisfactory proof that the natural and substantial resources of the country are not seriously impaired. To enable our readers to judge of this fact for themselves, we have formed a classification of the whole number of private bills of 1826; and, as a comparison with those of 1825, is, in many instances, instructive and curious, we subjoin a similar analysis of the bills for that year. The general heads of this division are as follows:

	1825		1826	
	Petitions	Passed	Petitions	Passed
Agriculture . .	52	28	43	24
Companies . .	47	11	18	6
Improvement of Towns .	104	73	68	47
Internal Communication .	146	108	105	83
Navigation . .	24	15	10	4
Private Regulation .	65	51	43	42
	438	286	287	206

In looking at the national results of the preceding table, the bills of *Private Regulation* must be withdrawn from the amount. These relate to the settlement of estates, to divorces, and to other matters which, though very important to the individuals who are interested, and almost equally so to their lawyers, have no affinity with the course of public prosperity. In 1825, therefore, we perceive that 235 projects of general improvement received the sanction of law, and 164 in 1826.

The system of inclosures furnishes the principal object of the new acts that have reference to *Agriculture,* and the tolerably prosperous and satisfied condition of the landed interests has enabled these plans to go steadily forward. We have reason to believe that the majority of these improvements do not originate with any wild desire, such as existed in the seasons of high prices, to force barren lands into cultivation. Indeed, the fullest rate of the corn market offers no temptation to this insane avarice.

The age of *Companies* is passed. The application of capital, in masses, to some splendid object beyond the reach of individual enterprise will always distinguish Great Britain as long as we remain a powerful commercial people. But the proper occasions for such public-spirited associations are comparatively rare; and the principle degenerates into a pestilent abuse when it is applied to an ignorant and impertinent interference with the smaller details of trade, endeavouring to crush the humble industry of individuals by the overwhelming power of capital *alone.* The attempt could not succeed, for capital is only an instrument of success in its union with personal talent, industry, and integrity. We, therefore, rejoice in the extermination of the great shoal of these monstrous abortions —begotten by fraud upon credulity. The session of 1826 has seen only eighteen applications to Parliament for authorities to establish companies; and of these eighteen six alone have passed. Of these six, three are for navigation and fisheries, two for water-works, and one for the encouragement of Irish manufactures. Such companies are of public benefit. It is remarkable, as a proof of the bad odour of mining speculations, that while there were ten projects of that nature before Parliament in 1825, there was only one similar petition in 1826, and that solitary scheme was abandoned.

In the class of *Improvement of Towns* the decrease is certainly not so great as might have been expected from the shock which commercial credit has recently received. Eleven bills have been passed in the late session for general building improvements, seventeen for the erection of places of worship, markets, bridges, &c. five for the establishment of water-works, five for gas-works, one for paving, and eight for local regulations. Of the acts for building improvements five relate to London.

Of the *Internal Communications* of our country we may be justly *proud.* The perfection of our roads and the extent of our canals connect the most remote districts in a manner which may be said to give an unity of purpose to the whole population. In 1826 sixty-four new roads have been determined to be added to our already amazing facilities of intercourse. Six new canals have also received the legislative sanction. The great question of the comparative merits of canals and railways will, in a few years, be decided by a reference to the practical convenience and economy of each. In 1825 nine railways were established by Act of Parliament, and in the late session twelve more have been put beyond the power of opposition. That opposition has, we think, in many cases, been needlessly called forth. The projectors of railways have been too sanguine, and the proprietors of canals too easily alarmed. The increasing wants and distinctions of traffic will provide ample employ for each mode of conveyance.

Under the head of *Navigation* it is only necessary to state that three acts have passed for the improvement of harbours, and two for the establishment of docks and quays.

Having thus taken a rapid view of the progress of schemes of public improvement during the late session of Parliament, we may leave a more minute inquiry to those who, from professional motives, or local interests, require fuller information. The Acts of Parliament are accessible to every person. Looking at these details broadly as we have now done, we think they present a variety of satisfactory conclusions to every lover of his country. It was our peculiar boast during a long period of warfare, when the energies of the nation were put forth with an almost convulsive strength, that the internal improvement of the country still proceeded with a sure pace. It is still our glory, that, during even a more trying period, that of great commercial embarrassment, we continue engaged in calling forth every resource which may essentially promote the prosperity, and increase the comforts of the nation. These efforts are not confined to particular districts, nor are they partial in their objects and effects. They are for the universal benefit of a large community, bound together by the same interests and obligations. They emanate from the people, and they are *for* the people. It may be the triumph of less happy states that they receive such improvements at the pleasure of their sovereigns. In Great Britain they spring at once from the intellect and energy of the whole population. They are projected by science, they are encouraged by the enterprise of wealth, they call into activity the powers of labour for their completion, and the impulse which the whole nation receives from each new improvement demands fresh improvements to support or to compete with those which are established. Artificial capital may give to such projects an unnatural, and, therefore, pernicious impulse; but when they proceed, as most of those before us have done, from the legitimate wants of society, and the rational purposes of commercial *enterprise,* they are real blessings to the *community; and the state* which continues to require them is still *far from its apex of prosperity.*

Art. IV. *Sandoval; or, the Freemason. A Spanish Tale.* By the Author of Don Esteban. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

M. Llanos, the author of this tale, is an expatriated Spaniard, who appears to have mingled in some of the political scenes which he has described. But for this circumstance a very cursory examination of its contents would have satisfied us that it was not worth the notice which we propose to take of it; and our only reason for occupying a few pages with some account of it, is to indulge the curiosity which its announcement may have raised among our readers, and at the same time to save them the trouble and disappointment of toiling through its vapid and spiritless narrative.

Sandoval professes to be a historical novel, recounting the adventures of a young Spanish gentleman of the liberal party, from the year 1814, when the contemptible Ferdinand, on his release from the power of Napoleon, was suffered to re-establish the old absolute monarchy, until the revolution which, six years later, overthrew his despotism for a time, and set up again the short-lived reign of an impracticable constitution. The real object of the author has been, in fact, to offer a connected view of the political transactions which agitated Spain during all these six years; and accordingly he has made his hero both a member of the masonic or secret association, in which the designs of the revolutionary party are supposed to have been organized, and also a sharer in every abortive conspiracy which preceded the successful insurrection of the expeditionary army before Cadiz. Thus, on the return from France of the Spanish army which had fought under Wellington in the great cause of the national independence, Sandoval is first introduced to us as a prominent agitator of free opinions; and he labours without success to secure the resolute fidelity of his comrades to the constitutional system, which Ferdinand, aided by the partisans of his despotism, was in the act of subverting. After the failure of these patriotic efforts, he falls naturally enough under suspicion of the royal government; his aged father also, from being a notorious liberal, is persecuted, and obliged to fly the country for his life; and Sandoval himself receives his parting exhortation to remain, and devote himself with all the energy of youth to the cause of freedom.

Mina's attempt to raise the constitutional standard in Navarre is made to supply Sandoval with the first opportunity of exertion; and he assists in the unfortunate scheme of that celebrated chieftain to surprise Pamplona. Escaping the disastrous issue of this enterprise, Sandoval next embarks in the equally rash and more tragical conspiracy of the ill-fated Porlier at Coruña. He of course is preserved from sharing the cruel death of his leader; and after this catastrophe he proceeds to Madrid, where he engages deeply in all the meetings and plots of the freemasons and secre fraternities, who still perseveringly cherished the hope of revolutionizing Spain. For his next exploit, Sandoval is associated with Colonel Vidal in the meditated insurrection at Valencia, which was to have commenced with the assassination of the ferocious Elio, then governing that province as captain-general under the despotism. Here again Sandoval makes his escape, after the capture of the other conspirators and the fall of Vidal; and the author finally removes him to the camp of the expeditionary army of Cadiz, that he may introduce him as a principal actor in the ephemeral revolution under Quiroga and Riego, all the well known and thrice told circumstances of which are here once more repeated to us in tiresome and prolix detail.

Such is the historical matter which the author has chosen to mould into so anomalous a shape; and he has interwoven in it a due proportion of all the materials which enter into the composition of a common-place novel. We have, it is needless to say, a love-tale with its attendant doubts and distractions, tenderness and jealousies, hopes and despair. Coupled with these is the vulgar machinery of an intriguing villain for the piece, selected of course from the cloister; a designing and brutal rival, who perfidiously injures the hero; and a brace of servants, a valet and waiting-maid, who share the confidence and distresses of the principal lovers, and emulate them at an humble distance by a passion for each other. By means of these agents, the author has contrived to interlard his politics with a sufficient quantity of outrageous adventures and ridiculous improbabilities to eke out three volumes —and the task is accomplished!

In compounding a motley work after this fashion, parcel political, parcel sentimental, the author has attempted an almost hopeless undertaking. He has to circumstances, which are delivered for historical and authentic, assigned actors and connections which are avowedly fictitious; he has laid the reality of the scene in our own passing times, and almost under our own eyes; and he has hoped both to engage our interest in the creations of his fancy, and seriously to instruct us in the progress of public events! To such a confusion of truth and fable, all the objections commonly urged against the historical novel have a tenfold application; and we can scarcely believe that the most brilliant union of imagination and skill would be sufficient to rescue such an attempt from the certainty of failure. If we are to regard the tale as a historical sketch, the introduction of fictitious incidents is in itself sufficient to destroy all our confidence in the narrative where it is meant to be authoritative: if it is to be treated as a novel, nothing can be more absurd than to rest its foundation upon facts, with which every one is familiar who has looked for the last ten years into the columns of our newspapers. It would be about as feasible to construct a heroic poem *upon the Manchester* riots, or to turn the last Southwark *election into a romance.*

But all the natural difficulties and incompatibilities of the author's design are rendered still more glaring by his total want of consistent invention and descriptive power. He has not only favoured us, in his preface, with a sort of apologetical dissertation upon the peculiarities of his plan, but has even so totally disregarded all keeping and propriety in the narrative itself, as frequently to pause in the text to remind us that the personages, for whom he would solicit our interest, are fictitious. And to guard against the possibility of our yielding to the illusion of the story, or feeling any sympathy for the distresses and danger of its personages, he is careful to distinguish, as he proceeds, between the historical portion of the work, and the imaginary adventures of its hero.

The unskilful management and absurdities of the tale are almost too puerile for comment. Having been pleased to drive the father of Sandoval into exile almost in the commencement of the first volume, and finding the old man's part a superfluous one in the remainder of the plot, the author and the amiable hero appear to forget him altogether; and such is the exemplary filial piety of Sandoval, that his parent is never represented as engaging a thought, and his name is not even mentioned again, until, at the close of the third volume, he is restored to his country in the happiness of the denouement. Sandoval has an only brother, Fermin, who espouses the servile party, and though a man of virtue and honour, engages as a spy and an agent of the court among the soldiery to bribe and seduce them from their faith to the constitution. In this worthy office, he is employed also to corrupt Sandoval himself; and the latter, in a private interview, during a long and interesting conversation, in which he scrutinizes the stranger closely, fails in discovering his own brother, either by his figure or his voice! Of a piece with this wondrously probable incident, is another scene in the third volume, in which Sandoval, appearing incognito at a fête, gives his arm to his mistress Gabriela,—is exposed face to face to her gaze,—converses with her,—speaks long and earnestly to her of himself,—pleads his own cause as an intimate friend of her calumniated lover,—falls at her feet in the vehemence of his passion,—presses her hand to his lips,—and yet, throughout all this highly dramatic situation, is never recognized by her, because he is disguised *in an elderly gentleman's wig!* This same fête is adorned by a ridiculous account of a *tournament* (! !), at which Sandoval, having changed his garb by the legerdemain of a moment, appears as a forlorn knight, insults the king before his court, and carries off the highest prizes, which he lays at the feet of Gabriela; his prowess being regulated by the law, says our discreet novelist, 'by which the hero of a story must always be the very paragon of perfection.'

After such gross and palpable follies as these, the author's management of minor affairs will cease to surprise. We have a contrivance (vol. i. p. 259) for exciting the jealousy of Sandoval, so threadbare and trite, that even a novelist of the Minerva Press would be ashamed of introducing it; in another place we have a spy, who openly takes notes in his pocket-book, in the public room of an inn, of the conversation of the company; and, lastly, we have a general officer, who, in reply to Sandoval's taunt at his cowardice, utters the following highly probable exposure of his own pusillanimity: ' "Ay! but you forget that I was subject to a fever whenever a battle was to be fought," said the quarter-master-general, "and this simply because I worked up my courage to that degree of excitement, that it invariably brought on shiverings. This, too, was my reason for accepting my present post of quarter-master-general, which obliged me to keep in the rear. Besides, mere courage is not worth a groat—that is a gift which almost every brute possesses; it is understanding, a knowledge of the ordinances, and above all, obedience, which are most requisite." '

But to specify all the extravagances and inconsistencies in the fictitious plot of the novel, would be an interminable task; and we turn to make a few passing comments on its political matter, although there is not even here much more to applaud. As to the mere relation of the conspiracies of Mina, Porlier, Vidal, and Riego, there is really not a syllable in these narratives, verbose and tedious as they are, which we had not heard sufficiently before. Here we had anticipated no novelty, and we found none: but the title chosen for the book had in one respect roused our curiosity. We imagined that, in the adventures of the Freemason, the author had amalgamated some interesting particulars of the secret masonic associations, which are thought to have constituted such important engines of patriotism or faction in Spain during the last twelve years; but we were utterly disappointed. The account which the novelist has introduced of such masonic meetings and proceedings is altogether uninteresting, and even ludicrous; and his descriptions prove, either, that he was not himself of the initiated, and knows nothing of those associations, or else that the influence and dangerous vigour, ascribed to them by friends and foes, in organizing the elements of revolution have been preposterously exaggerated. In Sandoval, the agitators in these societies, whose measures are invested with pompous importance and mystery, prove to be mere old women and drivellers in their purposes; and the only fruits of their machinations which the author records are "most impotent conclusions."

The outrageous spirit of party, and the violence and prejudice under which the work has been written, are other serious objections to its political statements; and where this bias is so ungovernably evinced, it is of course impossible to rely implicitly on any of the author's representations or colouring, except in cases in which his fidelity *has been established* in advance by former writers of more *impartiality. We may freely* pardon the irritation of an exile whose theme is the political degradation of his country, and dwells upon the ruin which has followed the utopian schem his party: but the unbounded virulence with which he dec in every page upon the conduct of Ferdinand and his sate renders him but a very unsafe and suspicious authority. Spanish clergy are the objects throughout of his rancorous ha and the very enormity of the guilt which he attributes to that is so monstrous and incredible as entirely to defeat its own o His narrative is composed with all the unfairness of a furiou tisan. Not contented, in that part of it which is intended historical, with painting the conduct of the king, the priest and the whole despotic party, in the most odious light, he studi darkens the picture by the introduction of many circumst which are purely inventive; the monk, who plays a prominen in the picture, is an unnatural monster of wanton guilt and im and the character of Ferdinand is wound to its climax of in by a brutal attempt upon the person of the heroine, whi wholly the coinage of the author's fertile and well regu imagination!

We would gladly have escaped both from the historical t and political jargon, of this nondescript tale, and from its teresting fiction, to have selected for observation a few sketc Spanish manners, customs, or scenery. But even here the a has strangely wanted the animation and original talent t before us the local and national peculiarities of his country a people. In turning over his pages, we have really been at to find any sketch of this kind—and there is absolutely no else—worth extracting. As our readers will probably expe however, to give a specimen or two of the author's mann may as well, perhaps, take his description of Lavapie, th Giles's of Madrid, and its ferocious denizens. To this spot doval is supposed to have proceeded in search of his servant R

'Having ascertained from Roque's friend, as nearly as he coul place in Lavapie where he was likely to meet him, Sandoval pro towards the spot with all possible haste, till at last he came to where he heard, not far off, the twanging of guitars, and the so voices singing the lively and favourite dances of the manolas, *manchegas*, and observed some of their women just entering the from which the merry sounds issued. He hastened to the plac knocking at the door demanded admittance in the usual way. " crave the favour of being admitted to participate in your pleasures

'"By all means," said an old sybil, who opened the door to hi gave him, in their common ridiculous style, some necessary dire that he should not mistake his road. The first passage, howeve so dark, that Sandoval was obliged to grope along as if he had blindfolded, his head now and then touching the ceiling from which ments of it crumbled down, and covered him all over with dust, his feet occasionally stuck into the holes and crevices of the floor which, with great difficulty, he got his boots out. On reaching court, his way became a little more discernible, both by the twilight which lent it its dim light, and by the clamour and din that issued from the room where the dance was kept up. As he entered the second passage he heard more distinctly the obstreperous laugh and loud talk of the men, who graced every other word with an oath or an obscenity, and the shrill and penetrating voices of the women singing their manchegas, and cutting their jokes at each other, mingling with the confused sounds of timbrels, guitars, one or two violins, and spirited stamping of the feet. He was almost tempted to turn back; but the hope of finding his servant there prevailed, and he proceeded towards the room, in which he discerned a single lamp hanging from the ceiling, and scattering just light enough to enable them to see each other's faces. The door of this room was so small, that Sandoval was obliged to stoop till his head nearly touched his knees; and as there was a step to be descended which he did not notice, he came into the room with that part of his body foremost, and his heels cutting a caper in the air. "*Chica*[*], put out the light, for the gentleman is now a bed," said one of the manolas, suddenly turning to one of her friends.

'A burst of laughter followed this sally, while the confused Sandoval endeavoured to disentangle himself from his cloak, and recover his upright position.—"'Tis the custom here, my darling, to pay for the bed on which we lie," said another, approaching him with one hand fixed on her hip, and the other stretched out, and surveying him from head to foot, her head bent on one side, and nodding with a saucy impudent look, while she beat time with her toes on the ground.

'"And pray what may your charge be?" inquired he.

'"The more you give us the better, my beloved," she said, "but we'll be reasonable, and have it in the right juice; Valdepeñas, I trow you like. Well, then, slacken the strings of your pouch, and I'll send for an *azumbre*[†]."

'Sandoval thought it prudent not to object to this, and pulled out his purse (which happened to be tolerably well furnished, and on which more than one eager glance lighted) to take out a silver piece, which he gave to the manola—"I see you love the king's face," said she, "he is a good looking man enough in the yellow ones, but d—n me if I would exchange my Pepehillo for his royal person."

'Saying this, she took the piece, and beckoning to a tall *majo*, who was in earnest conversation with several others, gave him the silver, and spoke to him in a low voice, of which Sandoval only caught the two or three last words; but of which he did not know the meaning, as they were spoken in their peculiar slang. She then invited our hero to sit down, while the wine came, on one of the wooden benches which stood against the wall, where, once installed, she began to pour forth a volley of witticisms, which she occasionally seasoned with an oath, to render them more expressive Most of it, however, was lost on Sandoval, whose eyes were glancing from one corner of the room to another, endeavouring to discover whether Roque was among the revellers.

'The room, which might be about thirty feet wide by thirty-five long, in Molière and Le Sage, the grave fraternity in question make so ludicrous a display of ignorance as in their treatises on this interesting subject. The contradictory opinions advanced by medical writers upon dietetics, have led some readers to believe that the learned authors knew nothing of the subject on which they have written, and that every thing may be eaten and drank with impunity; while valetudinarian perusers of their ascetic precepts, eat their fish, flesh, and fowl, with the eternal fear of the doctor before their mind's eye, and, to parody Shakspeare,

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[*] '*Corresponding in English to* "I say," or "my dear."'

[†] '*Two quarts.*'

> Find *tongues* disease in books that nothing brook,
> In *salmons stone,* and *gout* in every thing.

We are happy to see a sensible and popular essay on the subject, at last put forth by a scientific man, whose name is well known both as an eminent physician, and the author of the Pharmacologia, and Medical Jurisprudence. His first principle is, that the quality of our food is of less importance than its quantity, and the circumstances under which it is eaten; and he proceeds to lay down general rules, deduced from the structure and functions of the human body, and the chemical analysis of the various heads of food, from which a reader is to determine the sort of alimentary matter he is to take according to the particular nature of his case. Dr. Paris urges in reply to the vulgar maxim, that "man ought to live on such food as is presented to him naturally," that man has no natural food, and that there is scarcely a vegetable which we at present employ that can be found growing naturally. Even wheat, rice, rye, barley, oats, &c., are not to be found wild; they have been changed by the application of the science of agriculture to such a degree, that it is now impossible for us to recognize the plants to which they were originally related. Dr. Paris proceeds to say,

> 'The acrid and disagreeable *apium graveolens* has been thus transformed into delicious celery; and the *colewort,* a plant of scanty leaves, not weighing altogether half an ounce, has been improved into cabbage, whose leaves alone weigh many pounds, or into a cauliflower of considerable dimensions, being only the embryo of a few buds, which, in their natural state, would not have weighed many grains. The potatoe, again, whose introduction has added many millions to our population, derives its origin from a small and bitter root, which grows wild in Chili and at Monte Video. These few instances may suffice to answer the object for which they were introduced: the reader will find many others in the Introduction to my Pharmacologia.'—p. 6.

To cookery, another powerful agent in the change of "the aliment presented to us naturally," we are indebted not only for loosening the texture, and softening the fibres, of our food, and thereby sparing us much labour of stomach, but also of rendering *it more palateable;* and this, according to Dr. Paris, materially *stimulates the* digestive organs. The antediluvian food was, unquestionably, of the most simple and natural kind; but even men of the world before the flood very speedily found out the process of baking while masticating their oats. Chewing suggested the mill, the mixture with the saliva the fermentation of the dough*, and the warmth of the stomach gave the heat of the furnace. Sacrifices introduced roast meat; and the butter poured over the burnt offerings gave rise to sauces. There is no doubt but that the "pottage" of Scripture was meat cut up into minute frusta, boiled and seasoned; from this pottage came the whole tribe of soups, stews, haricots, fricassees, and sautés au suprême. Dr. Paris, however, abhors all these foreign refinements, and patriotically patronizes "the roast beef of Old England." (p. 7.)

The doctor divides his treatise into three parts. The first consists of a clear description, unencumbered with technical or unusual scientific terms, of the nature, form, and functions of the organs of digestion. We refer such readers as are desirous of obtaining a distinct and popular anatomical view of this subject to pages 10—48. In the course of this part of his work, Dr. Paris strongly condemns tight stays, which in ladies prevent the healthy action of the liver, and ridicules the notion of milk and broth baths, which have sometimes been resorted to for the purpose of nourishment. He accounts for the coldness sometimes felt by healthy persons after dinner, by telling us, that perspiration is at its minimum while our food is in progress of dissolution in the stomach; when the gastric juice has effected chymification, perspiration rises to its maximum. The chyme, which is the food formed into a sort of paste in the stomach, receives the name of chyle when mixed in the intestines with bile and other secreted juices. Liquids holding nutritive matter in solution (broths for example), deposit their solid matter in the stomach, and the watery part is carried off in its separate state. Dr. Paris thinks that animal food is more stimulant to the lungs than vegetable aliment, and that fermented liquors are injurious to these organs.

'Ample experience,' says he, 'has taught us, that the nature of our ingesta is not a matter of indifference to the respiratory organs: diseased lungs are exasperated by a certain diet, and pacified by one of an opposite kind. The celebrated diver, Mr. Spalding, observed, that whenever he used a diet of animal food, or drank spirituous liquors, he consumed in a much shorter period the oxygen of the atmospheric air in his diving-bell; and he, therefore, had learned from experience to confine himself upon such occasions to vegetable diet. He also found the same effect to arise from the use of fermented liquors; and he accordingly restricted himself to the potation of simple water. The truth of these results is confirmed by the habits of the Indian pearl-divers, who always abstain from every alimentary stimulus previous to their descent into the ocean. Those physicians who have witnessed the ravages of pulmonary disease will

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* *Macbride considers* the saliva as a ferment.

lity upon food*; indeed, this zero may vary in different indi-
it we are taught by experience, that no meat is so digestible
iutton: when well conditioned, it appears to possess that de-
sistence which is most congenial to the stomach: and in this
s, perhaps, more universally used than any other animal food.
itton, or the flesh of the castrated animal, is in perfection at
and is by far the sweetest and most digestible. Ewe mutton
wo years' old. Beef appears to be not so easy of digestion;
is firmer, but it is equally nutritive. Much, however, will
n the period which has elapsed since the death of the animal,
pon the method of cookery: in short, it would be worse than
ittempt the construction of any scale to represent the nutritive
ve qualities of the different species of food: the observations
luced are merely noticed for the sake of illustrating those
nciples whose application can alone afford us any rational
liet.

not be difficult to understand why a certain texture and cohe-
aliment should confer upon it digestibility, or otherwise. Its
into chyme is effected by the solvent power of the gastric
by the *churning* which it undergoes by the motions of the
and unless the substance introduced possess a suitable degree
, it will not yield to such motions: this is the case with soups
iquid aliments; in such cases, therefore, nature removes the
before digestion can be carried forward. It is on this account
e digested with so much difficulty; and it is probable that
other glutinous manners, although containing the elements of
t in the highest state of concentration, are not digested with-
rable difficulty; in the first place, on account of their evading
ig powers of the stomach, and in the next, in consequence of
ity opposing the absorption of their more fluid parts. For
ns I maintain, that the addition of isinglass, and other gluti-
r, to animal broths, with a view to render them more nutritive
is a pernicious custom.'—pp. 103, 104.

is states, that animal food is most easily digestible when
of incipient putrefaction; perhaps this may account for
iity enjoyed by aldermen from the effects that might be
rom swallowing quantities of venison and pheasant after
s. Whether the Romans *kept* their meat or not we do
but we know that their famous garum, or liquamen,
ered into the composition of all their fine dishes, was
liquid distilled from decayed fish. The advocates for
d quote, in favour of an exclusive diet of that kind, the
the British aborigines—they forget that Cæsar tells us
ite human flesh—a practice of which, by the way, our

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experiments were instituted for this purpose by Gosse, of
it the conclusions deduced from them are by no means satis-
le confounds *solubility with* digestibility, which in itself is
vitiate his reasoning.'

readers may find a serious defence, in the very strange book cal
Compère Mathieu.

With regard to cookery, Dr. Paris states, that the process c
mically modifies the principles of our food, and mechanic
changes its texture. Boiling seems a better method of cook
vegetables than meat, as the latter, if boiled too long, or too f
is apt to become indigestible. Mutton loses one fifth, and l
one fourth, by boiling. By roasting, meats lose about one t
of their weight, and are rendered more nutritive, but less digest
There is, therefore, a sort of balance of evils. Baked meats
condemned. Salt is said to be stimulant to the digestive org
but salted meat is indigestible. Vinegar is healthy, as it ch
the fermentation of the stomach; spices destroy its tone,
melted butter is highly pernicious. Oils with sallads are usef
preventing flatulency and fermentation. The quantity of li
to be taken depends upon the food eaten. Animal food req
more drink to assist its digestion than vegetable; roasted
boiled, and baked than roasted. People ought not to drink b
a meal, as it weakens the powers of the stomach. The wat
cisterns is found to be injured either by coming into contact
brick or lead; cast iron pipes are recommended, as are filt
machines. Toast and water must be drank as soon as it coo
is rendered unpleasant by keeping. Tea in moderate quanti
permitted; but it is never to be drank till four hours after di
while coffee is recommended to be taken immediately, as it a
in digesting oily substances. Chocolate is forbidden; coc
considered as less objectionable. Of soda water the author sa

> ‘The modern custom of drinking this inviting beverage during, c
> mediately after, dinner, has been a pregnant source of dyspepsia.
> inflating the stomach at such a period, we inevitably counteract
> muscular contractions of its coats which are essential to chymific
> The quantity of soda thus introduced scarcely deserves notice; wi
> exception of the *carbonic acid gas*[*], it may be regarded as water,
> mischievous only in consequence of the exhilarating quality induci
> to take it at a period at which we should not require the more s
> fluid.’—pp. 132, 133.

Dr. Paris allows a temperate use of wine. Red wines a
tringent, the colouring principle being extracted from the h
white wines are preferable, on account of the absence o
matter. Madeira and Sherry are artificially flavoured b
almond; the acid in these wines (if good) is innoxious. S
are mixed with some wines, particularly those of Spain and

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[*] ‘Late discoveries have shown, that the carbonic acid exists in a
state in soda water; when, therefore, it is hastily swallowed, it rob
stomach of a certain portion of heat, as it passes from a liquid i
gaseous state. It therefore cools as well as distends that organ.’

l: part of the alcohol *combines* with the wine, but the rest,
h is *free* spirit, refuses to assimilate with it, and it is to this por-
of the alcohol that the injurious effects of these wines are to
cribed. The following are the proportions per cent. in which,
ding to Mr. Brande, it is to be found in various liquors.

Port	23.48
Madeira . . .	22.27
Sherry . . .	17.92
Claret . . .	14.43
Champaigne . .	12.61
Hock	8.88
Brandy . . .	53.39
Rum	53.68
Hollands . . .	51.60
Cape Madeira . .	18.11
Currant wine . .	20.55
Raisin wine . .	25.77
Elder, Cider, and Perry	9.87
Ale	8.88

n this table our readers will see with surprise, that ale con-
s much pure spirit as hock, and cider more. Table beer is
by Dr. Paris; and porter and ale are said to be beneficial
se who take violent exercise. Boxers, when in *training,*
great deal of ale. Some doctors advise five meals a day;
confine the unfortunate patient to one. There is a MS. in
itish Museum which treats "Of the *excellence* of one meal
" Dr. Paris thinks that the number of meals should depend
digestion, which varies greatly in different patients. The
ixture of aliments is strongly condemned. Dr. Paris says,

> ing offered some general rules with respect to the circumstances
> ender food salutary or noxious, and illustrated these principles by
> nination of the several classes and species of aliments, it remains
> to say a few words upon the subject of their intermixture. I have
> , in the introduction of this work, alluded to the mischief which
> rom the too prevailing fashion of introducing at our meals an
> indefinite succession of incompatible dishes. The stomach being
> ed with soup, the digestion of which, from the very nature of the
> ons which are necessary for its completion, would in itself be a
> nt labour for that organ, is next tempted with fish, rendered indi-
> e from its sauces; then with flesh and fowl; the vegetable world,
> ntelligent reviewer has observed, is ransacked from the *crypto-*
> upwards; and to this miscellaneous aggregate is added the perni-
> asticcios of the pastry-cook, and the complex combinations of the
> ioner. All these evils, and many more, have those who move in
> linary society of the present day to contend with. It is not to one
> good dishes, even abundantly indulged in, but to the overloading
> omach, that such strong objections are to be urged; nine persons
> eat as *much soup and fish* as would amply suffice for a meal, and
> *g soup and fish are concerned,* would rise from the table, not only

> satisfied but saturated. A new stimulus appears in the form of stewe beef, or *côtelettes à la suprême;* then comes a Bayonne or Westphal ham, or a pickled tongue, or some analogous salted, but proportionate indigestible dish, and of each of these enough for a single meal. By this is not all; game follows; and to this again succeed the sweets, an a quantity of cheese. The whole is crowned with a variety of flatule fruits, and indigestible nic-nacs, included under the name of dessert, i which we must not forget to notice a mountain of sponge cake*. Thu then, it is, that the stomach is made to receive, not one full meal, but succession of meals rapidly following each other, and vying in their mi cellaneous and pernicious nature with the ingredients of Macbeth' caldron. Need the philosopher, then, any longer wonder at the increasi number and severity of dyspeptic complaints, with their long train maladies, among the higher classes of society?'—pp. 185, 186.

As the gastric juice is not much secreted during sleep, we sometimes feel a want of appetite in the morning. Breakfast is alway to be substantial, where the dinner hour is late. The delica maids of honour of Queen Elizabeth ate beef, and drank ale, a this meal; our modern squires drink green tea before setting ou to the chase. Luncheons are deservedly condemned. Two o three o'clock is the hour fixed by Dr. Paris for dinner. Suppe is to be avoided if possible; but it must at all events be ligh Dr. Paris, with much good sense, condemns the practice of me chants and others, who fatigue themselves with long walks to thei villas before dinner, and arrive there unfit to enjoy it. In gymnastics, however, Dr. Paris rejoices; and he approves of dancing if the late hours and gas lights could be abolished. Of ga lights he speaks with horror, and threatens with destruction all the frequenters of operas and theatres. Every modern Lady Grac may, according to Dr. Paris, say with truth, "At an opera—I expire!"

The third part of Dr. Paris's book treats of indigestion generally. It is extremely judicious and able, like the former part of the wor but its nature is not sufficiently popular to take a place in ou pages. We have already devoted, we think, a fair number o them to our *dyspeptic* readers, and must now turn to other themes.

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* 'The custom of introducing cake after a rich entertainment is very ancient; but the cakes or "*mustacea*" of the Romans were very different compositions They consisted of meal, aniseed, cummin, and several other aromatics: their object was to remove or prevent the indigestion which might occur after a feast. A cake was, therefore, constantly introduced, for such a purpose, after a marriage entertainment; and hence the origin of the "BRIDE CAKE," which in modern times is an excellent invention for *producing*, instead of *curing*, indigestion.'

Art. VI. *Aperçu de la Situation Intérieure des Etas-Unis d'Amerique et de leurs Rapports Politiques avec l'Europe.* Par un Russe. 8vo. pp. 164. Londres. Booth. 1826.

We are led to notice this spirited little sketch—of which, as it has remained *unpuffed,* and consequently unread, it is probable few of our readers have even heard—principally because of some disposition which is evinced by the author, in considering the institutions of the United States of America, to trace out the connection and parallel between them and those of Great Britain. The whole subject, treated in this comparative manner, might form an excellent political study, and is, indeed, full of curious interest of various kinds; but it has scarcely hitherto been followed up with the attention which it deserves. The temporary but violent animosity engendered by the revolutionary struggle, and the last war, and the efforts of furious political bigots to exasperate and perpetuate it, have prevented us in this country from always regarding the transatlantic republic with impartiality and candour; while the presumptuous vanity of its people, the lofty pretensions which they have set up since their emancipation, and their obvious and unkind leaning to our enemies in the late great contest of Europe, were, in truth, all fairer reasons for aversion and disgust on our part.

With the whole of these passions and distractions at work, we have almost forgotten to look upon the North Americans as a kindred people, descending from the same stock, inheriting the same qualities of heart and mind, using the same speech, composed of the same variety of religious sects, and cherishing the same venerable body of the common law as ourselves. We have been thrown, both in collision and intercourse, too closely into contact with these republicans, to remark how strongly the general features and expressions of their national character coincide with our own; we have been sensible of little more than the opposition of temper and feelings; and other nations have been left to observe the striking similarity of which we are unconscious: just as strangers are usually quicker in discovering a family resemblance than the individuals between whom it exists.

The author of the lively and unpretending essay before us has stood in this position. Equally a foreigner to Great Britain and America, he has calmly surveyed their civil and political aspect. His attention has evidently been attracted by the close resemblance between the two nations, and his judgment seems at default for a preference. He perhaps admires them equally; but looking with such yearning fondness, as the subject of a despot may be supposed to entertain for the free institutions of both, he is, still, blind to the defects of neither. He may be a Russian, and a diplomatist to boot, as he sets forth and insinuates, or a Chinese, or a Turk, for aught that we know to the contrary; but certain it is, that whoever he may be, he proves himself thoroughly acquainted with the national character of the Americans, the state of society among them, and the theory and practice of their political and civil constitution and government.

The possession of this familiar knowledge he accounts for by apprising us, that it is the result of two residences in the United States of three years each, at separate epochs, and with a considerable interval. His exact information has been engrafted upon liberal principles; and he exhibits, without the slightest admixture of quixotic enthusiasm, an enlightened spirit of reflection, and an enlargement of views, which it may a little surprise us to discover in a Russian. His tone of thought is much more that of a sensible Englishman, who has been accustomed all his life to take the axioms of freedom for granted, than that of a semi-barbarian struggling to rescue his mind from the thraldom of the slavish tenets in which he has been bred, and absurdly falling in the attempt, by an opposite extreme, into the wildest dreams of democracy. He feels, thinks, reasons, very much like a home-bred Englishman, except that he has none of the warm prejudices in favour of our country, which a good Englishman may be permitted to cherish for the land of his birth.

In the few sheets, however, which he has filled with a bold and sweeping pencil, it seems to have been his object rather to dash off some of the leading and peculiar features of the republican government, constitution, and society, than to compose an elaborate picture, or to draw any minute and systematic parallel between the condition and establishments of the United States and those of Great Britain. It is only incidentally, and as it were without premeditation, that the coinciding circumstances of the two countries are forced upon his attention together; and a regular comparative view of the institutions of the North American confederation, and of the British empire, yet remains among the "things unattempted," valuable and most interesting as such a political essay might be made. For our own parts, we can of course only glance at the subject, as we proceed to notice a few of the points which have most interest in the light and clever essay before us.

We were struck, in the outset, with the justice of one of the author's reflections, that the internal condition of the states of the American Union was scarcely changed in any respect by their emancipation; for that the object of their revolt had been 'political independence only, and not at all civil or personal liberty, of which the Anglo-Americans had at all times enjoyed the same portion as their brethren in England.' When the colonists took up arms against the mother country, it was neither to assert for the first time the privileges of freemen, nor yet to recover the possession of rights which had been withheld by the oppression of centuries. Their cause was justifiable; it was even more, it was good: *but it was strictly* the cause, not of personal liberty, but of *municipal or national* independence. Hitherto they had been left in

lm enjoyment of constitutions as free as that of the mother
ry, and even more free, if more democratic forms at least
render them so. Connecticut, until very lately the most
sly composed of all their democracies, had acquired its con-
on at an epoch long antecedent to the revolution; and the
of Rhode Island maintains to this hour the same internal
nment which was originally granted to it as a colony under
ritish crown. It was, as every reader is aware, the simple
ion of the right of taxation, and no other, which was sufficient,
first agitation, at once to provoke the resistance and revolt of
hole North American continent.

is long previous enjoyment of internal liberty by the colonists,
circumstance which has held the most important and univer-
fluence upon their subsequent history and present institutions
ation. It placed them in a condition, not of a race of slaves
nly emerging from bondage, not of new communities rashly
pting a raw and untried system of government and jurispru-
, but of an organized people, breaking the last link of depen-
, and merely changing a few external forms of aggregate
nment and foreign relations. They preserved unchanged
municipal institutions, their laws, religions, and manners:
ancelled no more than their allegiance to a monarch, and
it upon the pure and abstract principle of their duty to their
ry and themselves. By descent and blood and political rights,
ential part of the British people, they did no more than their
countrymen in these islands would have done, if any circum-
may be imagined which should induce the elder portion of
tional family simply to substitute the forms of a republic for
of a limited monarchy. They made no innovations upon the
istration and principles of their internal laws; they even
pted, as far as was possible in their situation, to imitate the
cing powers of the three estates of the British constitution;
by a curious anomaly for a democracy, the government, by a
ent, senate, and a house of representatives, might seem to
the image of king, lords, and commons. Almost all their
mentary usages and processes were closely assimilated to the
ative practices of the mother country.

was a natural consequence of their political position, that the
nts of the sovereign power in their state should be distinguished
y from those of the old country. But they were made to differ
rther than it was inevitable that a democracy should differ
a monarchy. They had no reason to desire the establishment
royal house at the head of their government; but they elected
t magistrate, whose functions during their exercise were to
ce in effect the authority of a limited king. They had no
litary aristocracy; but they established an upper house in their
ature, *the members of* which, from the longer possession
ir seats, and the share in the executive government which

was assigned to them, were evidently intended to enjoy a lar portion of personal dignity than was to belong to the general bo of representatives in the lower house. The senate was to stand the place of an hereditary body of aristocracy; it was even design to be in some respects a permanent body, since its members we only to be renewed by one third at each biennial election; and very composition, whenever the internal peace of the States m be disturbed, must ensure its being in a degree less influenced the popular clamour of a day, than the third and more immediat representative estate of the commonwealth.

There was a curious exemplification in the early history of t federal constitution, which the writer before us has failed to reco of the disposition of the aristocratic party to mark the gradatio of dignity in these three estates. It was proposed to give the ti of *illustrious highness* to the president, of *right honourable* to t senators, and of *honourable* to the members of the house of rep sentatives; and the motion was only abandoned with reluctance the senate, because the public opinion was found to be adverse it. A similar ambition gave birth to the order of Cincinnat which was however soon abandoned for the same reason*. Th an aristocratical faction appeared in the earliest days of the you republic, and has ever since existed, with the disposition to arr itself steadily on the side of established authority, is indeed notorio to all; while the party of the democratical or zealous republica has been equally developed. Since the death of Washington t former faction has certainly been declining in influence, while t latter has preponderated in the same ratio; but the distinction b tween them is not the less vitally and strongly marked at the prese hour; and the federalists and democrats are destined, perhaps, play as conspicuous parts in the future vicissitudes and domes revolutions of the commonwealth, as the tory and whig parties, which they may be closely compared, have done in our own histo

The experiment of a democracy has assuredly never been tri under so many advantageous circumstances. For above a centu the people of North America had been gradually prepared, by t republican constitution of their provincial governments, for th total independence. Their manners, habits, and sentiments we all suited to it, and their situation had in fact rendered their ema cipation a gradual and almost imperceptible work. The charact of the people was already formed for self-government. Then t geographical position of their country was the very best whi could be imagined for their purpose. They were placed in peac able possession of a vast continent: they were almost without a neighbours, and uncompressed by the dangerous vicinity, the i trigues, or the aggressions of powerful states. They were beyo the dangerous focus of European alliances and wars, and altogeth removed from the vortex of international politics. Some of these advantages may be threatened with slight interruptions by the birth of the other independent states of the new world; but the older republic can have little to dread from the turbulent but impotent infancy of these communities; and the people of the northern union, unless stimulated by the egregious vanity and ambition which are their national characteristics, can have no contingent necessity, and little possible danger, of being involved in hostilities.

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* See the Memoirs of Count Segur.

But, beyond all calculation, the surpassing advantage of their condition is in the nature and extent of their territory. To afford them every facility for commercial grandeur, their native forests yield all the materials of ship building, and they have a long line of sea coast, richly indented with harbours, and joined by mighty rivers, the arteries of internal trade: to encourage their agricultural industry, they possess boundless tracts of fertile and unoccupied lands. Thus, while in front the ocean is their conduit for the ceaseless flow of mercantile wealth into their ports, in the rear an almost interminable expansion of desert, with a luxuriant vegetation, invites their occupation, and affords at once a source of increasing national strength, and a drain and safety valve for all the morbid and convulsive humours of an overcrowded population.

It is the combination of all these felicitous circumstances of situation and locality, with the active, laborious, and enterprising character derived by the people from the parent stock, which has advanced the prosperity of the United States with a gigantic and prodigious rapidity, quite unexampled in the statistical annals of the world. In the first twenty years after the establishment of their independence, their population had *doubled itself:* in less than half a century it has *trebled* its original numbers. In one period alone of ten years (from 1791 to 1801) the tonnage of their shipping was doubled, while the value of their commercial exports in the same interval had become quadruple. Yet, advancing in this wonderful geometrical progression of population and wealth, several ages must elapse before the myriads of the North American people shall have covered the surface of their continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and before their industry has extracted the full measure of wealth from its fertile bosom. The profits of maritime commerce have their bounds; but there is nothing to check the agricultural race of the American back-states from continuing for a century more to increase and multiply, and to spread their habitations through the forest and the desert, precisely at the same rate, and with the same facility, as they have been doing for the last forty years.

It has been said that the United States remain to afford the final solution of the problem, whether the enduring prosperity of human society is attainable under a *republican* government: but the epoch for the *fair trial of the question* even here is yet in the womb of time. *It may be deferred* for five or six generations to come: it may be decided in the lapse of two or three; but at whatever e period the crisis may arrive, the value and durability of the poli institutions of America can then only be weighed, when the v ern outlet is finally closed against the redundant and waste pop tion of the older states; when the "pioneers of civilization" checked in their course by the Pacific, and pressed upon from bel by the human tide which has been rolling westward with incess and habitual impetuosity for ages; and when the affluent and needy, the adventurous and the speculative, the idle and ambiti rich and the desperate poor, are all, as in the old world, cooped in the same crowded and circumscribed sphere of action. Th and then only, will it be seen, whether the political machinery the American confederation is constructed with sufficient firmn nicety, and skill, to abide the convulsion of warring interests, resist the shock of popular phrenzy:—then will the wisdom of federal and democratic constitution of the United States be brou to the proof. Will it triumph under the test?

This is a query which time alone can solve. As compared our own country, the North American republic seems to v several potent elements of strength. Here society is divided numerous and marked distinctions and orders. We have one p mount aristocracy of birth; we have a second, and scarcely infe aristocracy of wealth; we have, again, a class a shade lowe private and mercantile gentry and members of liberal professi we descend another step to reach the middle orders in trade agriculture; and even here the degrees are several before we plu into the deep profound of lowest life. The classes are, in th selves, all numbered, separate, and perfectly distinct; but, in regular scale of gradation, the transition from each to the ne so easy, that no one feels himself insolently excluded from the c immediately above him. In English society every class, save highest, touches two others in the ascending and descending se and is amalgamated and blended with both. Hence the sol of the whole frame work of society which every class, but the lowest, has still some interest in preserving, because each has s rank, more or less, to lose by a displacement and overthrow of o There is no country in the world in which the aristocracy have r wealth and influence than in this; yet there is none in which established order of things is so cheerfully and generally recogni because the highest rank and honours in the state, and the splendid fortunes, are open to successful talents, merit, and indu and because the great majority of the nation may be said t cemented to, and to form a part of, the aristocracy, against w ever remaining portion of the lower people may be out of the of their own circle.

This gradual connection, amalgamation, and blending of *different orders of* society into each other, forms the security o *whole body of the* nation against any disruption of its parts.

in the United States, there is no such series of cemented strength. A nobleman is a name proscribed by the laws; a gentleman is a misnomer and an anomaly, where universal equality should destroy the very distinction of "gentle and simple;" and a citizen has no other signification than belongs alike to the man of substance and the meanest of his workmen. America has yet no natural aristocracy and no poor:—an enviable condition of society, and one to be aimed at by every legislator, if it were possible to render its blessings unalloyed and enduring. But the inheritance of accumulated wealth must have an increasing tendency, in each generation, to create at last a class of wealthy intellectual men of leisure, and therefore of aspiring ambition, and with no other serious occupation than to lord it over their fellows; and this, in other words, is a natural aristocracy. And whenever population shall have pressed distressingly in the United States, as in old countries, upon the means of supply, then must one portion of the community sink of necessity into squalid irretrievable poverty. Whenever these two extremes have been created, then must either the rich become the masters, or the prey, of the poor; and the aspect of society will be no longer one of equality, but of aristocracy or anarchy. It matters not by what titles its result is shown; but wealth, like knowledge, is power:—power to those who retain and use it with kill, or to those who shall seize it from its unskilful possessors. The ime will come when the accumulation and the regular inheritance f wealth in the great commercial families in America will make a st of the dogmas of equality.

Hitherto the federal constitution of the United States may be eclared to have realized for the people all the objects for which uman society is incorporated. Its government has been exercised ily with a benign and salutary influence. It has been in general qual to the execution of the laws, and the protection of order, roperty, and civil rights. Its operations have been, if perceptible all, felt only in the preservation, and not the consumption of the ublic wealth. It has been sufficient to maintain the dignity and dependence of the state in its foreign relations: it is utterly pow- less for any attempt at domestic and individual oppression. Place in juxta-position even with the government of our own free ountry, and it may at the first glance excite our admiration and nvy. Instead of the cumbrous and costly machinery, whose action resses upon the energies and annually consumes almost the whole roduce of the public industry, we have here a simple engine, which arcely demands the direct contributions of the people to the rings of its movements. The astonishing economy of its con- umption renders any parallel impossible between it and all other overnments of modern times. For the protection of ten millions f population, it maintains no greater regular army than six thou- und men. *The whole principal* of its national debt is less than *lf the sum which is annually* demanded to pay the interest of our own! Its revenue is collected almost exclusively from the customs; and these moderate impositions are assisted by the annual sales of public lands, which produce on an average two millions of dollars. Thus, even the progressive cultivation of those vast tracts is a source of present profit to the state, while it is prodigiously multiplying the future numerical strength and the produce of the nation.

But will this federal government, on which the eulogies of fond republicans and speculative politicians have been enthusiastically lavished, will it suffice permanently to embrace and to rule over the prodigiously increasing extent and discordant elements of an empire which is to cover the North American continent? Upon this question let us hear the observant and intelligent writer before us.

'It has been already seen that this government, being restricted to the powers which are delegated to it by the federal constitution, can only exercise a limited sovereignty. As often as any measure, whether general or local, is agitated under the federal government, such as the nomination to an office, the executive power is placed in the embarrassing situation of being beset by a host of conflicting interests, and of having to conciliate a number of opposite pretensions. Its business, in a word, is to satisfy, as far as possible, all the local sovereignties, or all the states which make up the Union; and the whole of which, while they claim their share in the management of the general affairs, arrogate to themselves the exclusive direction of their particular concerns. It is this difficulty which is known in America under the title of geographical or sectional nomination, and which consists in the disposal of the federal government among candidates according to the relative importance of the different states of the Union. But this difficulty seems inherent in every government which is at once democratic and federative. As long as the country may preserve its internal tranquillity, the executive power in the federal government, by always putting itself at the head of the most numerous party in each state, and by using a little address, will end in satisfying all parties to a certain degree, and retaining the preponderating influence in its hands.

'But these difficulties will, sooner or later, be more seriously felt, either in case of any severe external pressure, or whenever the confederation shall find itself exposed to domestic commotions, from which no political society is exempt in the current of events, and to which federative republics are peculiarly liable.

'The last war exposed the weakness of the ties which bind the different parts of the American confederation. But for the conclusion of an honourable peace, which was despaired of at the time, the convention of Hartford, composed of delegates from all the eastern states, would probably have ended in their separation from the rest of the Union. This is not admitted by the majority of the Americans: but as it is founded upon a hypothesis which was not realized by the events of the war, although it was then both very possible and even very probable, it would be useless and idle to discuss the point.

'Notwithstanding all the care which was taken by the compilers of the federal constitution to define, with precision, the limits between the power *delegated to the general* government, and that which the states respectively *reserved to themselves,* the line of demarcation between the two species of authorities never fails to be contested in long and violent debates whenever any question of general interest arises. It was thus that, during the last war, the government or chief magistrate of the state of Massachusetts refused to execute the order transmitted by the federal government, for the march of the militia of that state into Canada.'—pp. 73—76.

The writer then instances some other examples of the defective authority of the federal government, and proceeds:—

'A foreigner, well known in Europe for the extent and variety of his knowledge, as well as for the brilliancy of his talents, M. Correa de Serra, minister plenipotentiary from Portugal to the United States, who has long resided in the country and traversed it in all directions, maintains that the American government advances strongly in consolidation, to the prejudice of the local governments. He has even gone so far as to say that this government already possesses in itself all the elements of a monarchy, and wants nothing but a head. M. Correa has, therefore, designated it as an "*acephalous monarchy*." With all my respect for his genius and attainments, I presume to differ from him. I think that, in proportion as the territory of the United States becomes extended, and the population as well as the number of the confederated states shall be augmented, the general government must gradually lose its force.

'However this this may be, an indisputable fact, and a circumstance of which it is important not to lose sight in all political relations with the American government, is—*that its sovereignty is incomplete.* It has followed that, in many cases, in which the right of nations is interested, it has been impossible for the American cabinet to accord a reciprocity without exceeding its powers.

'This government has found itself even to this day totally unable to put a stop to the illicit armaments which have been fitted out, and are still in progress, publicly, at Baltimore and other ports of the Union, against the commerce and the navigation of powers at peace with the United States. It is, notwithstanding, notorious that the wishes of the president and of the other members of the cabinet are decidedly opposed to these odious violations of the laws of neutrality.'—pp. 78, 79.

The danger, alluded to by our author, which threatened the duration of the Union, just before the conclusion of the peace of Ghent, was indeed a fearful omen of the facility with which the bonds of the confederation may, at any period of internal dissension, be burst asunder. At that epoch, the ruinous suspension of the American commerce, and the harassing hostilities along the whole line of their coast, had thoroughly disgusted the north-eastern states with the conduct of the federal administration, and the continuance of the war; and but for the pacification, so needlessly favourable to the republic, which our government suddenly and unaccountably concluded, there can be little doubt that the American power would have been permanently broken by a division of the Union. The assembly of the convention of Hartford was in itself a virtual renunciation of the federal system; and our cabinet, *in their despondency* and alarm at their own ill conduct *of the war, hastily suffered* the fairest opportunity to escape of securing the future preservation of the Canadas. The return of Napoleon from Elba, and the renewal of the European war (which they could not foresee), rendered the pacification of Ghent in effect, perhaps, a fortunate act of imbecility; but judging from the circumstances of the times, the prolongation of the contest in America only a few months longer, must either have reduced the United States to accept of almost any terms, or have produced their separation into distinct and rival republics.

Whoever is acquainted with the strong difference of character between the people of the north-eastern and the southern and back states, will have little difficulty in believing that such a separation is only deferred. The staid and industrious, the moral and religious people of the four New England states, retain all the sterling qualities of the old English stock; the dissolute Virginians, and other slave-holders of the southern states, are equally opposed to the former in manners and feelings; and the vagrant and restless population of the back states, in their lawless, turbulent character, are quite another people from either. In Connecticut and its sister provinces the population is stationary, as in the old countries of Europe, with a density of sixty souls to a square mile; in the slave states, above a million of negroes and people of colour, who are intermingled with the free citizens, only compromise the safety, instead of contributing to the force of the public defence; and in the new states of the interior, the widely-scattered and adventurous settlers do not afford half a dozen inhabitants to a square mile.

Thus differing in character and in local situation, and opposed in interests, condition, and habits, how is the heterogenious mass of the North American people, spread over many thousands of miles, to be retained together under the same system? If so immense and disjointed an empire does not fall to pieces under its own weight, it is not in the order of human events that it should escape dissolution, by the diversity and contrariety of interests and passions, by internal dissension and convulsions, by the total want of compressive and amalgamating force in the laxity and feebleness of its federal union.

But we pass from these fruitless speculations on the future destiny of the North American Union, to pursue our brief remarks upon its existing institutions, as compared with those of our own country. It is in the two last divisions of the ingenious pamphlet of M. "Le Russe," on the administration of justice, and the general aspect of society in the United States, that he falls naturally into treating these subjects in connection with the jurisprudence and manners of the mother country, from whence their substance and forms were derived. We shall here need to do little more than to follow him, and abridge his sketch. He has given a very clear and careful enumeration of the elements of American jurisprudence, which will at once enable the unlearned reader, with no deeper legal knowledge than may be gleaned from Blackstone, to understand the points in which the American codes coincide with and differ from our own. The elements of that jurisprudence are: 1st. The ancient common law of England, modified only in its practice, in some respects, by the political condition of the states. 2dly. The acts of the British parliament anterior to the epoch of American independence. 3dly. The acts of general congress since that period, or, as it might have been termed, the native statute law of the Union. 4thly. A second branch of this statute law, the private acts as they may be called, enacted by the local legislatures for the internal wants or caprices of each state, but having no force in all the other countries of the Union. 5thly. Such civil and criminal codes as may be specially prepared and formally adopted by any state, having of course no authority beyond. The most remarkable, and indeed the only complete example of such a body of written laws, embracing the whole extent of social obligation, is to be found in Louisiana; and it varies little, except in its adaptation to localities, from the civil code Napoleon, of which it is indeed an avowed copy.

It is curious to learn, as a contradiction to the feelings of the British people on the same subject, that the public prejudice in America is averse from the common law, and desirous of a written civil code. Our author has the good sense to see, that no sagacity and wisdom in the compilers of such a code would be sufficient to provide for every case, and to anticipate every mal-interpretation. But he has omitted to observe, that the complexity, intricacy, and delay in the administration of justice in the United States, are subjects of public complaint, as loud as in our own country; nor can a reform in these respects be easily anticipated, since the majority, both in the federal and provincial legislatures, are always composed of advocates. In the present senate thirty-six, out of its forty-eight members, are of the legal profession.

The composition of the American courts is, throughout, regulated as nearly as possible upon the British model. The ultimate jurisdiction of appeals is not, however, seated in the senate, where, as in our upper house of legislature, it might have been natural to place it; but in the supreme federal court, composed of a chief justice and six judges, which sits twice a year at Washington. This tribunal has not only exclusively the final cognizance and jurisdiction of all civil causes, but it has also been invested, rather by usage than by positive law, with a high and solemn attribute—that of explaining the constitution, and deciding upon all doubtful cases of constitutional doctrine which arise in the congress. Its decisions and judgments are self-pronounced, without any jury. The judges in the supreme court are not removable; and it is not difficult to imagine a growth of encroachment, by which such a body may claim to play a distinguished part, not only in the judicial, but *the political administration* of the national affairs. In *the most important functions* already assigned to it, this perma body, standing aloof from, independent of, and even controlli the ephemeral legislature, is already become a singular and st ing part of the republican government.

The judges of the supreme court,—not excepting the chief, in the British court of King's Bench,—are obliged to make circuits of the states in the year. One judge of the supreme c accompanies the common circuit judges of the different states, are themselves, however, all appointed by the federal governm These circuit courts answer to our assizes; and there are inf district courts, held four times a year, and corresponding with quarter sessions. But the extent of the Union is already den strating the inadequacy of this system. Our author has forgo to note that, in Kentucky, and other newer and yet more dis states, it has become an impossibility for a judge of the supr court to attend for the holding of the circuits; and the dis courts are therefore, in fact, the only local courts of appeal *aga themselves.* But the ultimate appeal must still be carried to capital of the Union, before the supreme court. What mus the progress of justice, when a cause is removed from the banl the Mississippi to Washington; and what will it become herea when a witness may probably thus be subpœnaed, at the dist of two thousand miles, from the shores of the Pacific to tho the Atlantic?

It is needless to repeat, that the whole internal structure procedure of the American courts are imitated from the m country, as closely as more republican forms will possibly ad In several of the old states—as in New York, New Jersey, Virginia—even the old court of chancery remains, with the s jurisdiction as in England. In a few other states the same exists, though under different forms; but in the remaining cou of the confederation, causes in equity are tried by the com courts, which are endued for this purpose with a jurisdiction si to that which appertains to our chancery.

Thus the American law is in every practicable respect care assimilated to our own; and it is administered, perhaps, with caution and wisdom. The federal judges, as a body, bear a racter for impartial and incorruptible integrity, which will not in honour to the splendid virtue of our own bench. But th sence of all imposing ceremony in the republican courts, and the want of the dignified costume of the legal body in Great tain, have a baneful tendency to weaken the outward majesty awful bearing of the law in the eyes of the people; and scen insubordination, and monstrous confusion, have bearded the rican judge on his bench, with a frequency and outrage w would disgrace the authority of a constable. What shoul think, in Great Britain, of a challenge to fight a duel *publicly* addressed to the bench, and accepted from the thro *justice; or of* a judge of the Common Pleas, or a baron o

Exchequer, sitting, during the sultry heat of a summer term, to hear causes in his waistcoat? Every peasant in the land would discover the fallibility of the man through his shirt sleeves; and the wig-less, robe-less, coat-less sage of the law, would sink into contempt with the very crier of his court.

Under his section on the administration of justice, the Russian devotes a chapter to penitentiaries, which the advocates for such institutions in this country will do well to peruse. It is written calmly and thoughtfully, and evidently without bias to a particular theory of any kind. His testimony may, therefore, safely be received; and his conclusion is positive, in confirming that of other impartial observers. The humane scheme of substituting imprisonment and labour for death, as the punishment of all flagrant crimes short of murder, which originated with the quakers in Pennsylvania, and has been imitated by every state of the Union, has completely failed in the results which were benevolently anticipated from it. So far from reforming the criminal, the increase of crime has been rapid and terrific under its operation. Of four hundred prisoners in the Philadelphia penitentiary in 1819, nearly one fourth were confined there for the second, third, fourth, and even the fifth time. This fact in itself proves the utter impotence of the system to reform or to deter the convict. Our author, indeed, ascribes a good deal of the failure to specific causes: to neglect in not classifying the prisoners, and separating the novice in guilt from the hardened and incorrigible offender; to the mistaken humanity which has converted these prisons into abodes of greater abundance and comfort than the dwelling of the industrious labourer, and to the pernicious facility with which, as the power of pardon is vested, not only in the president of the Union, but in the local executive government of every state, a remission or commutation of imprisonment is to be obtained by the guilty.

It is fair to notice the weight which the author ascribes to these abuses; but we have ourselves little doubt, that, unhappily, the radical defect of the system is to be sought in the humane attempt itself to abolish capital punishment. Our own criminal code we believe to be needlessly sanguinary; but the American reforms have gone to the other extreme; and we suspect that it will not require a much longer experience, of whatever improvements the penitentiaries may be susceptible, to oblige the republican legislatures to trace their steps back to the enactment of a sterner and more vigorous scale of punishment.

The constant comparison which the Russian institutes, in his closing section, between the state of society in America and Great Britain, renders all this part of his little volume exceedingly amusing.

> 'In the United States, the English type,' as he quaintly styles it, 'is stamped upon every thing that enters into the usage of the people. In the construction of their houses, the style of their dress, the system of their food, and even in their amusements, all is English. When to all

these natural affinities, we add the identity of language—of all identities the most influential—we shall have no difficulty in comprehending how moral sympathies have retained the ascendant over the political antipathies, which exist in a very sensible degree between England and the United States. In America, England in general is not liked; but the English are better received than any other foreigners, above all when they bring with them the tone and manners which are given by a good education.'

The existence of slavery over a great part of the Union, is, however, no part of the 'English type;' and this is as disgusting a blemish in the fair form of American domestic society, as it is a foul taint, and a plague spot, in the political body. Wherever slavery is known, the English spirit of cleanliness, says our author, is no more to be recognized, and it is as if the dingy negro communicates his colour to whatever he has touched. But the instant we point to this odious subject of slavery, the institutions of America appear at once to sink below all comparison with those of the parent land, which is utterly free from this reproach.

This existence of a slave population among the free, seems fated, moreover, to be a lasting disgrace to the North American confederation. Nature herself has put an eternal bar between the two races. Difference of colour and countenance are, in themselves, insuperable obstacles to the gradual emancipation and blending of the slave and mulatto population with the white. To banish a million and a half of men beyond seas to new settlements, is almost an equal impracticability; and the black population must necessarily grow in the republic, not as an accession of strength, but as an indelible stain, and enduring cause of weakness, alarm, and danger to its masters. Nor, as it would appear, is the evil ever to be ameliorated. In Virginia, to maintain the brute ignorance and degradation of the slave, there is still a heavy penalty *against teaching him to read;* and in the new state of Missouri, where no prescriptive law of slavery could be pretended, a vote of the general congress has created the monstrous system, which its duty to God and man should alike impel it rather to discourage, and if possible abolish, where it already existed.

Our Russian sensibly remarks, that the identity of language will always preserve the moral influence of the mother country upon the United States. At the epoch of American independence, the literature of England was already matured and enriched with masterpieces of all kinds; it became of course the classical study of the Americans in learning their own language; it accustomed their literary taste to a dependence, and destroyed all power of originality. They can never throw off the shackles of our cultivated intellect, or create a national literature for themselves; they can only follow in the train of our modern imitators, with the disadvantage of having started later in their career, and of copying from models which are not their own. It was a presentiment of he prodigious moral force of this intellectual chain of superiority nd dependence, which induced a member of the early American epresentation to propose that the use of the English language hould be abolished in the states, as, until such a change should be operated, the emancipation of America would never be complete. The project was no doubt absurd and impracticable; but the over-weaning zeal of the republican had blundered upon a substantial cause, if not a possible remedy.

We would trust that the majority both of his countrymen and our own will view this moral influence, which the language and literature of England must continue to exercise over the Anglo-American people, with far other eyes, and as anything but an evil. For them, with no reason to dread the revival of the *political* supremacy of the mother country, they may feel dignity, rather than humiliation, in the moral influence which is the pledge of their early birthright, and recalls the memory of their descent from the freest and noblest lineage of the old world: for ourselves, it may be to our whole nation a subject of fair and justifiable pride, that whatever, in the awful vicissitudes of human fortune, may be the fate of our own empire, its institutions, its language, and its literature, are already imperishably identified for all ages with the existence and glory of another great people,—a people of our own race and character, who have sprung from our islands, to overshadow the whole mighty continent of northern America.

ART. VII. *Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the years* 1824-25, *in his Majesty's ships Hecla and Fury, under the orders of* Captain William Edward Parry, R.N. F.R.S. and Commander of the Expedition. 4to. pp. 337. 2*l.* 10*s.* London. Murray. 1826.

ALTHOUGH a third time disappointed in the object of his voyage to the polar regions, yet we deem it but an act of common justice towards Captain Parry and his brave companions, to offer them the unqualified tribute of our praise, for the persevering spirit, the true British heart for enterprise, which they have evinced in their endeavours to effect the discovery of a north-west passage. The experience which they had acquired of the icy seas during the two former voyages, and the admirable manner in which the ships were equipped by the government, tended indeed very considerably to lessen the natural difficulties which they had to encounter on the present occasion. But a new and an unexpected danger came upon them, in the unfortunate catastrophe which happened to one of their vessels; and although it put an end to their hopes of accomplishing the design of the expedition, at a season too which appeared more than usually favourable for their operations, yet it has added another to the many instances already on record, of the steady discipline, the inexhaustible and determined courage, which characterize the British seaman under every possible aspect of peril. It convinces us, moreover, that if the north-west passage is to be gained at all, in can only be won by such men as Parry and Hoppner, and the crews who acted under their orders; for if such coolness, patience, and resolution as they have shown, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, amidst regions rendered more than usually inhospitable, by the inclemency of the weather, cannot achieve that object, it may be pronounced as utterly impracticable.

We are not among those who are disposed to blame the government, for renewing its attempts to penetrate to the Pacific by the pole after so many failures. In our opinion it is one of the noblest duties of a free and opulent country to seek, by every means in its power, to extend the boundaries of science, by exploring unknown regions, and pouring upon them, if possible, the light of its own civilization. As the sovereign of the extreme northern part of the American continent, we have a peculiar interest in ascertaining its polar boundaries; and as a commercial nation, it is highly useful to us to know what seas and islands are accessible or inaccessible to our enterprise. We well remember, that before the first of these expeditions for the discovery of a north-west passage, it was generally apprehended that human life could not endure the cold that was expected to be encountered at the pole. It is now an indisputable fact, that by due attention to warmth, cleanliness, and diet, men may not merely exist in that climate, but exist in uninterrupted health, and even in comfort. Thus is one great imaginary impediment to enterprise in that quarter wholly removed; and the facts detailed in the volume before us, while they leave the grounds of hope furnished by the first and second expeditions entirely unshaken, add some new rays of information, which, though not very considerable, are still sufficient to excite and gratify our attention.

It may be recollected, that the Admiralty was induced to fit out this expedition in consequence of the representations made by Captain Franklin, as to 'the navigable state of the sea on some parts of the northern coast of America, together with that of the Russians to the westward, towards Icy Cape.' Captain Parry was very properly entrusted with the command, and was appointed to the Hecla in January, 1824. At the same time Captain Hoppner received his commission for the Fury, and a transport was directed to carry a portion of their heavy stores across the Atlantic. The equipment of the expedition was similar to that of the second one, and was in every respect so complete, that Captain Parry is at present employed in making a minute record of it, which is to be preserved in the Admiralty, as a model for future ages. He was instructed, according to his own suggestion, 'to make the best of his way, in the first instance, to Lancaster Sound, and, proceeding through Barrow's Strait, endeavour to make, through Prince Regent's Inlet (which he had discovered in 1819) his passage into the sea which bounds the continent, and thence westward to the Pacific.'

The expedition put to sea on the 19th of May, 1824, and proceeded across the Atlantic; the Hecla and Fury parted with the transport on the 3d of July, at the Danish whale-fish islands in Davis' Straits, and made for Baffiin's Bay. The ships being now heavily laden, their progress was slow for some days; and on the 13th they reached and entered the main ice, which they found within five miles of the position it occupied in 1819. Their progress, which was now westward, became still more difficult as they advanced, and from the 17th the obstructions which they experienced 'from the quantity, magnitude, and closeness of the ice, were such as to keep their people almost constantly employed in heaving, warping, or sawing through it; and yet with so little success, that, at the close of the month of July, they had only penetrated seventy miles to the westward, or to the longitude of about 62° 10′.' They here experienced the benefit of the extraordinary pains which had been taken to secure the vessels from the effects of external pressure, for the ice closed around the Hecla on several occasions with such amazing force, that if she had been constructed in the common manner she must have been instantly crushed together.

No water was to be seen on any side; and Captain Parry conceiving that he might find the ice less compact to the northward, directed his endeavours to that quarter. Notwithstanding the most incessant labour, they only reached the latitude of 72° 34′ on the 19th of August, and there they found the ice as impenetrable as before. The remainder of the month, and the first eight days of September, were employed in still forcing their way, and on the 9th they succeeded in releasing themselves from 'a more than ordinary barrier of ice in the middle of Baffin's Bay.' This inauspicious commencement of the difficult part of their voyage Captain Parry attributes to the severe winter of 1823, and the tardiness of the succeeding summer. Although the eastern margin of the ice, as we have already seen, was met in much the same position as it occupied in 1819, yet he found the main body extending one hundred and fifty miles farther to the W. N. W., in the parallel of about 74°, than it did in that year. It is scarcely possible to form an idea of the labour which it must have cost the crews of the two vessels to cut their way through an enormous mass of ice, extending upon the whole to a distance of between three and four hundred miles. They had, moreover, to contend against 'the young ice,' which, contrary to previous experience, was already forming around them, whereas it never appeared before till a month later. It was formed of the snow which fell almost every day; and had not a change of temperature come occasionally to their assistance, they ran great danger of being frozen up for a whole winter in the middle of Baffin's Bay.

While the ships were thus forcing their way through the ice, Captain Parry had occasion to observe, that when the wind blew from the north there was a daily set of the ice to the southward, and vice versa: the cause of this is obvious; but he also observed another *set* of the ice to the westward, 'which was very frequently apparent, even *against a fresh breeze blowing from that quarter.*' This phenomenon strongly excited his attention, and we shall hereafter see the inference which he draws from it.

Upon quitting the main body of ice the expedition proceeded without further interruption through Sir James Lancaster's Sound, after passing which they again encountered a great deal of young ice. A strong breeze however enabled them to reach the entrance of Prince Regent's Inlet on the 26th of September, and the next day they put into Port Bowen, where Captain Parry, with the advice of Captain Hoppner, determined to winter. It was pretty evident by this time, that they had no chance of making any further progress, until the returning summer should dissolve the ice, which every day assumed a more formidable aspect. Sufficient precautions having been taken for the security of the ships, they were finally settled about the latter end of October. Their arrangements for the winter were so like those adopted on the former expeditions, that it is unnecessary here to allude to them. Besides, as Captain Parry observes,

> 'It is hard to conceive any one thing more like another than two winters passed in the higher latitudes of the polar regions, except when variety happens to be afforded by intercourse with some other branch of "the whole family of man." Winter after winter, nature here assumes an aspect so much alike, that cursory observation can scarcely detect a single feature of variety. The winter of more temperate climates, and even in some of no slight severity, is occasionally diversified by a thaw, which at once gives variety and comparative cheerfulness to the prospect. But here, when once the earth is covered, all is dreary monotonous whiteness;—not merely for days or weeks, but for more than half a year together. Whichever way the eye is turned, it meets a picture calculated to impress upon the mind an idea of inanimate stillness, of that motionless torpor with which our feelings have nothing congenial; of anything, in short, but life. In the very silence there is a deadness with which a human spectator appears *out of keeping.* The presence of man seems an intrusion on the dreary solitude of this wintry desert, which even its native animals have for a while forsaken.'—pp. 40, 41.

The amusements of the men were varied on this occasion by the introduction of *masquerades,* which were given once a month; and it is highly creditable to all parties, that an entertainment admiting so much familiarity of intercourse between the officers and men, was not productive of a single breach of discipline, and in no degree diminished the respect of the latter for their superiors. We are told also, that several characters were sustained at these masquerades 'with a degree of spirit and genuine humour which would not have disgraced a more refined assembly.' The schools were re-established, and every attention was paid to the religious cultivation of the men, the effect of which, Captain Parry says, was to make 'the whole lower deck such a scene of quiet rational occupation as he never before saw.' Indeed he mainly attributes to this systematic and decorous kind of life 'the constant yet sober cheerfulness, the uninterrupted good order, and, even in some measure, the extraordinary state of health which prevailed among them during the winter.'

An observatory was set up on shore, chiefly for the purpose of ascertaining the variations of the magnetic needle; and it is a curious fact, that they discovered an increase in that phenomenon, since their former visit in 1819, amounting to about *nine* degrees. They also discovered, by employing *suspended* instead of *supported* needles, a regular diurnal variation and change of intensity: the intensity increased from the morning to the afternoon, and decreased from the afternoon to the morning. 'It appeared,' says Captain Parry, 'that the sun, and, as we had reason to believe, the relative position of the sun and moon, with reference to the magnetic sphere, had a considerable influence both on the intensity and diurnal variation, although the exact laws of this influence may still remain to be discovered.' It is worth adding, that in the course of the experiments which were made by Lieutenant Foster, 'a very curious and remarkable result soon repaid his labour, namely, that the *true* bearing upon which a needle exhibits its minimum variation is the same at Port Bowen as at Woolwich, which would almost lead to a conclusion that this is a constant line all over the world.' A similar coincidence seemed to obtain, with respect to the magnetic bearing of the line of *maximum* variation! Captain Parry speaks in terms of high commendation of the plate invented by Mr. Barlow, for correcting the effect of local attraction on the needle on board a ship. The importance of this plate will be estimated from this fact, that on the arrival of the expedition in Prince Regent Inlet, 'where, from the extraordinary increase of dip, and the consequently augmented effect of the ship's iron, the compass had before been rendered wholly useless, it now indicated the true magnetic direction.'

Such was the facility with which sound was observed to travel in that cold climate, that Lieutenant Foster was on one occasion enabled to sustain a conversation from the observatory with one of the men who was at a measured distance from him of 6696 feet, or about one statute mile and two tenths, the weather being at the time nearly calm, and quite clear and serene.

As on the former expeditions, several displays of the aurora were observed. We shall give Captain Parry's description of one of these, which appears to have been attended by an unusual incident.

> 'About midnight on the 27th January, this phenomenon broke out in a single compact mass of brilliant yellow light, situated about a S.E. bearing, and appearing only a short distance above the land. This mass of light, notwithstanding its general continuity, sometimes appeared to be

evidently composed of numerous pencils of rays, compressed, as it were, laterally into one, its limits both to the right and left being well defined and nearly vertical. The light, though very bright at all times, varied almost constantly in intensity, and this had the appearance (not an uncommon one in the aurora) of being produced by one volume of light overlaying another, just as we see the darkness and density of smoke increased by cloud rolling over cloud. While Lieutenants Sherer and Ross, and myself, were admiring the extreme beauty of this phenomenon from the observatory, we all simultaneously uttered an exclamation of surprise at seeing a bright ray of the Aurora shoot suddenly downward from the general mass of light, *and between us and the land*, which was then distant only three thousand yards."—pp. 61, 62.

Captain Parry, with some poetical feeling, remarks, that 'the most attenuated light of the aurora sensibly dimmed the stars, like a thin veil drawn over them.' He says, that though they frequently listened for any sound proceeding from this phenomenon, they never heard any; nor was it on any occasion attended by the slightest electrical effects. They saw during the winter, particularly in the month of December, a great number of those meteors called "falling stars;" they were generally attended by changes of the weather. The moon once appeared so curiously distorted by refraction, that if such a phenomenon were witnessed in our climate, people would suppose the world was approaching to its end. From the shapes which are pencilled before us, the orb seems to have looked at first exactly like a round flat bottle, with a short neck; we know of nothing like its second shape, but the third precisely resembles the ace of spades, the fourth an ill-formed basin; and the fifth a rabbit couching. It appears to have dwindled by degrees through five other modifications, until at last it set like an opera hat. We must notice another phenomenon, which must, we should think, have exhibited a very beautiful spectacle.

'On the 29th of March, at 9.30, A.M., an imperfect halo appeared around the sun, with a faint parhelion on each side. On the part of the halo directly over the sun, was seen a segment of an inverted circle, faintly coloured; and again above this, at the distance of 46° 40″ from the sun, was a short segment of another inverted circle, coloured like a brilliant rainbow. A circle of broad but faint white light could be traced completely round the heavens, passing through the sun and parhelia, and parallel to the horizon; and situated on this circle, at the distance of 114½° on each side of the sun, was a large white spot. Minute particles of snow were at this time falling in great abundance.'—pp. 67, 68.

It is remarkable, that while the expedition remained at Port Bowen, they received no assistance from the barometer as to indications of the weather beforehand. It was observed, that alterations in the mercurial column more frequently accompanied than preceded the visible changes of the weather in those regions.

Of the very few animals seen at Port Bowen during the winter, the *principal were bears*, twelve of which were killed between October and June. Captain Parry records two instances of the parental affection of these savage creatures, which we cannot avoid transcribing.

> 'A she-bear killed in the open water on our first arrival at Port Bowen, afforded a striking instance of maternal affection in her anxiety to save her two cubs. She might herself easily have escaped the boat, but would not forsake her young, which she was actually "towing" off, by allowing them to rest on her back, when the boat came near them. A second similar instance occurred in the spring, when two cubs having got down into a large crack in the ice, their mother placed herself before them, so as to secure them from the attacks of our people, which she might easily have avoided herself.'—pp. 78, 79.

The number of foxes killed, or caught in traps, amounted only to five or six. One of the latter, which was tamed by degrees and kept for some time on board the Fury, displayed a dress nearly pure white till the month of May, 'when he shed his winter-coat, and became of a dirty chocolate colour, with two or three light brown spots.'

After suffering an imprisonment in the ice of between nine and ten months at Port Bowen, the ships were at length liberated towards the latter end of July (1825), and on standing out to sea sailed, with a light southertly wind, towards the western shore of Prince Regent's Inlet. It was Captain Parry's object 'to coast the southern part of that portion of land called in the chart "North Somerset," as far as it might lead to the westward,' which, from his former knowledge, he had reason to suppose it would do as far at least as the longitude of 95°, in the parrallel of about 72¾°. In this attempt, however, he was foiled by the ice and by fogs. He then varied his course, and proceeded northward to the Leopold Isles; but on reaching them he had the mortification to find the ice again exactly where it was in 1819. 'The whole body of it seemed to cling to the *western* shore, as if held there by some strong attraction, forbidding at present any access to it.' After beating about for some days, a strong gale, which blew for ten hours incessantly, separated the ice from the western shore. Captain Parry was thus enabled to reach it at the point called Cape Seppings on the 24th of July, whence he discovered a navigable channel southward as far as the eye could reach, of from one to two miles wide. The whole of Barrow's Strait, as far as he could see to N.N.E. of the islands, was also free from ice; and Captain Parry is of opinion, that 'from whatever circumstance it may proceed,' this part of the Polar Sea is not at any season very much encumbered with it. He then proceeded, according to his former intention, along the western coast of Prince Regent's Inlet, in a southern direction; and as he was now upon ground hitherto unexplored, he named several bays, which he discovered, after friends to whom he wished to pay this naval tribute of esteem. He found the land high, and the water deep along the whole of the coast, as far as the ice allowed him to penetrate; but on the 28th he was completely stopped, in latitude 72° 51′ 51″, by an impenetrable mass of that substance. On the neighbouring shore some Esquimaux stone circles were discovered, apparently, however, of a very old date, as they were quite overgrown with moss, grass, and other plants. Here the real misfortunes of the expedition commenced. A succession of northerly winds drove towards the ships vast masses of ice, which on one occasion (1st August) 'rushed bodily in upon them,' and beset them in such a manner as to render them 'literally helpless and unmanageable.' The Hecla struck the ground several times, and at length remained immoveable; the Fury was driven by a large "floe-piece" upon a grounded mass of ice, and was so severely "nipped" and strained that she began to leak a good deal. At high tide the Hecla was got off; but the water gained so rapidly on the Fury, that it was now found she could proceed no farther without repairs. By uncommon exertions she was in a few days lightened of her stores; but from the straining which she suffered, in consequence of the constant pressure of the ice, it was ultimately found necessary to abandon her, and her officers and men were removed on board the Hecla on the 21st of August. Her stores were also abandoned, as her officers and men occupied all the room that could be spared in the Hecla.

Under these disastrous circumstances, and considering that the season was already so far advanced, as well as that his provisions for both ships' companies would last only to the following autumn, Captain Parry had no alternative but to make the best of his way homeward. With respect to the loss of the Fury, it seemed absolutely inevitable. Indeed the wonder is, not that such an accident occurred, but that it is the only instance of the overwhelming agency of the ice which has been experienced during the three expeditions. Although the ships had been secured, both externally and internally, with all the skill that naval architecture could devise, indeed so much so as to induce a belief among those employed on the expedition, that the vessels were ***invulnerable;*** yet, as Captain Parry observes, they had now learned, by experience, 'that a body of ice, of no very heavy kind, when bearing in a particular manner, and with its whole force, upon a ship touching the ground, is quite sufficient to set every combination of wood and iron at defiance.' He adds, in a spirit of true philosophy—

> 'In truth, a ship, like any other work of man, sinks, and must ever sink, into insignificance, when viewed in comparison with the stupendous scale on which Nature's works are framed, and her operations performed; and a vessel of whatever magnitude, or whatever strength, is little better than a nut-shell, when obliged to withstand the pressure of the unyielding ground on one side, and a moving body of ice on the other.'—pp. 149, 150.

Upon returning to the eastern shore of Prince Regent's Inlet (27th August), Captain Parry found it entirely free from ice. He discovered a most excellent harbour, a little to the south of Port

Bowen, and greatly superior to it, which he describes in detail, as he thinks that when the Baffin's Bay fishery fails, as it must do in the course of time, the whalers will extend their course to Prince Regent's Inlet, where, it appears, whales are to be found in abundance. In a few days the Hecla reached Barrow's Strait, and found there a perfectly open sea. Sir James Lancaster's Sound was also tolerably clear, though an unusual number of icebergs was observed in it, driven thither, as it would seem, from Baffin's Bay, by the easterly winds which had prevailed so long and so violently during the season. It was a decided proof of the favourable nature of the summer of 1825, as compared with that of 1824, that in those parts of that bay where the Hecla had before to force its way through a vast body of ice, she now found either a clear sea, or the ice so loose that navigation through it was attended with no difficulty. From the reports of some whalers whom Captain Parry met in the bay, he was enabled to collect, that the difficulties which he had experienced there in 1824 arose 'from a particular position of the ice, which has never before occurred during the only six years that it has been customary for the whalers to cross this ice at all, and which, therefore, in all probability, will seldom occur again.'

By the middle of September the Hecla cleared Davis' Strait, and, after encountering much inclement weather during her return across the Atlantic, rounded the north end of the Orkneys on the 10th of October, and on the 20th arrived at Sheerness.

We have already alluded to the frequency with which large masses of ice were observed by Captain Parry to *set* in a westerly direction, even against a fresh breeze blowing from that quarter. After closing the narrative of his voyage, he resumes that subject; and after illustrating it by similar facts, which are found to exist in the North Sea, in Davis' Strait, and Fox's Channel, as well as in Prince Regent's Inlet, he states his opinion, 'that there must exist in the polar regions some general motion of the sea towards the west, causing the ice to set in that direction, when not impelled by contrary winds, or local and occasional currents, until it butts against those shores which are actually found to be most encumbered with it.' Captain Parry then proceeds:—

'In confirmation of this idea I am enabled to adduce some more definite observations, which would appear to tend to the same result. In the narrative of the voyage of 1821 to 1823, I have shown in how remarkable a manner the ships were, in two separate instances, set to the westward, towards Southampton Island, instead of being carried in the direction opposite to a strong wind; and how closely the packed ice was found to cling to the same land, even against a fresh breeze blowing directly off the shore. During the time of our "besetment" in Baffin's Bay, in the month of August, 1824, a set to the westward, even against a strong breeze in that direction, has already been noticed in the present narrative; and a similar circumstance occurred on our last return. In all these instances, the *opportunities were as favourable* for detecting a current as can ever

> occur at sea, the daily observations for latitude and longitude not admitting the possibility of any material error in our actual place, and the ships being, in three instances out of four, either immoveably "beset" in the ice, or firmly attached to it, and therefore wholly independent of dead reckoning.
>
> 'Whether the circumstances I have above stated may have any reference to the well-known fact of the western shores of lands enjoying a climate considerably more temperate than the eastern ones in a corresponding latitue, I do not presume even to conjecture; nor indeed do I feel myself competent to offer any decided opinion as to the cause of the phenomena in question. Having stated the facts precisely as they have occurred to my notice, I shall only, therefore, add to these remarks by suggesting, for the consideration of others, whether such a tendency of the sea as that above noticed may not have some connexion with the motion of the earth on its axis.'—pp. 178, 179.

Another phenomenon which Captain Parry has more than once experienced in the polar regions, and which still remains to be explained, is 'the decrease of wind which *invariably* takes place in passing under the lee, not merely of a close and extensive body of high and heavy ice, but even of a stream of small pieces, so loose as almost to allow a ship to pass between them, and not one of them reaching a foot above the surface of the sea,' and this too without any perceptible change in the atmosphere at the time.

It affords us much gratificasion to find our intrepid navigator, at the close of his work, still as deeply impressed as ever with the practicability of effecting this long-desired passage, and still as ready as before to meet the dangers with which a fresh attempt may be attended.

> 'The question,' he observes, 'evidently rests nearly where it did before the equipment of the late expedition, and I have, therefore, little to offer respecting it, in addition to what I have already said at the close of my last narrative*. The views I then entertained on this subject, of the nature and practicability of the enterprise, of the means to be adopted, and the route to be pursued for its accomplishment, remain wholly unaltered at the present moment; except that some additional encouragement has been afforded by the favourable appearances of a navigable sea near the south-western extremity of Prince Regent's Inlet. To that point, therefore, I can, in the present state of our knowledge, have no hesitation in still recommending that any future attempt should be directed.
>
> I feel confident that the undertaking, if it be deemed advisable at any future time to pursue it, will one day or other be accomplished; for, setting aside the accidents to which, from their very nature, such attempts must be liable, as well as other unfavourable circumstances which human foresight can never guard against, nor human power control, I cannot but believe it to be an enterprise well within the reasonable limits of practicability. It may be tried often, and often fail, for several favourable and fortunate circumstances must be combined for its accomplishment; but I believe, nevertheless, that it *will* ultimately be accomplished. That it is not to be undertaken lightly, nor without due attention to every precaution

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*Pp. 487—491.

which past or future experience may suggest, our recent failures, under such advantages of equipment as no other expedition of any age or country ever before united, and we trust also our own endeavours to effect something worthy of so liberal an outfit, will at least serve to show. I am much mistaken, indeed, if the north-west passage ever becomes the business of a single summer; nay, I believe that nothing but a concurrence of very favourable circumstances is likely even to make a single *winter* in the ice sufficient for its accomplishment. But this is no argument against the possibility of final success; for we now know that a winter in the ice may be passed not only in safety, but in health and comfort. I would only, therefore, in conclusion, urge those who may at any future time be charged with this attempt, to omit no precaution that can in the slightest degree contribute to the strength of the ships, the duration of their resources, the wholesomeness and *freshness* of their provisions, the warmth, ventilation, and cleanliness of the inhabited apartments, and the comfort, cheerfulness, and moral discipline of their crews.

'Happy as I should have considered myself in solving this interesting question, instead of still leaving it a matter of speculation and conjecture, happy shall I also be if any labours of mine, in the humble, though it would seem necessary office, of pioneer, should ultimately contribute to the success of some more fortunate individual; but most happy should I again be to be selected as that individual. May it still fall to England's lot to accomplish this undertaking, and may she ever continue to take the lead in enterprises intended to contribute to the advancement of science, and to promote, with her own, the welfare of mankind at large! Such enterprises, so disinterested as well as useful in their object, do honour to the country which undertakes them, even when they fail; they cannot but excite the admiration and respect of every liberal and cultivated mind; and the page of future history will undoubtedly record them as every way worthy of a powerful, a virtuous, and an enlightened nation.'—pp. 184—186.

It is hardly necessary to add, that Captain Hoppner, who, according to our maritime laws, was necessarily tried for the loss of the Fury by a court-martial on his arrival in England, was honourably acquitted. Indeed nothing was possible for man to effect which was not done to save the ship, so that the trial was rather an inquiry into the circumstances of the case than an accusation of that meritorious officer.

The appendix to the volume contains the usual abstract of the meteorological journal kept on board the Hecla, an account of the mean and daily rate of the chronometers on board, and several astronomical, botanical, zoological, and geological papers, which afford valuable contributions to our stock of science. The papers on the magnetic needle are particularly interesting. We must add, that the plates and charts are all very creditably executed. The former appear to be engraved by Finden in his best style, from the masterly designs of Mr. Head, who was appointed to attend the expedition for the purpose.

ART. VIII. *The Book of Nature.* By John Mason Good, M.D., F.R
F.R.S.L., &c. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 16*s.* Longman and Co. Lond
1826.

WE presume that few of our readers will be able to form any p
cise notion of the contents of these volumes from the vague a
indefinite title which Dr. Good has been pleased to prefix to the
The 'Book of Nature,' however, notwithstanding the affected quai
ness of the term, is really a compilation of very considerable lea
ing and value; and if its author had not already been favoural
known to the philosophical world, the present publication would
itself establish the respectable reputation which he enjoys. Wh
stripped of the universal pretension and needless conceit of its in
dicious title, it may be described, in plain language, as containi
the substance of three series of lectures on natural philosophy,—
physics, in the more enlarged sense of that word,—which Dr. G
read some years ago at the Surrey Institution.

As offering, in a popular and systematic compass, an ingeni
survey of a great round of physical science, the work which
thus been composed is certainly the best philosophical digest of
kind which we have seen; and it is impossible to peruse it throu
out without admiring the versatile ability, the various knowle
and learning, and, above all, the pious and humble applicatio
both, which are exhibibited in the author's mind. Doubtless, i
succession of dissertations referring to so many and such diversi
branches of science, his success is not every where equal; and
views are not always unclouded by error or prejudice. So, a
the space within which his lectures are necessarily confined is o
insufficient for the multiplicity of his subjects; and this unavoida
inconvenience has consequently given a superficial air to som
his papers. But it would scarcely be fair to measure the auth
ability by such partial results; for he has seldom enjoyed a
range for his powers; and every candid judge will remember,
the compiler of such treatises must be far more learned than
book. Dr. Good has not filled the compartments, much less
hausted the immeasurable materials of his theme; but he has c
pressed into his volumes a greater body of philosophy than is
any where accessible to the general enquirer under the same
and popular form.

To the language and style of Dr. Good's book, we are not
posed to offer any fastidious objections; but it must be confe
that the general tenor of both partakes too much of that loose
slovenly manner which lecturers in all countries and on all subj
seem to think themselves privileged to use. An opposite faul
more importance, since it involves a suspicion of corrupted t
and might lay him open to much ridicule, is the ambitious effo
be brilliant at the termination of each discourse. This, too,
like a touch of the theatrical art, to invite a full round of cl

applause from the fascinated auditory. The following may serve as one goodly specimen of pure taste and chaste metaphor!

'To hunt down such vagaries would indeed be a thriftless employment; and I only mention them to show that philosophy has its dreams and romances as well as history or even poetry; and that the principles of physics are as liable to perversion as those of ethics. Philosophy is a pilgrim, for the most part, of honest heart, clear foresight, and unornamented dress and manners; the genuine bride to whom heaven has betrothed him is Reason, of celestial birth and spotless virginity; and the fair fruit of so holy a union is truth, virtue, sobriety, and order. But should ever the plain pilgrim play the truant, as unfortunately in the present corrupt state of things we have reason to fear has too frequently proved a fact,—should ever Philosophy migrate from his proper hermitage, and in an hour of ebriety connect himself with the harlot Imagination, what can be the result of so unlicensed a dalliance but a spawn of monsters and miscreations; of hideous and unreal existences; of phantoms and will-o' the-wisps, equally abhorred by God and man; treacherously hanging up their dim wild-fire, in the pestilent bosom of mists and exhalations, and from their murky shades alluring the incautious enquirer to bogs, and sloughs, and quagmires of wreck and ruin?'—Vol. ii. pp. 206, 207.

As a companion to this rhapsody we shall only quote the following extravagant flight.

'Why have not these monsters of the sky been appropriated to the use of man? How comes it that he who has subdued the ocean and cultivated the earth,—who has harnessed elephants, and even lions, to his chariot wheels,—should never have availed himself of the wings of the eagle, the vulture, or the frigate pelican? That, having conquered the difficulty of ascending into the atmosphere, and ascertained the possibility of travelling at the rate of eighty miles an hour through its void regions, he should yet allow himself to be the mere sport of the whirlwind, and not tame to his use, and harness to his car, the winged strength of these aerial racers, and thus stamp with reality some of the boldest fictions of the heathen poets? The hint has indeed long been thrown out; and the perfection to which the art of falconry was carried in former times, sufficiently secures it against the charge of absurdity or extravagance.'—Vol. i. pp. 303, 304.

This is to mount a hobby with a vengeance, and returning, as he elsewhere declares of another speculation, (vol. iii. p. 187), 'to the prety prattle of the nursery,' *to ride a cock horse* to some purpose. But we gladly proclaim a truce with such trifling.

The first series of Dr. Good's lectures appropriately open with enquiries into the nature of matter, and the origin of the world around us; and he displays in these abstruse questions, which have mocked the wisdom of all ages, a sufficient acquaintance with the speculations of ancient and modern philosophers. He glances at the dogmas of the Grecian schools on the eternity of matter, and developes the various systems of Democritus, of Aristotle, Plato, and *Epicurus; and he afterwards* proceeds, with the genuine humi*lity of a christian enquirer,* to try the soundness of their theories by such brief evidence as is to be found in the Mosaic history of the creation. It is indeed by a similar spirit, which cannot be too much applauded, that the whole course of his enquires, and the formation of his opinions, are earnestly regulated; and it is this unvarying purpose to steer by the light of revelation, through enquiries that have too often betrayed the vain reasoner into scepticism and infidelity, which renders his book one of the safest that can be placed in the hands of young persons.

The whole of his second and third lectures on the elementary and constituent principles of bodies, is exceedingly ingenious and interesting. He has very well explained, and commented upon, the various hypotheses upon which the sages of antiquity endeavoured to account for the elementary constitution of matter: the systems of Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicurus; and especially the Peripatetic and Atomic theories of the two latter. But we cannot admit his boast (p. 56) 'that he has dwelt upon them the rather, because, much as we still hear of them and find them adverted to in books, he is not acquainted with any work whatever that gives anything like a clear and intelligible summary of their principles.' The opinions of the ancient philosophers on the nature of matter were certainly not previously to be found fully detailed in popular and elementary treatises of philosophy, and so far Dr. Good is right; but they are contained in Brucker's great work and even in Enfield's abridgement of it, and also in Dr. Geddes' notes to the early part of the Old Testament.

This portion of our author's lectures is followed up by a sketch of the speculations of the moderns in the same department of natural philosophy: of Descartes, Newton, Locke, Leibnitz, Boscovich, &c. His two next lectures, the fourth and fifth, are ably employed in defining the properties of matter, essential and peculiar, in which he has chiefly followed the exposition of La Place. The sixth and seventh lectures are devoted to geology, and present us with as many of the first elements of that vast and disputable science as can possibly be taught in *about two hours*.

There is nothing that requires our observation in these geological lectures; though we may state that, after balancing the Huttonian and Wernerian theories, our author avowedly inclines to 'adhere to the latter from its general coincidence with the geology of the Scriptures;' and he proceeds to give, in connection with this opinion, a very ingenious and beautiful paraphrastic commentary (pp. 158—170) on the Mosaic relation. That the Wernerian theory is less presumptuous and more carefully inductive than the Huttonian, less improbable and more consonant, as far as it goes, with the awful disclosures of revelation, we are ready to allow. But we think it must have been long since manifest to every impartial *auditor* of the controversy between the advocates for the paramount *agency respectively* of fire and water, that each party has brought *forward abundance* of evidence to overthrow the exclusive system of its adversaries. It is fortunate, since the repose of the world must be disturbed by this obscure and otherwise unprofitable discussion, that the collision of opinions has assuredly had the effect of striking forth a few particles of light.

From his geological outlines, Dr. Good proceeds to examine the nature of organized bodies, and the structure of plants compared with that of animals. This spirited lecture on vegetable life, its general laws, structure, and phenomena, is followed by a second (lect. viii. and ix.) on the general analogy of vegetable and animal life; and here it is no reproach to Dr. Good to declare, that his views present no novelty, where novel theories and new errors would be only synonimous. But he has given such an abridgement of established doctrines as may best communicate a general and liberal knowledge to the unprofessional enquirer. His tenth lecture, on the principle of life, irritability, and muscular power, expounds the three most celebrated theories of life—that it is the result of a general harmony or consent of action between the different organs of which the vital frame consists—that it is a principle inherent in the blood—or, that it is a gas or aura communicated to the system from without. To the second of these theories, that 'the blood itself is the principle of life,' he himself inclines with the best modern authorities. His remarks upon muscular power are exceedingly interesting; and from these he proceeds to treat of the bones, teeth, cartilages, integuments, and other solid parts of the animal frame; the various uses and operations to which these members are applied, the curious phenomena to which they give rise, and the whole well-known chemistry of animal life.

In his dissertation on the digestive function, and the organs contributing to it, Dr. Good appears to have lent his credulity rather too implicitly to the extent of the power of fasting, attributed to persons in instances too remote to be well authenticated. Such, for example, is the record of the forty days' fast of Cicely de Ridgeway, as old as the reign of Edward III.—an age in which marvels were too easily palmed upon the vulgar, to render them worthy of credit. Our author, also, too largely admits the instance in our own days of Anne Moore, the fasting woman of Tutbury. Whatever privation of food that woman may really have been able to endure, the final detection of her gross imposture should have awakened great caution in receiving any part of her statement. The following case of Janet M'Leod, published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1777, deserves, however, to be extracted as one of the most singular and best authenticated on record.

'She was at this time thirty-three years of age, unmarried, and from the age of fifteen had had various paroxysms of epilepsy, which had considerably shaken her frame, rendered the elevator muscles of the eye-lids paralytic, so that she could *only* see by lifting the lids up, and produced so rigid a *locked jaw that her mouth could rarely be forced open by any contrivance. She had lost very* nearly her power of speech and deglutition, and, with this, all desire either to eat or drink. Her lower limbs were retracted towards her body; she was entirely confined to her bed, slept much, and had seldom any other egestions than periodical discharges of blood, apparently from the lungs, which was chiefly thrown out by the nostrils. During a very few intervals of relaxation she was prevailed upon with great difficulty to put a few crumbs of bread, comminuted in the hand, into her mouth, together with a little water sucked from her own hand, and in one or two instances a little gruel; but even at these attempts almost the whole was rejected. On two occasions also, after a total abstinence of many months, she made signs of wishing to drink some water, which was immediately procured for her. On the first occasion, the whole seemed to be returned from her mouth; but she was greatly refreshed by having it rubbed upon her throat. On the second occasion, she drank off a pint at once, but could not be either prevailed upon or forced to drink any more, notwithstanding that her father had now fixed a wedge between her teeth, two of which were hereby broken out. With these exceptions, however, she seems to have passed upwards of four years without either liquids or solids of any kind, or even an appearance of swallowing. She lay for the most part like a log of wood, with a pulse scarcely perceptible from feebleness, but distinct and regular; her countenance was clear and pretty fresh; her features neither disfigured nor sunk; her bosom round and prominent, and her limbs not emaciated. Dr. Mackenzie watched her with occasional visits, for eight or nine years, at the close of which period she seems to have been a little improved. His narrative is very precisely as well as minutely detailed, and previously to its being sent to the Royal Society was read over before the patient's parents, who were known to be persons of great honesty, as also before the elder of the parish, who appears to have been an excellent man; and, when sent, was accompanied by a certificate as to the general truth of the facts, signed by the minister of the parish, the sheriff-depute, and six other individuals of the neighbourhood, of high character, and most of them justices of the peace.

'Yet even with the freest use of water, what can we make of such cases upon any chain of chemical facts at present discovered?—what can we make of it, even in conjunction with the use of air? The weight and solid contents of the animal body is [are] derived chiefly from that principle which modern chemists denominate carbone; yet neither water nor air, when in a state of purity, contains a particle of carbone. Again, the substance of the animal frame is distinguished from that of the vegetable by its being saturated with nitrogene, of which plants possess comparatively but very little; yet though the basis of atmospherical air consists of nitrogene, water has no more of this principle than it has of carbone; nor is it hitherto by any means established, that even the nitrogene of the animal system is in any instance derived from the air, or introduced by the process of respiration: for the experiments upon this subject, as far as they go, are in a state of opposition, and keep the question on a balance—*factis contraria facta.*'—Vol. i. pp. 338—341.

Dr. Good's second volume, or series of lectures, is devoted to a general investigation of the nature of the *animate* world. His subject opens with two papers on zoological systems, and the distinctive characters of animals. After adverting to the different attempts which have been made to divide the animal kingdom, from that of Aristotle downwards to those of Ray, Linnéus, and Cuvier, he notices more especially the improvements proposed by the last of these authors; and justly eulogizes the arrangement which that celebrated physiologist of our age has developed in his great work on comparative anatomy. But he yet follows the Linnéan division 'because it is still commonly adhered to by zoological writers, though he believes that the classification of Cuvier will ultimately take the lead of it.' We could wish that he had in this place evinced more boldness; for the system of Cuvier is assuredly both more comprehensive and precise; and of course the sooner modern zoologists set the example of discarding the trammels of the less definite classification, the more rapidly will the improvement of this science be advanced. To convey an adequate idea of our author's arrangement of his zoological lectures, we need only explain that he regularly runs through the Linnéan scale, in the ascending series from worms to mammals, comparing its divisions as he proceeds with those of Cuvier; and that his abridgement is executed with his usual ability. We shall here make one extract, —containing his remarks on the existence of moral evil,—less for any novelty which these offer, than as pleasingly exemplifying the spirit of piety which breathes through every page of his work.

'It has often been urged against the goodness, and sometimes against the existence of the Deity, that the different tribes of animals are allowed to prey upon one another as their natural food, and that a large part of the globe is covered with putrid swamps, or wide inhospitable forests, or merely inhabited by ravenous beasts and deadly serpents.

'Presumptuous murmurers! and what would *your* wisdom advise were Providence to consult you upon so glaring an error? Would you then leave every rank of animals to perish by the mere effects of old age? With the example so often before you of the misery endured by a favourite horse or a favourite dog, when suffered to drain out the last dregs of existence in the midst of ease he cannot enjoy, and of food he cannot partake of—a misery which often compels us, as an act of mercy, to anticipate his fate, even at last, by the aid of violence,—would you abandon every animal to the same wretchedness, only a hundred-fold multiplied by the horrors of want and hunger which he must, by growing every day more infirm, be every day growing more incapable of appeasing? Or would you cut short the evil at once, by destroying death itself, and thus rendering every animal immortal? They would not thank you for such an interference, nor applaud the vain benevolence that might dicate it; an interference which, by preventing the necessity for offspring, would extirpate from the animal frame its best feelings; which would extinguish the wise and harmonious distribution into sexes; and make an equal inroad on the pleasures of sense and the endearments of instinct.

'It is granted, that a great part of the globe is an inhospitable wilderness; that it consists, to a considerable extent, of waste inaccessible jungle, *over-run by rapacious beasts* and reptiles; of putrid swamps, *crowded by myriads of venomous* insects; and of immense warrens, burrowed by countless hordes of the hampster, the mole-rat, and the white ant. Even here, however, wherever life exists, it exists to those that possess it as an enjoyment; while these very scenes and these very animals only fill up what man has no occasion for, and equally and instantly disappear as soon as he presents himself, and exercises that industry and ingenuity which alone constitute his authority, and upon which alone his health and his happiness are made to depend.

'But this is not all. While in their different gradations these outcasts from man are thus enjoying life themselves, they are preparing, in the best manner possible, the various tracts they occupy, for his future use and habitation. The soil that supports us, and gives us our daily bread, is nothing but a mixture of animal and vegetable materials; other substances indeed enter into it, but the great, the important, the active, and leavening constituent is of an organized origin. These materials, then, are perpetually forming and accumulating, and rising into an unbounded and inexhaustible storehouse of subsequent riches and plenty, by the alternate generation and decomposition of the different kinds and orders of plants and animals which thus fill up, and, as we are apt to believe, encumber the regions we are contemplating; regions which, though in our own day unexplored or abandoned both by savage and civilised man, may, in that revolution of countries and of governments which is perpetually passing before our eyes, become, in some future period, the seat of universal dominion, the emporium of taste and elegance, of virtue and the sciences. So the fairest fields of Rome were formed out of the putrid Pontine marshes, and England has become what she is from being a land of bogs and of blights, of wolves, wild boars, and gloomy forests.'—Vol. ii. pp. 29—31.

From considering the divisions of the brute animal kingdom, we rise to a nobler theme; and the next lecture treats of the varieties of the human species. Here, after our explanation of the tendency of all Dr. Good's speculations, it is needless to say that he exposes to merited scorn and indignation the falsity of the deductions by which some physiologists have attempted, for the worst purposes, to deny a common origin to the various races of the human kind. His reasoning, from the analogy of the varieties of the same species in the animal kingdom—the dog, the sheep, the swine genus, &c.—is not new; but it is most satisfactory, even without the final and conclusive argument to which he appeals of the Mosaic history of man. In his account of the existing diversities of the human race, he follows the classification laid down in the great work of Blumenbach, varying only its nomenclature, and describing the orders under the more definite terms of the European, Asiatic, American, African, and Australian races. The absurd and degrading hypothesis, which would derive the human from the monkey family, scarcely deserves serious refutation; but we have seldom seen the utter futility of this grovelling theory more completely exposed in a few words, upon anatomical principles, than in the following brief passage:

'In order, however, to settle this question completely, let me mention a few of the anatomical points in which the orang-otang differs from the human form, and which cannot possibly be the effect of a mere variety, but must necessarily flow from an original and inherent distinction. More might be added, but what I shall offer will be sufficient; and if I do not touch upon a comparison of the interior faculties, it is merely because I will neither insult your understandings nor degrade my own, by bringing them into any kind of contact.

'Both the orang and pongo, which of all the monkey tribes make the nearest approach to the structure of the human skeleton, have three vertebræ fewer than man. They have a peculiar membranous pouch connected with the larynx or organ of the voice, which belongs to no division of man whatever, white or black. The larynx itself is, in consequence of this, so peculiarly constructed as to render it less capable even of articulate sounds than that of almost every other kind of quadruped: and, lastly, they have no proper feet, for what are so called are, in reality, as directly hands as the terminal organs of the arms; the great toe in man, and that which chiefly enables him to walk in an erect position, being a perfect thumb in the orang-otang. Whence this animal is naturally formed for climbing; and its natural position in walking, and the position which it always assumes excepting when under discipline, is that of all-fours: the body being supported on four hands, instead of on four feet as in quadrupeds. And it is owing to this wide and essential difference, as indeed we had occasion to observe in our last study, that M. Cuvier, and other zoologists of the present day, have thought it expedient to invent a new name by which the monkey and maucauco tribes may be distinguished from all the rest; and, instead of *quadrupeds*, have called them *quadrumana*, or *quadrumanuals;* by which they are at the same time equally distinguished from every tribe of the human race, which are uniformly, and alone, *bimanual*.'—Vol. ii. pp. 91, 92.

Our author's dissertations upon the distinctive characters of instinct, sensation, and intelligence, on sympathy and fascination, and on sleep, dreaming, reverie, trance, sleep-walking, and sleep-talking, will be found interesting. These subjects lead him into many highly amusing and curious details: but we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed the very ridiculous and overstrained theory of language which (pp. 287—300) he has taken occasion to introduce into this paper. In his zeal to attribute a common origin to all languages, he has laboured—we know that the attempt is not new—to prove a similarity of terms among all nations to express the same ideas; and he has exemplified the words *God, father, man, regent, death,* &c. If he were successful in all his instances, they would not apply to language in general in the proportion of one word to a thousand; and the mere resemblance of sound in a few articulations would still avail not a jot, at least to prove a common origin for all tongues. But the supposed identity of his etymons is in fact as far-fetched and overstrained as it ever entered into the dreams of a crack-brained philologist to conceive; and we shall just take for a specimen the half-dozen lines wherein he has unluckily adduced the word *death*, in which, be it observed, our watch-word for his ridicule of the school of Reid and Stewart—'th newly discovered and sublime principle,' as he ironically calls i 'of *common sense*, which they have loaded with as many nam and titles as a Spanish grandee or a Persian prime minister'—h has certainly forced a very different interpretation upon it from th meaning of the latter writer. Any candid enquirer who reads th first chapter in the second volume of Stewart's Elements, will once perceive that common sense is used only by him to expre the common reason of mankind:—that faculty which is exercise in the fundamental laws of belief, which at once enables the ma of the world to detect the absurdity of denying, with Berkely, Hum and other idealists, the existence of a material creation around u and which teaches us, what no demonstration can possibly establis to expect the certain continuance in future of the ordinary cour of day and night, summer and winter, and a thousand other ph sical phenomena. Yet it is the assertion of this faculty, of whic every reflecting man must be conscious in the operations of his ow mind, that has provoked Dr. Good's petulant disputations and spl netic attempts to be sarcastically pleasant.

The question, which Dr. Good proposes, with a sneer of triump for an *experimentum crucis*—'where is the seat of this boasted f culty of common sense?'—appears to us little less than absurd. its power be evinced in results, it is no objection to its existence th we cannot fully explain its exact nature and constitution. F our own parts, we have no doubt of the existence of such a facul in the mind, and we believe, with Dugald Stewart, that Lock theory of the exclusive origin of all our knowledge from witho will not, by any means, account for it. But we are not wedded any speculative doctrine, however commanding the authority which it is maintained. If the Scotch metaphysicians be visiona in their views, and mistaken in their principles, they are not ine pugnable with fair weapons: in the name of reason and truth, the soundness of their doctrines be freely canvassed, and their err broadly condemned. But in metaphysical controversy the rejecti of all pert, flippant levity is the least part of serious attention a fair dealing that may be expected; and in no scientific enquir are candour and forbearance more imperatively demanded than the discussion of a branch of knowledge which is busied in graspi the most subtle distinctions, and utterly dependent upon the ar trary signification and mutable understanding of words.

ART. IX. *Some account of the Life and Character of the late Thom Bateman, M. D., &c.* 8vo. pp. 228. 7*s.* 6*d.* London. Longm and Co. 1826.

THIS is a zealous, though a somewhat overlaboured, tribute to t memory of the late Dr. Bateman,—a physician who had earned considerable reputation in his profession, and who assisted no owards its improvement in the branch of cutaneous diseases. of the medical articles in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, are also acedged to have proceeded from Dr. Bateman's pen; he was s an active contributor to some of the best medical journals time, and though the tenor of his life may, therefore, be supto exhibit no great variety of incident, yet we shall have on to see that in one respect it deserves the brief notice we to bestow upon it.

materials for his biography have evidently proceeded from nds of his relatives; but they appear before us extended erably beyond their original size, by some friend of the fawho seems only to have looked upon each of even the most circumstances in Dr. Bateman's life as a sort of text, or upon which he was to write a dissertation. Thus we have s of essays upon the education of youth in the early part of ok, sufficiently justified, as our author imagines, by the simple at young Bateman went first to one grammar school, and hanged to another. There was nothing particularly erroneous constitution of these schools, or in the mode in which the of this work was brought up, to call for the dissertations our biographer has inflicted upon his readers. At a later of Dr. Bateman's life, he indulged himself one evening in g some book of poetry, and this simple accident gives rise ng and tiresome discourse upon poetry in general, from the f Homer down to the present day.

it is that a writer who evinces on some occasions a fund of ense, could be guilty of such violations of good taste, it be useless to conjecture. It is evident, indeed, that he to give his slender materials as much importance as posbut in making the attempt he has rendered his volume unreadable.

thread of Dr. Bateman's life, when separated from the nt matter by which it is encumbered, is remarkably plain. s born at Whitby, in Yorkshire, on the 29th of April, 1787, four years of age was placed under the care of a dissenting r, with whom he remained seven years. We are told that gress at school was very considerable; yet his biographer , that when eleven years old, being permitted to spend the r with his family, 'it was his constant practice to sit on the a gate near the house for a great part of the day, lost in t, without seeking any other occupation.' His father obthis indolent habit, continually lamented to his mother that boy would never do any good;" and here the author passes long digression, in order to demonstrate that boys at such a age are not to be too rashly judged of!

ng Bateman was soon after removed to another school, and *cquiring the rudiments of* Latin, and some taste for botany, *apprenticed to an* apothecary at the age of sixteen, and after spending three years in that situation he was removed to London, for the purpose of attending Dr. Baillie's lectures. It is an incident worth mentioning, that upon leaving his mother he asked her how often she wished him to write to her. She answered, "once a fortnight;" and it is a strong proof of his filial piety, that 'through all the subsequent years of his absence, and in the midst of his most active engagements, he never, in one instance, exceeded the given period, even by a single day.' Had the biographer left the subject with this remark, and proceeded with his narrative, we should have had less reason to find fault with him. But the bare allusion to a correspondence, in the first place, incites him to dwell upon the general style of letter-writing in modern times; and in the next place, having mentioned Dr. Baillie's name, he feels himself bound to enter at length into the history and character of that very eminent lecturer and physician. These discursive exhibitions, however, form but a small portion of our author's absurdity.

After spending a year in London, Mr. Bateman proceeded, in the autumn of 1798, to Edinburgh, where he gained a high rank among his fellow-students, and graduated in 1801. These plain facts we collect with some difficulty from about one dozen pages, which are devoted chiefly to an inquiry which the author deems 'a curious' one, namely—'what is, in point of fact, the ultimate effect of the high incitements to mental exertion which are offered in some public seminaries?'—an inquiry that may, with equal propriety, be foisted into every piece of biography that ever was or ever will be written. He lights, however, upon one observation with respect to natural philosophy, which is not altogether unworthy of the attention of those who have the care of children.

> 'With the facilities provided by so many valuable elementary books in natural history as are now to be found in all its branches, and the delight with which such knowledge is received, even by children, when judiciously communicated, the positive good which it must always bring with it ought not to be disregarded. A pebble, a shell, a flower, an insect, or a bird, there is no corner of the earth without. It is easy to deal familiarly with them all, and imperceptibly to imprint upon the memory—very wonderful being its capacity in the young—a world of pleasing facts, beautiful images, and the sweetest moral sentiments. To whatsoever walk in life the youth may be destined, such attainments will be sure to be in unison with it, and to afford him a congenial satisfaction even to the end.'—p. 54.

Soon after Dr. Bateman took his degree at Edinburgh he settled in London, and in the course of a short time was elected physician to the Public Dispensary, and also to the Fever Institution. He gave himself up with great diligence to his duties, and spent all his leisure hours in adding to his professional knowledge. Upon this *part* of his life his biographer is sufficiently intelligible.

'*It would be hardly* too much to say that he never wasted a minute. *His pen was always* in his hand the moment he came down stairs in th morning. His papers and books were on the table during the short interval which elapsed before he breakfasted. And again at dinner-time, the little space that intervened between his return home and his dinner being put upon the table was employed in the same way, unless indeed it was given to the organ. For, much as he delighted in music, almost the only time which he spent on it was this little interval at dinner-time, and the somewhat longer one in the twilight of evening, which so generally passes unoccupied, but which he had been accustomed to employ in this manner from a schoolboy, always distinguishing it then by the term of *fiddling time*, because he could make no other use of it. In his daily rounds at the Dispensary he was equally careful not to waste time, taking every short cut, and not disdaining to contrive how to save even a few steps, since all these savings in the aggregate procured him a little more time.

'He soon became a contributor to the diffusion of medical knowledge by his pen; and, devoting more time proportionately to reading, his studies were always protracted beyond midnight, generally till two or three o'clock in the morning, and sometimes resorting even at these hours again to his organ (and especially to the sacred pieces of Handel, in which he took great delight), for the relief of the mental fatigue he so incurred.

'His Dispensary Reports in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal first introduced him to the public as a writer, for the distribution of an inaugural dissertation is of necessity very limited. To the establishment of that valuable periodical work by Dr. Duncan, junior, he gave very efficient support, being for some time its joint editor with that distinguished professor, and the late excellent Dr. Reeve of Norwich. Of the latter, his much-valued friend, he drew up an interesting biographical memoir, marked with great feeling, which was published in the eleventh volume. The eighth volume contains another of Dr. Willan from his hand. One of his earliest communications to the journal was an account of the Fever Institution. And, besides various articles of criticism, Dr. Bateman was the author of an entertaining number of the Inquirer, in the fifth volume of the same work, on the connection between minute anatomy and medicine; and of some separate contributions, the titles of which its index will supply.

'He wrote also the medical articles in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, from the letter C inclusive, with the exception of that on the History of Medicine, which was furnished by another hand during his absence from London; and the medical portion of the article *Imagination* there, as well as most of the professional biographies.

'Dr. Bateman wrote with great fluency. In writing for the Cyclopædia, he was in the habit of noting down on a scrap of paper the heads into which he thought of dividing his subject, then reading all the books upon it which he had occasion to consult, after which he arranged in his mind all he proposed to say, so that when he began to write he considered his labour done. He wrote, indeed, as fast as his pen could move, and with so little necessity of correction or interlineation, that his first copy always went to press. Neither was any part of this process hastily or inconsiderately performed. He said that, to prepare for the single article *Imagination, just now adverted to,* he read the greater part of one-and-twenty volumes.'—*pp. 58—62.*

Here we have some facts which are not without interest, at lea
for studious men of every profession. But our eccentric biographe
in order, as it were, to compensate his discursive faculty for th
portion of simple narrative, takes unto himself upwards of thir
pages, which he employs in a series of essays upon the followi
subjects: the propriety of authors reading a great deal before th
write: the peculiar propriety of reviewers reading and consideri
well before they pass judgment: the importance of the press as
engine: the relief that is supplied to grave studies by occasion
light reading: the affinity between natural history, poetry, a
the fine arts: the character of true poetry: a comparison betwe
poetry and philosophy; and, as if these subjects, and the properti
of the imagination, were not sufficient for his purpose, just as
hoped he was approaching to a conclusion he cries out—'It
difficult to refrain from a moment's glance into *futurity!!'* V
should have thought that the difficulty lay the other way, and th
it had been the labour of astrologers to *obtain* such a glance
any price. But our biographer, who is certainly no astrolog
pursues his fearless way into regions whither we cannot presume
follow him.

To return to Dr. Bateman, it is to be remarked that much as
have hitherto heard of his progress in study, and of his success
his profession, nothing as yet appears about his ideas of religi
In fact, he is admitted to have been all this time a *materialist,*
to have remained the victim of that cheerless and irrational d
trine, until the closing year of his life. The medical profession
general, is said to be unhappily too prone to error in this respe
but we have seldom met with a case of infidelity in an individu
otherwise highly informed, more instructive in its circumstan
than the one before us. It was on this account that we have cal
the attention of our readers to a piece of biography, which oth
wise would scarcely have attracted our notice.

So severe were Dr. Bateman's occupations during the time
remained in London, that, at length, his health, which never
very strong, appeared visibly to break down beneath them.
first serious illness was in 1815, and exhibited its effects in the
rangement of his digestive organs, and a gradual failure of si
From that period until the year 1819 he continued, with little in
mission, to decline in all his energies, and at length he determi
on quitting London for Yorkshire, where, if his health impro
he intended to resume his profession. It was thought that he mi
receive some benefit from the sulphureous waters of Durham,
on attempting to proceed thither, the languors to which he
been subject continually returned, and he was obliged to sto
Bishop Burton. At this stage of the narrative the author info
us that Dr. Bateman had first acquired his leaning towards m
rialism during his anatomical and physiological studies at Edinbu
and that he was confirmed in it by 'the dissipations of gay soc

which he contrived to 'mix with his severer studies,' during his subsequent residence in London. 'This lamentable tendency,' it is added, 'was strongly increased by his intimacy with some men of considerable talent, who had already espoused all the principles of that unhappy system.'

It appears that, during his detention at Bishop Burton, his friends were enabled to draw his attention to the subject of religion. He acknowledged the state of his mind with respect to it, adding 'that medical men were very generally sceptical, and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism.' He spoke of his former habits with regret, and listened attentively to several portions of the scripture, which were read to him by his mother: but, before she had proceeded far in the New Testament, he suddenly exclaimed 'that he could not believe in the miracles of the Saviour, and that, therefore, he must perish.' He was, for some time, thus afflicted by paroxysms of repentance and infidelity until his health was partially restored, and, during that period, he was silent on the subject of religion, though he read a great deal, with a view to satisfy himself of the truth of a divine revelation. It is satisfactory to know that he succeeded in that most important of all objects, and that upon a relapse, which terminated in his death, he was found firmly convinced of the leading principles of Christianity. His biographer thus describes his last moments:—

> 'It seemed remarkable, that though he had, during his whole illness, been very sensible of his increasing weakness, and had watched and marked accurately all its gradations, yet he spoke, in the last moments of his life, of going down stairs as usual (he had been carried up and down for several days), and said "it could not require more than a very few weeks now to wear him out;" not appearing to be at all aware that his end was so very near, till about half an hour before his death. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be admitted into the room; and, on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said "Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very *agreeable* feeling." Soon after, he said suddenly, "I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast, I have almost lost the power of moving my limbs;" and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, "Oh yes; I am GLAD to go, if it be the Lord's will!" He shut his eyes, and lay quite composed, and by and by said, 'What glory! the angels are waiting for me!"—then, after another short interval of quiet, added, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" and to those who were about him, "Farewell!" These were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk away, and in about ten minutes breathed his last, calmly and without a struggle.'—pp. 148—150.

It cannot be without its advantage to record, from time to time, examples such as that which we have here before us, of men of the first intelligence *flying, in those* moments of reflection which illness *generally brings along with it,* from the cold and unsubstantial doctrines of materialism, to those consoling truths of revelation, which are, indeed, sufficiently strong on their own grounds, but which come to us, moreover, borne, as it were, by the voice of nature, and fitted, by their divine character, to harmonize with all the nobler impulses of the human mind. In such cases as these we would not nicely enquire into the particular sect, or the exact rule of faith, which the convert had adopted. These are questions that belong to a higher tribunal. It is sufficient for us to know that he was a Christian, and that in an age of unexampled profligacy, when a cloak is very generally made of religion for the violation of almost every precept which it enjoins, we are not without occasional warnings and admonitions as to the miseries of atheism on one side, and the solaces of christianity on the other.

It may be useful here to add the remarks of Dr. Bateman's biographer on the prevalence of scepticism among the medical profession.

'The prevalence of scepticism among those whose time and talents are devoted to the acquisition of an intimate acquaintance with the structure and economy of the human frame, in which are displayed so many proofs of benevolence and design, has been apprehended by others before Dr. Bateman. And it has been thought strange besides, that those who witness, more, perhaps, than any other individuals, the influence of religion under the most trying difficulties of life, should be insensible to its importance, or hesitate to inquire into the grounds on which its truth is established. It is to be hoped that many more than are heard of, or are imagined, in the medical world, do, indeed, draw those conclusions from their peculiar opportunities and advantages; and live in those principles, the rejection of which is so naturally a matter of astonishment to others. Very illustrious examples are not wanting to prove, from time to time, that the knowledge of anatomy may indeed inspire religious sentiments. The inferences which the celebrated Harvey drew from his researches, and the acknowledged piety of Sydenham, of Boerhaave, and of Haller, are solid testimonies in favour of those great men. The general spirit breathing through the annual orations of Sir John Pringle before the Royal Society, is to the same salutary effect. The religious character of Mr. Hey, throughout his long and useful life, demonstrates, that neither the preliminary studies, nor the most diligent exercise of the practical duties of the medical profession, is inconsistent with the steadiest and most devoted attachment to the doctrines of the Bible. And Dr. Baillie, whose name is too fresh in our affections to be reverted to on any occasion lightly, was earnest in declaring his powerful mind against infidelity. The American student, who once drew forth at his table an eager expression of his belief in the Christian doctrine of future retribution, and of the necessity of that retribution to human nature, may now, perhaps, remember his admirable master with the more veneration for the emphasis and warmth of that striking and very characteristic moment. To the same purport may be adduced the following passage, as a pleasing evidence of the sentiments suggested to a medical writer directly by his subject. In treating of the preservatives against the inordinate fear of death, the late ingenious Dr. Reid observes, in his Essay on hypochondriasis, "The

Christian is still more highly privileged. His eye, happily invigorated by faith, is able to penetrate the thick mist which hangs over the tomb, and which, to our unassisted sight, intercepts any farther prospect. The light of divine revelation is, after all, the only light which can effectually disperse the gloom of a sick chamber, and irradiate even the countenance of death." '—pp. 173—175.

ART. X. *Four Years in France; or Narrative of an English Family's residence there during that period; preceded by some account of the Author's conversion to the Catholic Faith.* 8vo. pp. 443. 14*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

It is no part of our avocation to offer any remarks upon that portion of the work before us, which describes the author's conversion to the Catholic faith. In a country where the principle of civil and religious liberty prevails, or ought at least to prevail, universally, it is highly indecorous for one man to set himself up as the judge of another in matters relating to conscience. It would be peculiarly indecent to question the sincerity of an individual, who seems to have taken a world of pains in order to obtain what he deemed correct information upon a subject of such transcendent importance, and to have sacrificed preferment, emolument, and early connections, to the pursuit of a religion which he has adopted after the most mature deliberation.

We shall therefore pass over the whole of this topic, and come at once to that part of the book which falls legitimately under our observation. Inundated as we have been for the last dozen of years with all sorts of travels all over the world, but especially over France and Italy, we now regularly open new books of this description without the slightest expectation of meeting in them anything like novelty. We may be allowed to say, without presumption, that we are as minutely acquainted with every city, town, and village, nay, every nook of the continent, as if we lived in each of them for a winter. Yet whether it is that we like to travel over our old paths again, or to awaken the pleasant associations which are connected with them, or to discover the different aspect under which different travellers observe them, we seldom sit down to a work of this description without experiencing a certain impulse of curiosity. If the writer be possessed of a moderate share of intelligence, if he be judicious enough to represent things exactly as they occur to him, and to mix up with his details of objects which are new to his eye a fair proportion of his personal feelings and adventures, he can hardly fail to repay the attention which we are predisposed to afford him. Thus he may impart to his journal the interest which biography always excites; he may decorate it with glimpses of the scenery which he has visited; and, without descending to fiction, he may *render all his proceedings* as much objects of curiosity with us, *as if he had been the hero* of a romance.

The writer before us, though, as he tells us, now advanced beyond his fiftieth year, has succeeded in impressing on his work a character somewhat of the above description. He has rendered it a sort of family sketch, in which he has indeed, with parental delicacy, kept the ladies in the back ground; but at the same time permits us to share in all the pleasurable sensations, and invites us to sympathize in some of the calamities, which he experienced during a residence of four years in France. He appears to be descended from a Lincolnshire family of great respectability, to have received his education at Cambridge, and to have acquired, at an early age, a solid and various store of learning. There are some shades of eccentricity occasionally observable about him, which are however by no means unamiable. His heart seems never to be out of the bosom of his family; to them all his happiness and his cares refer. Indeed we have seldom seen a more beautiful picture, than that which he unconsciously draws of the mode, in which he and they spent their time at Avignon. He appears to have lived with his sons and daughters rather like a brother than a father invested with authority over them. He assisted to educate them, he carefully provided for their improvement in the accomplishments that became their station, he shared in all their amusements, attended them in sickness, and watched over them in health, with a tenderness of affection which it is impossible not to admire.

His sketches of the country through which he passed are brief and desultory. The principal merit of his book, next to its being a charming family picture, consists in the view which it gives of provincial society and manners in France. The greater part of his time was spent at Avignon, one of the most interesting spots in the south of France, whether we consider the Roman remains which surround it, the many historical events with which it is associated, its neighbourhood to the fountain of Vaucluse, or the simple, and at the same time polished and confiding manners of the better order of its inhabitants.

The author thinks it necessary to apologize for the style in which his work is occasionally written, upon the ground that as he has spent altogether seven or eight years abroad, it became difficult for him to write his native language with ease. His dialect is however by no means so incorrect as he seems to apprehend. We found but few faults to correct, and those were rather in the choice of some expressions than in the general current or construction of his language.

It would be idle to follow the author through his notes on the curiosities of Paris, though we must say of them that they are drawn up in a striking and original manner. His remarks upon the incredulity of foreigners as to the possibility of Englishmen travelling abroad for amusement, have also perhaps little of novelty to recommend them; but they coincide so much with our own experience on this subject that we cannot refuse to transcribe them.

'The French, persuaded that society can nowhere else be so well enjoyed as in France, feel little inclination to travel. The Italians, satisfied that all that is best worth beholding both in art and nature, is to be found on their side of the Alps, seldom take the trouble of passing that barrier. I speak of the same class of persons, in both nations, as that in which the English traveller is to be found,—the rich and idle; for the poorer French and Italians are more adventurous, and more frequently leave their own country to gain their living abroad, than those of the lower condition of life in our sea-girt isle. I have therefore frequently been called upon to explain the phenomenon of the British spirit of excursion. My friends at Avignon could hardly believe that curiosity, the desire of instruction, the purpose of employing usefully a portion of time which would otherwise be employed in the ordinary routine of life, were motives sufficient for incurring the expense, trouble, and risk of long journeys: the expense, they allowed, might be a consideration of no importance to a people so rich as the English; besides, they travelled cheaper in France than in England; yet it would cost still less to stay at home: the defiance of fatigue and danger were very gravely accounted for by the supposition of something peculiar to the English character, a certain restlessness and locomotive propensity, which dislodged them from the centre of repose, and impelled them to wander in wide and extravagant orbits. The astonishment of the Avignonais was excessive, when a lady, who intended to pass some years in the south of France, coming to visit my family, and changing her purpose, returned to Paris within a fortnight. "Les Anglois font tout ce qu'ils veulent: un voyage de trois cents lieues pour une visite de quinze jours."* Like the rustic in the fable, they waited to see the end of this current of travellers; and I could hardly obtain credit when I assured them that, though some extraordinary degree of expansion was to be expected after twenty years compression, yet when the present generation should cease, the succeeding one would still supply the stream.'—pp. 82—84.

Persons going to France for the purpose of *œconomising*, as the phrase is, will find in this work a good deal of useful information. From his long residence there, the author is entitled to speak with some confidence upon domestic details, particularly as, according to his own observation, 'the care of a household, and the education of children, brings the head of a family to the knowledge of many circumstances and combinations which escape the notice of the single traveller.' He very clearly shows, what nobody perhaps will believe without actually trying the experiment, that, taking everything into calculation, a family may live at home in England, and quite as well as in France, without exceeding, by more than a twentieth, the amount of expense which would establish and support them in the most retired part of the south.

'The price of almost every article, the produce of agricultural or manufacturing industry, has been increased one-third, some say two-fifths, in France since the beginning of the revolution: the taxes have been trebled.

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* '"The English do *whatever they* have a mind to: a journey of three *hundred leagues for a visit of a* fortnight!"'

We know that, within the last thirty years, prices and taxes have been augmented in England at about the same rates; so that, on both sides of the water, the proportion has been preserved: but the English knew very little of France during the war; whereas the French knew England by their emigrants, who reported truly the high prices then prevalent: thus some unsettled or erroneous opinions on domestic economy may be accounted for. I left England while paper currency was still in *force*, and before prices were lowered, as since they have been: my estimate must be corrected accordingly.

'The result of between three and four years experience is, that about one-sixth is saved by living, not in Paris, but in a provincial town in France, or that a franc will go as far as a shilling. Set against this saving the expenses of the journey, and the saving will not be great to those who do not retrench in their mode of life, but live in France in the same style as at home. The exchange on bills drawn on England may be favourable; but some little money sticks in every hand through which money passes, which balances this advantage.

'House-rent is higher in France than in England: fuel much dearer: some manufactured articles, as woollen cloth for coats, and linen or cotton for shirts, are equally dear: colonial produce, as sugar and coffee, is of a variable price, but not much cheaper: tea is cheaper, as the Americans supply it, or England with a remission of the duty. But there are no assessed taxes, no poor-rates: provisions I found to be cheaper by about one-third than I had left them in England; and my younger children, instead of small-beer, with half a glass of wine each after dinner, now drank wine, with discretion indeed, but at discretion. The more numerous my family, the greater was the advantage to me of this diminution of the daily expense of food.

'Yet I calculate that at the end of forty-two months, including what the journey to Avignon cost me, and the difference between the price at which my furniture was bought, and that at which it was sold, I had spent, within one-twentieth, as much as it would have cost me to live in my county town in England, with the same establishment and in the same manner.'—pp. 259—261.

There is scarcely any subject that our author takes up, which he seems not to have fully enquired into and discussed in his own mind, before he resolved to write upon it. This habit of careful investigation gives value to his observations, and entitles them to our respect; but we own that we do not like to hear an Englishman utter a general protest against all sorts of revolutions whatsoever. He certainly does not speak in the spirit of our constitution, who asserts that 'the only business of the civil authority is to defend the state against foreign enemies, and the citizens against each other.' Such doctrine as this would admit of only one form of government, an absolute military despotism; it overlooks every thing in the shape of civil franchises, and considers the executive as the only power in the community. If he had said that the only object *of the civil authority* was 'to defend the state against foreign enemies, and to enable* the citizens *to defend* themselves against each other,' he would have made a near approach to a concise and appropriate definition of the duties of civil government, and at the same time have embraced all the privileges which the subjects of a free state could safely enjoy. His summary, however, of the ***benefits*** of their revolution to the French is sensible and just. It is an imperishable satire upon the people of that nation that, after a struggle of ten or twelve years, the most sanguinary and lawless that the world has ever seen, they quietly bowed their necks to a more grinding tyranny than ever oppressed their country before; and after submitting for twelve years more, and pouring out their blood and wealth on every plain in Europe to defend that tyranny, were rejoiced, upon the failure of their efforts, to return very nearly to the station which they might have occupied from the commencement of their insane career.

'On the 23d of June, 1789, Louis XVI. offered to the states-general a constitution very much resembling the charter since given by Louis XVIII. What has the French nation gained by the refusal of the etats généraux to accede to the project of this *séance royale?* Their church is impoverished; they are endeavouring to form an aristocracy, of which destruction has hardly left them the elements; and the number of electors,—of persons represented,—is now much smaller than it would have been in the etats généraux. Since that day, little permanent advantage has been obtained, except the abolition of feudal rights; but of these, exemption from taxation had been abandoned; all that was unjust and grievous besides, would soon have followed. A deficit of fifty millions of francs caused the revolution; and in its consequences it has trebled the taxes: it rejected titles and ribands as unworthy of the dignity of man, and it has produced a second set of nobles, and a new order of knighthood.'—pp. 88, 89.

This remark is exceedingly just. Our author, after some further observations, adds—

'The French revolution seems like a bloody tragedy, after the representation of which the actors put on their every-day clothes, and resumed their ordinary occupations: it has disappointed the hopes of the philanthropist, and delayed the effect of the moral revolution, prepared long before, and working in the minds of enlightened men. This sort of revolution is the only one that can be permanent or beneficial to mankind. Christianity itself is, in its influence on civil society, a revolution of this sort, and, in respect to this life only, has done incalculable good.

'The great results of the French revolution are to be looked for beyond the Atlantic. Owing to the distracted state of Europe, a continent, more abounding than the old world in the means of prosperity and power, is become independent: the slaves of Hayti have broken their chains, and may carry civilization and freedom to the country of their origin. Yet another century, and Europe itself may sink into comparative insignificance. But let the wise and virtuous unite in opinion, and Europe, though no longer the proprietor, may still be the teacher of the new world, and in the old may aid suffering humanity.'—p. 91.

The following *singular petition,* which the Normans are said to *have addressed,* or *rather sung,* to the king on his restoration, we do not recollect to have before met with. We take it for grant that it was intended as a satire upon those who, at that perio were anxious that France should return to all its ancient institutio and usages. It is not badly executed.

'Sage Prince! quand tu nous rends
Tous nous anciens usages,
Accepte les hommages
Et comble les vœux des Normands!
Que la potence
Revive en France,
Daigne d'avance
Nous donner l'assurance
Que sous le règne des virtus
Les gibets nous seront rendus;
Heureux Normands! nous serons donc pendus!
Sous un roi débonnaire,
Comme on pendait nos pères!! *(bis)*

'Oui, les bons Normands vont ravoir
L'antique privilège
D'aller en grand cortège
Danser à la Croix du Trahair;*
Nouvelle étude
Nous semble rude,
De l'attitude
Nous avons l'habitude,
Avec le sang de père en fils
Ce penchant nous était transmis:
Venez encore orner notre pays
Gibets héréditaires
Où l'on pendait nos pères!!'—pp. 110—111.

When our countrymen, after the fall of Buonaparte, began that new invasion upon France which has hardly yet ceased, they stared at many usages which they thought most extraordinary in that country. Like Mathews, they were surprised to her the little boys speak French; but nothing could exceed their astonishment when they heard that the ladies of that country sometimes received visitors in their bed-rooms. Morality, conjugal fidelity, every virtue must have fled from a community, which could commit such an outrage upon the delicacy of the sex! The English thought, of course, that foreign bed-rooms were like their own: those amongst them who have been admitted to such sanctuaries must have been strangely puzzled to find them not only unlike their own closely-curtained chambers, but scarcely having the appearance of a bed-room at all. The truth is, as our author relates, that to such apartments in France

'is annexed a cabinet, which conceals all objects that ought to be put out *of sight:* the bed is either hidden by the drapery, or covered by a handsome counterpane, with a *traversin* or bolster at each end, which, as it is placed lengthways against the wall, the two ends resembling each other in the wood-work also, gives it, during the day-time, the appearance of a couch.'—p. 156.

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* The Tyburn of Paris.

But it is time to proceed with the author to Avignon, the climate of which, by the way, is supposed to be rendered particularly healthy by a north wind that blows from the frozen Alps, and is called the *bise*. The natives have a proverb which correctly characterizes the place: "*Avenia ventosa; si ventosa, fastidiosa; si non ventosa, venenosa.*" The bise is refreshing in summer; but in the winter it blows with violence for days together, and, as our author says, 'penetrates even to the marrow of the bones.' Here he rented a large-sized house, and appears to have entered with much spirit into the social intercourse of the town. We, and we dare say our readers, have been so often fatigued with descriptions of the amusements and fashionable circles of Paris, that it is quite a refreshment to take a peep into the country, and see how they contrive there to while away existence.

> 'Fêtes were occasionally given; balls, with, now and then, a petit souper, were not uncommon during carnival; and every evening might be passed in company, in the salon of some lady who had taken her day of the week for receiving. At these parties cards were supplied, but paid for by those who used them, at a price which, though moderate, covered the expense both of cards and wax candles. This practice, pretty well established in England, was defended by the example of the court, where it is permitted. We could not do better than follow the practice of the court. Ordinarily no refreshments were given: one conscientious lady, however, told her friends that her surplus card money enabled her to treat them with ices and petits gâteaux. No invitation was sent after the first notice, which was considered as good so long as the weekly reception should continue.
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> 'Besides these reunions, to which all the acquaintance of the mistress of the house were of course admitted, there were sometimes parties by invitation, when the refreshments were sufficient and decorous. I endeavoured to set the fashion of tea, and gave a *thé*, as much in conformity, as to the mode of it, with the notions of the country, as my imagination could make it out. A large table, covered with a cloth as at dinner time, bore upon it not only the tea equipage, with its usual accompaniments of tartines and toast, but also fruits and cakes, and an immense round flat tart, showing preserve through a gridiron of pastry, with wine and syrups for those whom tea would deprive of sleep. The Marquise —— followed my example, and gave a *thé*, of which she condescended to ask my opinion: I told her that in order that the tea should be good, it was indispensable that the water should be not only hot, but boiling; excusing at the same time the boldness of my counsel, on the ground that it was not obtruded, but demanded. She tried again, and succeeded to admiration.'—pp. 236, 237.

We applaud our author's spirit of innovation in this respect. The French ladies, we say it with all due respect, are, next to the Spanish, the weakest tea-makers in the world. But our reformer

French cookery did not stop here. He introduced another change of very considerable novelty and importance—he absolutely gave dinners! This enterprise he did not undertake, however, without duly advising with a friend, who informed him that—

'A dinner invariably begins by soup and bouilli: as this latter, however, must be insipid if the soup is good, it is well to accompany it by sausage, or some high-tasted meat: then come the entremets, then the rôti with its sallad: after which, said he, "tout naturellement on fait monter le poisson." Nothing could appear to me more unnatural than fish after meat; but I was in such a complaisant disposition, that I agreed to every thing. The douceurs terminate the repast, succeeded by the dessert.

'Having discovered what might be considered as a good French dinner en province, I set to work, not neglecting the improvements suggested by an English education, by no means so useless, on this head, as the French imagine.

'It will be seen that the arbitrary parts of a French dinner are the made dishes and the sweets: the bouilli and rôti are obligatory; the former because you are hungry, the latter lest you should still be so. I approve of the order in which the fish appears, having seen many persons choke themselves in England by eating of it with an appetite as yet unsatiated. Even to the fried fish I ventured, contrary to usage, to add a sauce (in a sauce-boat be it well understood), which those who partook of it admitted to be an improvement. A stuffed turkey, with sausage balls, was allowed to be better than a dry rôti: a hare with a pudding and currant jelly, was declared to be delicious. I obtained permission to serve the cheese, as a thing of mauvaise odeur, by itself, recalling only the salad, instead of making it a part of the dessert. By these means, and by the help of stuffed loins of mutton, roasted tongues, or boiled, with but little flavour of salt, new college puddings, and other unknown luxuries too tedious to mention (a phrase I ought to have employed long ago), I have the patriotic consolation of thinking that I gave a favourable idea of the English kitchen, which, in defiance of popular opinion, I affirm to be better than the French, though their artists in this line are superior. The chief differences are, that the French make prepared and high-seasoned dishes of their vegetables, and think it barbarous to eat them, au naturel, along with their meat: and that they will not believe that their meat contains any juice, or gravy, or flavour, till they have extracted it by culinary process, and laid it beside the meat in the dish. Indeed their climate, which provides for them so many excellent things, refuses them pasture to fatten beef; but they have fine artificial grasses and hay: of every other object of gourmandise, except fat beef, they have all that the most voracious, or the most delicate appetite can demand.

'An invitation to dinner is always taken au pied de la lettre; it never trenches on the evening parties;—all retire immediately after coffee.'—pp. 238—240.

This latter mode of construing a dinner invitation so literally is, it must be allowed, absurd enough in the eyes of an Englishman The French, however, it must be remembered, are decided gourmands. They usually participate, and that bountifully too, of ever dish on the table, and are content to wash it down on the instant with an abundance of vin ordinaire. Besides, they dine early, and like to enjoy the beauty of their climate at that period of the evening, when John Bull is talking politics and discussing his bottle of old port. In France, a dinner means a dinner, and nothing more; whereas with us it is the dedication of a fourth part of the twenty-four hours. This is the other extreme, equally absurd as the former. The rational course would be to make a compromise between them.

There are some little points of etiquette appertaining to the usages of French society, which are not generally known, and an ignorance of which has been frequently productive to our countrymen of unpleasant embarrassments. Upon these points, as, indeed, upon most others which relate to manners and to domestic management, our author is delightfully copious.

> 'Nothing can be more easy than the entrance into society in a provincial town in France: you have only to send billets of invitation, taking care first to make a general visit to all whom you invite: which visit is returned by those who mean to accept that or any future invitation. In the second winter of my residence, we took an evening for weekly reception, beginning by an invitation to a ball. On occasion of another ball, I observed that those who, from whatever reason, had been prevented from assisting at the ball, took particular care to present themselves at the following weekly soirée, when, as on other soirées, no refreshments were given, as we thought it right to conform to the usage of the place. Indeed this mode of visiting has its advantages: the visited is thus the obliged party; insomuch that those, who themselves do not receive, make no scruple of repeating their visits. Those who do thus receive, expect, of course, to be visited in their turn.
>
> 'It is, perhaps, in consequence of this mode of receiving, that the custom is established, that the newly-arrived shall make the first *call.* However agreeable it might be to a stranger to be invited to cards and conversation only, the inhabitants of a town cannot know that it would be agreeable, till they are, by implication, told so. One exception to the rule confirms my opinion of its origin. The Duc ——, who, in my first winter, gave a ball every week, called on me to invite my family. The rule was, nevertheless, so far observed, that the Duchesse did not call till after we had accepted the invitation. The practice, from whatever it may arise, is very embarrassing to the mauvaise honte of an Englishman: this may easily be surmounted, when it is perceived that the first visit is always considered as a polite attention.'—pp. 240—242.

From these engaging subjects we turn to the agricultural condition and produce of the country around Avignon, of which the author furnishes an interesting account.

> 'Besides the "fatness" of the olive, they reckon in this country four other *récoltes* or harvests: the hay of the artificial grasses, of which lucerne is the chief; with this hay they fatten cattle and make a great deal of manure: indeed, I saw at *Avignon* a symptom of covetousness of dung, much to the credit of their agricultural management; those who sweep the streets bring straw, cut into little bits about three inches long, which

they throw into the kennels and dirty puddles to suck up the fertilizing moisture. Manure must be in great demand, and an article of the first necessity in a country, where, besides extensive gardens, they intercule, after the wheat, reaped usually at the end of June, a crop of haricots or French beans,—a standing dish, during the winter, at all tables. I remembered at how high a price I had formerly bought a few of these beans for seed, that I might have this vegetable, young and green, as a side-dish or in pickle: yet these *haricots secs*, or the dried grain of the French bean, is the cheapest food at Avignon, cheaper even than bread; and it was without cause that I was alarmed at my own extravagance, when I saw them spread in such abundance on the table in my kitchen. *Garrence*, or madder, is another *récolte*, and a source of great wealth. Add to these harvests, their wine, which, by the help of the climate and good manipulation, is, in my opinion, the best in the world, except, perhaps, that of Xeres and Madeira. Melons and *pastecs*, or water-melons, are here delicious, and the food of the common people. Bread is excellent, light, white and nutritious: many degrees whiter than that which I made of my own wheat in England, though not so white nor so quickly dry and tasteless as the adulterated bread of London.

'I consider French agriculture, as far as I was able to observe it in the south, to be in a flourishing condition. They have not the grand cultivation; the subdivision of property and the nature of the products forbid it. They have no "expensive plans For deluging their dripping-pans."[*] They would regard almost as thrown away, a rich plot of land given up to the fattening sheep and bullocks. In the southern moiety of France, indeed, they have no choice: there are water meadows, where irrigation is possible, but no pastures. Their cattle are fed on the mountains and hills and poorest lands, during summer, and brought home in winter.

'The end of agriculture is to obtain the greatest value of produce from land at the least expense, and that for ever; and in this end the French, the spirit of calculation coming in aid of their soil and climate, succeed in a great degree. The chattels (the word is French), the stock, both live and dead, belong to the proprietor; he superintends; the land is not worse managed on that account. Indeed, as Pythagoras or Plato said, that states would never be well governed, till philosophers were kings or kings were philosophers: so it may be said, that land will never be well cultivated, till proprietors shall be farmers or farmers shall be proprietors: their interests are opposite, and not to be reconciled by leases or conditions of obligation; one desires immediate, the other continued, profit: but the interest that a French proprietor has in his share of the produce, is not great enough to induce him to diminish his capital by deteriorating the land, which the tenant always will do if he can: even the *matériel* of the farm, no unimportant part of its value, is better cared for by the landlord than by a tenant. In short, France, in the southern part of it, is rapidly advancing towards garden culture, the perfection of all cultivation; since the more a farm is cultivated like a garden, the more will the management of it be applauded, and the greater will be its produce in proportion to its extent. The spade and hoe are very much used in fields, especially where, as is often the case, these fields are traversed by rows of mulberry or other trees; and the vines trimmed into the form of bushes, and the *garrence*, and *haricots*, and lucerne in rows and drills; and the slight fences, occupying the least possible space, and set rather as limits than as guards, give, to a rich tract, as much of the appearance as it really has the nature of a garden.

'The silk-worm, though silk is a most valuable *récolte* of this country, has no connexion with agriculture, except that this worm feeds on the leaves of the mulberry tree. These leaves are plucked as soon as they have attained their full spread, and before they are at all dried or even hardened by the sun. While nature is preparing the food of the silk-worm, art is forcing into existence the worm itself. The eggs are hatched by artificial warmth, and, from the time that the worm can eat till it becomes a cocon, this savoury food is administered. The mulberry is of the white sort; but the *fruit* is hardly known to the Avignonais; it is, of course, destroyed by plucking off the leaves. I surprised my friends by telling them I had eaten excellent black mulberries in England, and, as is usual in such cases, they gave no credence to my word. These trees look very miserable without leaves under so fine a sky: by the end of summer a second crop of leaves is plucked off, and given to cattle.

'It was pleasing to me, as carrying memory back into former ages, to see the threshing-floors of the Avignonais: they are on the outside of the building that serves for the granary: the sheaves are laid in a circle, in the centre of which stands a man who drives two or more horses round, over the ears of corn: another man stands without the circle to correct any irregularities in the work. The moral meaning of the command, not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, is evident; and it is hoped that, in practice, it was interpreted according to its moral meaning: otherwise the work would not have proceeded very quickly, and would soon have been stopped altogether by the strangulation of the beast.'—pp. 320—324.

The French have the grace to acknowledge that the English are still their masters in the science of agriculture, but they contend, with every appearance of justice, that within the last twenty years they have made great strides in that, as in almost every other branch of industry to which they have resolutely applied themselves.

A sad episode, to which we have hitherto made no allusion, winds its way through the other interesting matter of this work; it is the history of the author's eldest son, a remarkably excellent youth, who, after being educated in the most careful manner, and being moulded into a character of the greatest promise, caught a typhus fever from bathing in the Rhone, and died in his twentieth year. Every indulgence is due to a father who consoles his declining age in recording the virtues, and detailing the numbered days, of a son so deserving of his affection. It is not often that the general reader feels much interest in domestic digressions of this description, but, in our opinion, this simple and affecting narrative forms one of the greatest charms of the work. There are, indeed, some complaints as to the mode in which the young patient was treated by two of the physicians at Avignon, which we think might as well have been omitted. They are too angry, even if they be just; a point which, of course, we are not able to decide. There are also some allusions to presentiments, and an account of a long dream, and of a very extraordinary vision, which, even if they were all that the author wishes to represent them, are hardly suited to the opinions and temper of the present times. It was, to say the least of it, indiscreet for a writer under such peculiar circumstances as to religion, to insert, in a work like this, matter of a description that is much more likely to expose him to derision than to gain him believers. As the vision, however, is really a very curious one, the reader might wish to know what it was. We shall indulge him, premising only that Kenelm is the name of the youth of whom we have already spoken.

'I will now relate an occurrence, on which I request the reader to exercise his judgment temperately. He will readily believe that I have not invented it: this is not an age in which credit is given to visions or honour to visionaries.

'In the night between the 30th and 31st of October, thirty entire days after the death of Kenelm, his parents retired late to rest; in fact, at one o'clock of the morning of the 31st. As they were composing themselves to sleep, they heard a noise as of the breaking of a small stick. To me this noise seemed to proceed from the cabinet or dressing-room behind the bed; my wife heard it as from the commode or drawers opposite the foot of the bed. We asked each other what the noise might be, and compared what we had heard. Within a minute, my wife, who had raised herself in her bed, asked me, "What light is that?" I saw no light, and asked, "Where?"—"On the drawers, brighter than any candle." She proceeded to describe what she saw: "Now it rises and grows larger. How beautifully bright! brighter than the most brilliant star. What can it mean? it is very strange you don't see it." I thought so too; but, to encourage her, said, "Compose yourself; it can mean no harm." She went on: "It still rises and grows larger: now it turns towards the window—it takes the form of a dove with the wings spread out—it has a bright glory all around it—it looks steadily at me—it speaks to my heart, and tells me that my dear Henry is happy—it fixes a piercing look on me, as if it would make me feel what it means. Now I know he is happy, and shall lament no more for him. There—now it has disappeared." Though I had not seen the light, I could see the face of my wife while she was looking at it, and the tears glittering as if a bright light passed through them while they fell down her cheeks. The French word would be *ébrillantées*. There still remained a suffused light in the room, particularly on the wall above the drawers, as of the reflection of a nearly extinguished fire. This was observed by both of us. It lasted about five minutes, growing gradually fainter, and at length failing entirely. While looking at this suffused and darkish red light, and reasoning with myself how or why the bright light had not been seen by me, I remarked, on the floor, by the open door of the cabinet, the reflection of a veilleuse, or small night-lamp. These lights are made of a single thread of cotton, half an inch long, steeped in melted wax, and, when dry, inserted in little flat pieces of cork, which are floated, while the cotton is burning, in a small quantity of oil. This night-lamp was placed in the remotest corner of the dressing-room, which went the whole length of the bed-room. I saw its reflection on the floor only, and only so far as the open door permitted it to be seen. "This," said I, "cannot be the cause of the suffused light: still less can it have been the cause of the bright one." While I was looking, first at the suffused light, then at the reflection of the lamp, the former disappeared; it was plain, therefore, that it had not been caused by the latter.

'In the morning we visited the tomb of our departed son, and returned thanks to God. During the whole of the scene which I have described, which lasted about half a quarter of an hour, my wife's behaviour was sufficiently composed and recollected, was consistent and rational, free from affectation or enthusiasm. A sudden and transient apparition of an illuminated dove with a glory might be considered as the work of fancy; but here this appearance was prepared for and followed by circumstances, in which the imagination could have no part. The attention of her who was to see the vision was directed, by the noise preceding it, to the place where it first appeared; while I was roused by the same noise, but heard by me in a different part of the chamber, as if I were to be, as in the main I was, a witness only. I repeat, the suffused light was seen by us *both* for four or five minutes. Besides the form which the bright light assumed to the eyes of my wife, the circumstance of its being seen by one of the parties only, without weakening the force of her testimony, is conclusive against its being either a natural or artificial light; and her testimony, aided by mine, as to the concomitant circumstances, proves it to have been a supernatural one. The house looked into a court; there was no house opposite from which lamp or candle could be seen; the moon, whatever witty people may be inclined to say of the influence of the moon in this case, was but four days old: besides, the window-shutters were closed, and excluded all lights, artificial or natural.

'To use the words of a learned, rational, and respectable old man, the curé of St. Agricol, to whom I related the matter, "Ce qu'on voit, on voit." True,—what one sees, one sees; but the scripture, with that intimate knowledge of human nature evident in its every page, speaks of some who "will not be persuaded even though one rose from the dead.'"—pp. 377—381.

The incredulous reader will be apt, we should think, to agree with the good curé, who thought it no part of his duty to encourage a belief in such extraordinary interpositions of Providence as that which is here related. That the parents of so beloved a child were firmly persuaded of the actual existence of this vision, we have not the shadow of a doubt. But as little do we doubt that her previous sufferings and grief easily prepared the mother for mental delusions, which would restore to her the image of a son whom she had so lately lost and so tenderly mourned. It is affecting to observe the attention with which his whole family—especially that mother—cherished him in his illness. 'I watched by his bedside,' says the father, 'every night till two o'clock in the morning. Antoine (a domestic) then relieved me for the rest of the night. Kenelm's brothers and sisters attended and served him during the day. The care *of his mother* extended to every moment of the day *and night: her chamber* was the next room to the saloon in *which her son lay: on the* least noise she was at his bedside.'

‘ His last words were words of charity, of pardon, and of peace. father and mother took one of his hands in theirs; it was cold, col than afterwards in death: he seemed unwilling to be thus disturb they laid the hand down, and, with their eldest daughter, awaited the in painful and trembling anxiety: he appeared to suffer, but to be so pressed as to be unable to give expression to the sense of what he suffe The hour of midnight sounded: his last agony came on; and, within minutes, he expired.

‘ The affliction of his parents and sister, who were fully sensible of value of what they had lost, needs not to be described. The exclama of Antoine Leturgé, the domestic, the other witness of this scene of was simple and expressive: “ Il est mort, lui, qui étoit si bon!” they gazed on the awful object before them, the sister said, “ His ought to be closed;” the mother, without due recollection at the mom made a sign to the servant: he, with right feeling, gently said, “ C au père à faire cela:” and the father did it.’—pp. 370, 371.

On the same day that the elder died, his younger brother ca the contagion; but being attended by a more skilful physician was saved from a premature grave. It became necessary, howe to take him to a milder climate, which induced his family to ceed to Nice. We shall accompany them in the early pa their journey, as we imagine that no person who has ever mou the death of a dear friend, will hesitate to recognise his own ings as faithfully portrayed in the simple language and nat manner of the author. There is no display of false sentin about this description. It is the cloud of grief melting gradu away before the natural return of cheerfulness.

‘ We drove out of the western gate of Avignon, and immediately tu to the left hand. I said mentally, “ Adieu, my dear son! may I an this family be reunited to thee in a better world.” During the las weeks, we had in some degree recovered from the terror and afflicti the preceding period; but a final separation from him we so tenderly deservedly loved, struck us with a feeling of depression which we en voured to surmount and disguise from each other, lest the grief of should be the grief of all. “ Are you well seated? do you feel any col and soon after, “How far is it to the bridge of the Durance?” By questions we tried in vain to conceal what the looks of all betrayed. was a relief to us to arrive at a country we had not yet seen.

Antoine accompanied us: in the year 1813, the year following campaign of Moscow, being then of the age for military service, he been summoned to leave his native plains of Picardy to fight unde banners of Napoleon in the campaign of Dresden. “ Vous l’avez l’Empereur?” he was asked. “ Oui.”—“ Où donc?”—“ Sur le chan bataille, sans doute.” Antoine was one of those raw recruits, wh Napoleon declared, fought more bravely than any men he had ever to fight during seventeen years that he had commanded the armi France. After the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, Antoine was t prisoner by the Austrians in an affair near Dresden, and sent int interior of their country. “ Into what part of their country?” I inq of him. “ I do not know.” I, in my quality of inquisitive travell

> pressed surprise at his want of curiosity, and asked the names of the principal towns he had passed through. "Obliged to climb great hills, loaded like a mule, huddled with my comrades at night, into a grenier, I had something else to do than to amuse myself with inquiring the names of towns: I do, however, remember, that one town we were taken to was called Pest." It may be inferred that the hills he climbed were the Carpathian mountains. If the English public should find that they are overwhelmed by "Tours," and "Travels," and "France," and "Italy," they have nothing to do but to send us all abroad with knapsacks on our backs. Fiat experimentum. Antoine was headstrong and full of jests, but faithful, honest, and attached. I think I pay him a great compliment when I say, he resembled in character a Milesian Irishman.
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> 'On account of our invalid, we were to travel by easy journeys; Aix was too far off for one day. We stopt at Orgon, the half-way house, an ill-built inn, where we found good fires, good cooking, and good beds. The next morning the frost had set in: I hurried the invalid into the coach, and we turned our backs on the bise. Where we stopt at mid-day my children began to show some little expansion of good spirits: it was new-year's day, and this calculation seemed to make the day different from those that had gone before. Their attempts at renewed hilarity manifested themselves in fantastical disputes about their repast. We had taken tea and coffee in the morning; I required a repetition of it; some disliked the same thing over again: some wanted fruit, and their usual mid-day dessert; others "would have a déjeuné à la fourchette." It ended by ordering all that was asked for by all.'—pp. 403—406.

Nice, the birth-place of Massena, where he employed his early youth in making and retailing vermicelli, is so much the resort of invalids, rather than of tourists, that though well known by name, it will bear description.

> 'The town of Nice is in the form of a triangle, of which the base rests on the sea; one of its sides is a rampart or raised road against the Paion, the other is a road from Place Victor to the port. One side of Place Victor forms part of the line of the third side of this triangle; but the place itself is an excrescence from it; it is a large handsome square with arcades. Within this triangle, to the south-east corner, is a high rocky hill, fortified, and commanding the port and town; commanding also, what interested me more than its artillery, most superb points of view. Here my landlord, the general, had a garden, to which he climbed daily; and I used to see him coming down the steep with lettuces in his only remaining hand, and his cane suspended to the button of his coat.
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> 'Many improvements were at this time carrying on at Nice: a new bridge was building over the Paion, the torrent river, which, though I never saw it fuller of water than I have at first described, bears with it the "horned flood" on the melting of the snows and the descending of the rain from the Alps. The galley slaves were employed in blowing up the bottom of the rock on its east and south sides, to obtain space for the continuing the line of houses from Place Victor to the port, and from the port to the Corso. This Corso is a short, dark, damp promenade, from which the view and the air of the sea are excluded by the terrace. The terrace is nothing more than a flat roof of a line of shops and

stables, on which you may walk, at the height of about fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, exposed to the heat of the sun, which, even in winter, is too powerful to be agreeable, and blinded by the reflection of its rays from the sea. In the evenings of winter it is too cold to walk on this terrace; in the evenings of summer, that is, in April, it is pleasant, but not so pleasant as would be a gravel walk on the beach, which will, I hope, in due time replace it. By taking away the terrace, the value of the houses on the Corso would be doubled: en attendant, you have the choice of walking on the Corso without sea air, or on the terrace without shade.

'The centre of Nice consists of very narrow streets, and very lofty houses. The square of St. Dominique, however, is large and handsome, and there are some good well-built streets in its neighbourhood.

'A Nissard of our acquaintance had a villa or country-house a little above the convent; we called on him to take refreshments, and afterwards walked in his garden. The very handsome façade of this villa looks to the south; the garden is laid out in terraces lined with orange trees, bearing, at this time, both blossom and fruit.

'The blossom of the orange is a valuable part of the produce of the tree; it is sold to those who make of it orange-flower water. The blossoms, according to the usual prodigality of nature, are in such profusion, that, were all to be allowed to become oranges, the tree would be unable to support them. Another thinning takes place of the oranges themselves: if all were to be allowed to ripen, the tree would be exhausted: most of them are cropped at different stages of maturity, and made into conserves; this is the case indeed even with those oranges that are suffered to stay on the tree till fully ripe: they are not good enough to be exported in their natural state; even in the market of their own country they find rivals in the oranges of Naples and Majorca, sweeter, heavier, and thinner of skin.

'The port of Nice has a handsome and strong pier, but is small and shallow. On the other side of a promontory, about two miles distant by land, is Villefranche, a commodious harbour, in which large vessels remain, and send goods in boats to Nice. A party, in which my family was included, took a pleasure-boat with a tent or awning to shade us from the sun in March, which, though not engendering agues, as Shakspeare says it does in that month, would have very much annoyed us; we doubled the cape, and landed at Villefranche, saw the galley of the King of Sardinia, and conversed with some of the galeriens, one of whom was within eight days of the termination of his ten years of service, and seemed but moderately delighted with his approaching liberation. We then dined on the beach under the shade of olive trees, and enjoyed the vernal breeze, and afterwards, having nothing else to do, returned, having duly complied with all that constitutes a party of pleasure.

'The cathedral and several other churches of Nice are handsome and spacious; the appearance of the town is, on the whole, rich and busy and cheerful: it might be a good place for sea-bathing in the summer, if accommodations were provided. I described to a person, whom such an undertaking might suit, the bathing-machines used at Weymouth and Brighton; he said it would be necessary to have the permission of government,—*the permission of the government for two cart wheels to go ten yards into the sea, and out again!*'—pp. 432—442.

In taking leave of this work we cannot but cordially recommend it to our readers. It is full of variety, as they must have already seen, and besides a body of useful and agreeable information concerning the provincial manners of France, it contains many original reflections, distinguished by sound sense and knowledge of the world. Some extravagances too, as we have also seen, are to be met with in the course of this narrative, which the author would do well to remove from his next edition.

NOTICES.

ART. XI. *Aphorisms, Opinions, and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr. With a sketch of his life.* 18mo. pp. 192. 6s. London. Andrews. 1826.

THE works of Dr. Parr consist of so large a proportion of tracts, sermons, and other brief compositions, that they are in general infinitely less known than his name. Every body has heard of the endowments and acquirements of that distinguished scholar; but, with the exception of those of his contemporaries who found an interest in reading his publications on their first appearance, few, we believe, have had an opportunity of estimating his merits as an author. In his character, and even in his person, Dr. Parr is said to have, in some degree, resembled Dr. Johnson. In the style of his composition, the resemblance is unquestionable. It is evident that he formed it upon the model of Dr. Johnson, and he often follows his master so closely, as almost to expose himself to the charge of being an imitator. Nothing in truth could protect him from the imputation, had he not exhibited a vigour of intellect, a tide of thought, in every thing which he has written, and thus proved, that if he put on the trammels of the Johnsonian school, it was from preference, and not from necessity.

Those who have not yet perused his works will be glad to find in this little publication several well selected and characteristic specimens of his style, and of his habits of thinking on most of the subjects which he touched. They will, moreover, collect from it many lessons of wisdom condensed in a few words. The following sentence may account, perhaps, for the interest which men usually take in the biography of each other.

'Though wit for a time may amuse, and genius delight us, the good sense and justice of mankind induce them to take a permanent interest only in the disposition of the heart.'

The following character of Horace, selected from Dr. Parr's review of the Variorum edition of that classic, is in his best style. It is quite Johnsonian.

'The writings of Horace are familiar to us from our earliest boyhood. They carry with them attractions which are felt in every period of life, and almost every rank of society. They charm alike by the harmony of their numbers, and the purity of their diction. They exhilarate the gay, and interest the serious, according to the different kinds of subjects upon which the poet is employed. *Professing* neither the precision of analysis, nor the *copiousness of system*, they have advantages, which, among the ordinary classes of writers, analysis and system rarely attain. They exhibit human imperfections as they really are, and human excellence as it practically ought to be. They develope every principle of the virtuous in morals, and describe every modification of the decorous in manners. They please without the glare of ornament, and they instruct without the formality of precept. They are the produce of a mind enlightened by study, invigorated by observation; comprehensive, but not visionary; delicate, but not fastidious; too sagacious to be warped by prejudice, and too generous to be cramped by suspicion; they are distinguished by language adapted to the sentiment, and by effort proportioned to the occasion; they contain elegance without affectation, grandeur without bombast, satire without buffoonery, and philosophy without jargon.'—pp. 77, 78.

We give the following defence of *apparent* inconsistency, on account of its force and justness.

'It is unjust to say, that inconsistency is, in all cases, the infallible criterion of insincerity. It is unjust to tie down manhood to those tenets which have been ingenuously avowed, but perhaps hastily adopted, in youth. It is unjust to shackle men of genius with any other restraints, than those which are necessary for the observance of decorum, honour, and the strictest fidelity. It is unjust to debar any human beings from the moral or intellectual benefits which may arise from greater accuracy of information, or greater maturity of judgment. It is flagrantly unjust to blame them for discharging those new duties which are really imposed upon their consciences, by new and disinterested views of controverted and important questions.'—pp. 81, 82.

Dr. Parr's character of Sir James Macintosh, though perhaps a little too partial, is, upon the whole, just. In its style, however, it is a caricature, in which the school cannot be mistaken.

'In Macintosh, I see the sternness of a republican without his acrimony, and the ardour of a reformer without his impetuosity. His taste in morals, like that of Mr. Burke, is equally pure and delicate with his taste in literature. His mind is so comprehensive, that his generalities cease to be barren, and so vigorous, that detail itself becomes interesting. He introduces every question with perspicuity, states it with precision, and pursues it with easy and unaffected method. Sometimes, perhaps, he may amuse his readers by excursions into paradox; but he never bewilders them by flights into romance. His philosophy is far more just, and far more amiable, than the philosophy of Paine, and his eloquence is only not equal to the eloquence of Mr. Burke. He is argumentative without sophistry, fervid without fury, and sublime without extravagance.'—pp. 103, 104.

Some Latin epitaphs, written by Dr. Parr, in memory of Sumner, Fox Burke, and others of his distinguished friends, are appended to the volume. They are remarkable for their elegance. There is a lithograph portrait of the doctor opposite the title page, which is very delicately executed, and forms an appropriate ornament to the work.

Art. XII. *A Grammar of the Portuguese Language.* By John Laycock. 12mo. London. 1825.

This grammar is compiled from the best foreign works on the Portuguese language, of which, in this country, notwithstanding the continual commercial intercourse that has subsisted between us and Portugal, we have had, hitherto, only one grammar—that of Vieyra. The pronunciation among the Portuguese, however, has so much changed, that a new grammar has become necessary, especially for Englishmen, who desire to instruct themselves in that tongue. For such persons the present grammar seems peculiarly adapted. It gives ample rules and examples relative to the parts of speech, and contains a vocabulary, dialogues, extracts in prose and verse, and what is, perhaps, the most useful of all to persons likely to study Portuguese in this country, many specimens of mercantile letters.

Art. XIII. *A Concise Exposition of the Method of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb in the Knowledge of a Written Language.* By J. R. Young, Master of the Private Establishment for the Deaf and Dumb, Peckham. 12mo. London. 1826.

Mr. Young's plan seems to be a very good one, and he has here explained it simply and perspicuously. The pupil is recommended to begin at about the age of five to trace the forms of the letters, and while so employed, his teachers are to lead him to acquire their mute articulation. He is then to associate the symbol contained in a written word with the object itself, and to articulate the word as well as he can at the same time; adjectives are next to be taught with the usual conventional signs.

We must refer to the book itself for the details of Mr. Young's plan; but we can safely recommend it as very simple and rational. Those who have a serious and immediate interest in the subject, will, perhaps, be obliged to us for mentioning, that the terms of his establishment, prefixed to his volume, are very moderate.

Art. XIV. 1. *Butler's Geography of the Globe.* 12mo. London. 1826.
2. *Fulton's Pronouncing Vocabulary.* 12mo. Edinburgh. 1826.
3. *Nixon's English Parser.* 12mo. London. 1826.

Mr. Butler's design has been beyond mere topographical description, to give biographical sketches of eminent persons who have figured in various countries—notices of historical events—and brief statistical accounts, intended to afford the scholar some ideas of the different products, surface, and character of the globe. These are interesting additions to a pupil's geographical studies, which we must not omit to say are greatly facilitated by the author's regular and gradual progress from one cardinal point to another, describing the divisions of a country from east to west, or from north to south. The recent changes in the distribution of continental provinces have been carefully marked; there are some useful problems and questions subjoined, and upon the whole, we do not hesitate to pronounce Mr. *B.'s geography* an accurate and useful book.

Mr. Fulton's vocabulary consists of a set of lessons, printed on one page, according to the common orthography, and on the opposite one agreeably to a simple species of notation explained in the introduction. Practice alone can, of course, enable one to decide upon the efficacy of the plan—but Mr. F., who has tried it during thirty years, and whose assertion there is no reason to doubt, assures us, that his mode has succeeded admirably with all teachers who have adopted it, and that 'it is no uncommon thing for pupils, after six months instruction, to be able to pronounce any word in his spelling book.' There is a great deal of amusement and instruction in Mr. F.'s exercises, and some rules on grammar at the end contribute to the value of his little volume.

Mr. Nixon styles his book, with some reason, 'an original system of parsing;' and we can add, that it is an effective and a simple one. Besides the parsed example, Mr. N. has subjoined many additional examples, agreeing in form with the parsed model; and for those for whose farther advanced practice this part of the book may be considered too easy, the author has subjoined miscellaneous examples of a more difficult description. The plan of the book seems to be, to give, as nearly as possible, a brief history of England in parsing sentences, thus combining two studies; and it seems to us an admirable one. As a specimen of the merits of Mr. Nixon's book, we beg to refer to the exercise on the collective noun (pp. 120—3), which will at once give a fair and favourable specimen of his work.

Art. XV. *Old English and Hebrew Proverbs, explained and illustrated.* By William Carpenter. 32mo. pp. 115. 1*s*. 6*d*. London, Booth. 1826.

This is a neatly printed collection of some of the best proverbs that are to be found in the English and Hebrew languages. Those from the former are principally selected from Ray, Dyke, and Bailey, and accompanied, for the most part, by the illustrations of these writers. The Hebrew proverbs, of course, have been taken from the Old Testament. Together, they form a mass of practical wisdom, with which the young should be made acquainted betimes, and of which those who are advanced in life cannot be reminded too often. The illustrations, or explanations, of the meaning of each aphorism are drawn up in a clear and concise style, and have usually the merit of being extremely happy. We shall give a few as specimens, for the double purpose of doing justice to this useful little volume, and of diffusing still wider the sound precepts which it contains.

'*As you brew, so you shall bake.*—This proverb is applicable to such as act without due consideration in matters of moment, or engage in important undertakings without availing themselves of the counsel and advice of others: all the mismanagements, failures, and afflictions of both old and young, through rashness, or oversight, are exposed to this bitter taunt,—as he has brewed, so let him bake.

' "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. vi. 7.

'*The belly has no ears.*—This proverb intimates that there is no reasoning a matter with hunger, which is the mother of impatience and anger. It is a prudent caution not to contend with hungry persons, or contradict their irritated tempers, by ill-timed apologies or persuasions to patience. It is a law of civility and politeness, not to disturb a person at his repast, or trouble him with unseasonable addresses at meal-time.

'*Cut your coat according to your cloth.*—This proverb advises persons of all ranks, to balance accounts between their expences and their income, and not to let their vanity lead them, as we say, to outrun the constable.

'"The wisdom of the prudent is to understand his way." Prov. xiv. 8.

'*Faint heart never won fair lady.*—This proverb is an incentive to constancy and resolution, in an honourable undertaking, having a more extensive meaning than the one expressed. It intimates the injuriousness of being low-spirited and despairing; as dejection of mind will, in all probability, prevent success, as it enervates or enfeebles the whole energy of man. Irresolution unfits us to meet difficulties; but courage conquers those which at first appear insurmountable.

'"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Eccles. ix. 10.

'*Birds of a feather flock together.*—The truth of this adage is known to every fowler; but it has a more extensive meaning than the association of irrational creatures. It intimates that society is a powerful attractive; but that likeness is the lure that draws together people of the same dispositions. A covey of partridges in the country, is but an emblem of a company of gossips in a neighbourhood; a knot of sharpers at a gaming table; a pack of rakes at a tavern, &c. That one fool loves another; one fop admires another; one blockhead is pleased at the assurance, conceit, and affectation of another; and they, therefore herd together.

'"If ye were of the world, *the world* would love his own." John xv. 19.

'*Every man thinks his own geese swans.*—This proverb intimates that an inbred self-love runs through the whole race of men, and that it is the source of pride, vanity, and mistake. It bends the understanding, perverts the judgment, depraves the reason of the otherwise most modest discerners of truth and falsehood. It makes a man so conceited of himself. that he prefers his own art for its excellency, his own skill for its perfection, his own compositions for their wit, and his own productions for their beauty. It makes even his vices seem to him virtues, and his deformities beauties.

'"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Phil. ii. 4.

'*Jack will never make a gentleman.*—This proverb teaches, that all are not gentlemen who are so called: there is more than the bare name required to make him what he ought to be by birth, honour, and merit. Though a man may possess himself of money, he cannot purchase gentility, but must remain Jack still, without learning, virtue, and wisdom, to enrich his mind, to enhance the glory of his wealth, or to ennoble his blood. But what *money* will fail in doing, may be accomplished by *application* and *industry*. These will raise a man above the level of his original station, and fit hm for any company.

'"How much better *is it to get* wisdom than gold? and to get understanding *rather to be chosen* than silver?" Prov. xvi. 16.

‘ *Kissing goes by favour.*—This proverb is a reflection upon partiality, where particular marks of kindness and bounty are bestowed on persons who are favourites, whether they deserve it, or not; while persons more meritorious are neglected. But thus it will be, where persons are led more by humour than by judgment.

‘ “To have respect of persons is not good.” Prov. xxviii. 21.

‘ *A shoemaker must not go beyond his last.*—The moral instruction of this proverb is, that persons, though skilful in their own art, ought not to meddle with things beyond it, nor presume to correct what they do not understand. It is a translation of the Latin, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam,* which took its rise from a story of the celebrated painter, Apelles, who, having drawn a famous piece, and exposed it to public view, a cobbler passed by, and found fault with it, because he made too few latchets to the galoshes. Apelles amended it accordingly, and set it out again. The next day, the cobbler visiting him, found fault with the whole leg; upon which Apelles came out, and said—“ Cobbler, go home, and keep to your last.”

‘ “ Every fool will be meddling.” Prov. xx. 3.

‘ *If you trust before you try,—You may repent before you die.*—This proverbial distich presents a good lesson of caution and circumspection, not to choose a friend rashly, or make persons our confidants, by entrusting them with our secrets and private concerns, before we have proved their integrity. It is also a good caution against making a purchase upon the representations of others, without ascertaining whether the things are equal in value to that which is given for them.

‘ “ Take ye heed every one of his neighbour, and trust ye not in any brother.” Jer. ix. 4.

‘ *The younger brother the better gentleman.*—This proverb is designed to correct the notion, that wealth makes the gentleman, it being the custom in England for the elder brother to inherit the whole patrimony. It not unfrequently happens, that the elder brother, depending upon his estate, gives himself up to indolence and extravagance, while the younger, having no inheritance to depend on, raises himself by application and industry to a conspicuous pitch of honour and independence, and so become the better gentleman.’

ART. XVI. *The Song of the Patriot, Sonnets, and Songs,* by Robert Millhouse. 18mo. pp. 80. London. Hunter. 1826.

EVER since the appearance of Robert Burns, reviewers have deemed it their duty to encourage, by all the means in their power, the efforts of those who may, without offence, be called the poets of humble life. One is surprised to find in men of manual occupations a beauty of allusion and a felicity of diction greatly beyond the usual routine of their station, and the impulse arising from this feeling leads one frequently to extravagant praise, and unbounded admiration. So far as the reader is concerned, it is of little consequence whether his judgment be accurate or erroneous, but, to the writer the opinions of others are of the most serious importance. For if they be of a flattering description, it is ten to one that he does not become disgusted with his trade, and that he does not throw himself en-

upon that more agreable resource which has gained him so much
and, most probably, very little profit. Some twenty or thirty sub-
rs are quite sufficient to turn any poor poet's head, but are very far
he number who can ensure him any thing like a sufficient remune-
for his labours—if remuneration be his object. His case is still
, where expectations of a pecuniary return form his principal hope of
tence, as in the instance before us, and we should take shame to
ves if, from any morbid sensibility, we were led to foster that hope,
g, in our own minds, that it must necessarily lead only to disap-
ment.

would be unjust to deny that in the Patriot's Song, and in the sonnets
ongs by which it is followed, there is a happiness of expression, and
of verse, which we were not prepared to expect from a poor weaver.
t would be cruel, and still more unjust, towards the author, if we en-
ured to confirm the favourable criticisms which the indulgent spirit
er reviewers has permitted them to pronounce upon his productions.
annot promise him immortality as some of our contemporaries have
; we cannot flatter him with the hope that he will be raised from
borious trade to independence by the inspirations of his muse. If,
d, he derives gratification from the manufacture of verses, at the same
that he is employed in the usual routine of his business, it would be
xtreme of barbarity to deprive him of so innocent a recreation. But
looks forward to any other result, than that of the pleasure which he
receive from the employment of his imagination, we apprehend that he
be classed amongst those who are fond of "building castles in Spain."
hat we may not be accused of rashly hazarding an opinion, we shall
before the reader three or four stanzas, taken from the commence-
t of 'The Song of the Patriot.'

'Yet, yet again, thou solitary lyre,
Again I touch thy long neglected strings:
Nor shall thy notes o'er homely themes aspire
To treat of dark abstruse imaginings:
O! may the gentle sweep of fairy wings
Brush o'er thee, and inspire a kindly mood
To sing of dear, of captivating things.
Companion sweet! thou hadst been better woo'd,
But that thou'rt luckless fall'n to one of accents rude.

'Since that relentless Time brooks no control,
But calmly winds his unresisted stream;
Smiling, in scorn, to see our seasons roll
In idle projects and a waking dream:
Oh! it were wisdom to arrest the beam
Of manhood's sun, ere evening damps arise,
And from Oblivion's idiot clutch redeem
A few short hours for noble enterprise:
'Tis all that we can do,—no more can do the wise.

'And yet 'tis difficult for little men
To raise their feeble pigmy heads so high,
As to attract the glance of passing ken
Where giant shoulders intercept the sky

And ah ! 'tis difficult for such as I,
To wake fit strains where mighty minstrels sing ;
Perhaps, even this, shall but be born and die ;
Not fated to enjoy a second spring,
But, like some hawk-struck bird, expire on new-fledg'd wing.

'Away Despair ! some monitor, unseen,
Calls for the song,—the call shall be obey'd ;
For 'tis that silent monitor, I ween,
Which led my youth to many a green-wood shade ;
Show'd me the spring, in thousand blooms array'd,
And bade me look towards heaven's immensity :
This is a power that schoolmen never made,
That comes all unsolicited and free,
To fire the youthful bard—lo ! this is Poesy !'—pp. 3—5.

Art. XVII. *Etymons of English Words.* By the late John Thoms
M. R. I. and A. S., &c. 4to. 18*s.* Edinburgh : Oliver and Boy
London : Longman and Co. 1826.

The plan of this work, we are told, 'is studiously concise : being intend rather as an index than a glossary.' Nevertheless, the author has co trived to embrace in it the etymons of a very considerable number words, the derivations of which are, in general little known, except to th learned. We are not among those who are disposed to depreciate studi of this nature, which, besides that they have in them a great deal mo of fascination than the uninitiated can imagine, enable us also to expre our ideas in language exactly suited to their meaning, and to avoid tho tautologies which are the surest indications of an uneducated speaker writer.

The labour attending the compilation of such a work as that before is incredible—the reward not even fame, much less pecuniary compens tion, for no bookseller could afford to pay such an etymologist as the la Mr. Thomson for the ten thousandth part of the industry and acquire ments which he bestowed on this work. We are glad to observe that th index of Vereleus, which contains nearly all the Gothic roots employed i English, has also been prepared for publication ; it will form an excelle accompaniment to the present volume, for those who wish to inquire deep into the subject.

Mr. Thomson considered the English language as derived from th Gothic and Celtic, chiefly through the Anglo-Saxon and French dialect In tracing the origin of its words, one may form some idea of the difficult of his task, when it is known that the Welsh, the Irish, and the Galli Celts, were remarkable for their variable pronunciation and mutation o letters. 'The Latin verbum, as our author states, was with them (th Gallic Celts) berf, werv, which the Welsh converted into gwerv, geir and gair ; while barba, the beard, was barf, varef, barv, paru, warf ; th Gascons were Vascons, Wassones, Bascons, and Biscayans.' We ma *observe* that our French neighbours have not at all degenerated in th *faculty of transmuting* words and names in the most surprizing manne *It was but a day or two* ago that in one of their best reviews (Revue E cyclopedique) we found the name of Sir Andrew Halliday, author of the Annals of the House of Hanover, changed by a stroke of the pen into Mr. Andrew Holliday—thus turning the worthy knight into a festival, and, at the same time, divesting him of his title. A still greater liberty was taken by a certain Fanny Seymour, in the same review, with Mr. Milman's Fazio, which she, or at least her printer, converted, ludicrously enough, into *Foxio!*

We shall enable the reader to judge of the extent of Mr. Thomson's labours, by selecting two or three of his illustrations.

'*Chess*, *s.* an intricate game; Sans. and Hind. *chaturanga*, the four bodies; A. and P. *shatranj;* G. *skack;* Swed. *skak*, *schak;* T. *schach;* B. *skaak;* It. *scacco;* F. *echecs*. In Europe it seems to have been confounded with A. *shekh*; P. *shah;* Sp. *xeque*, a king, a chief, because the issue of the game depends on a piece so called in the east. The expression check to the king, in this sense, is tautology, as shekh alone sufficiently intimates that he is in jeopardy; and, if he cannot be rescued, A. *shekh mat*, the king dead; P. *shah mat*, the king confounded, terminates the contest. Sans. and Hind. *chuok* is a square or check, from *chuo*, four; *chuok pourna*, to make squares. As four with them is used like our decimal, it would seem that this game may have originated in numerical calculations on the Abacus, which, according to the Lord Chancellor's arms and the brewers' signs, contained similar squares, connected evidently with our words exchequer and check in most of their significations.'

The letters A, P, G, T, B, It, F, in this explanation, are abbreviations for Arabic, Persian, Gothic, Teutonic, Belgic, Italian, and French. The author has been at a good deal of pains to give the probable derivations of the favourite word cockney.

'*Cockney*, *s.* a citizen of London; G. *kauptona*, an emporium; T. *koutney*, *kotheney*, an exchange; Arm. *couchine;* L. *cocio*, *cocionis*, a merchant. The nobility and their vassals, despising the citizens for their ignorance of country life, may have connected the word cockney with *gucken*, a coxcomb, a jack sprat, as *baudet* was applied to a Parisian by the gentry of France; but *cockagney* may have denoted the good fare of the city.'

All these derivations seem too elaborate except the latter one; we protest particularly against the Armoric root couchine, though we admit the force of the Latin Cocio. But we toss them all overboard for *cockagney*, which comes immediately from *cockaign*, signifying abundance, jollity, pleasure, joy; though our author rather maliciously suggests also that it may have proceeded from the old English word *to cogge*, which means that sort of flattery so prodigally bestowed on customers from behind a counter. Turning over a few pages we light on that oft-abused thing called a *dandy*.

'*Dandy*, *s.* a beau, an elegant accomplished man, a pink of fashion; G. *dugandi;* Swed. *dogande*, *dande;* Scot. *dandie*, from G. *duga;* T. *taugen*, to avail, to excel.'

Had it not been unfashionable to bet, at least upon a small scale, we would wager a pint of old port that not one man in a thousand knows what *sack*—the celebrated beverage of Sir John Falstaff—really was. Mr. Thomson certainly *supplies the proper* derivation of the word and of the *wine too.*

'A sweet wine now called Canary, but formerly produced at *Xeque* Morocco. A sweet wine was formerly made in England from a raisin dried grape, called *seco* in Spain, and thence named sack.'

If the reader will take the trouble of going to Spain he will find th particularly at Port St. Mary's, near Cadiz, the *seco* in its glory. We commend him to "The Three Kings," where also he may dine on most delicious fish in the world, taken just fresh from the neighb ing bay.

ART. XVIII. *Biographical Sketches of British Characters, recentl ceased: commencing with the accession of George the Fourth: a list of their engraved Portraits.* By William Miller. 2 Vols., 3*l.* 3*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

IF it be true that only a few copies of this work have been printed, public have scarcely any right to complain of the expensive mann which it has been got up. It must have been intended exclusively fo limited number of persons who are smitten, like our author, with the of collecting and illustrating engraved portraits, and we presume th is perfectly well calculated to accomplish every object which that idl opulent tribe may have in view. It sets forth the dates of the birt decease of two hundred and thirty persons, whose claims to Mr. Mi attention have arisen from the mere circumstance that at one time or ther their portraits have been engraved. It is obvious that this tit distinction is, in a great measure, accidental; in some few cases it sp out of the possession of superior talents, but, in the great majori cases, it proceeds from the vanity of the individuals, or the flattering mation of their friends. Accordingly, we find in this collection a co medley of biographical subjects, not one out of twenty of whom l during their lives, performed a single action that deserves to be remb It must, indeed, be admitted that merit was not our author's stanc he had scarcely any discretion in his choice, as it was his business t low the engraver, and tell all he knew, or could learn, of the portrait his consideration. Looking at his task in this light, we must allow it is executed, generally speaking, in a pleasant manner. His 'scrap he modestly and properly calls them, contain almost as much as a lo looking over a portfolio collection of portraits would feel any dispo to know about the originals.

We might have wished that Mr. Miller, who, as he has retired the labyrinths of trade, might safely assume a tone of independence been less uniformly a courtier in his remarks upon public characters talks a great deal about loyalty and patriotism, which he imagines can be found in a high church tory. But this we suppose was his guage when in business—and he must be consistent. It is ludi enough to hear such a person attempt to give a character of Lord Ers

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Art. I. *Biblical Researches and Travels in Russia; including a Tour in the Crimea, and the Passage of the Caucasus: with Observations on the State of the Rabbinical and Karaite Jews, and the Mohammedan and Pagan Tribes, inhabiting the Southern Provinces of the Russian Empire.* By E. Henderson. 8vo. pp. 538. 16*s*. London. Nisbet. 1826.

Dr. Henderson is already favourably known to our readers as the author of "Iceland, or the Journal of a Residence in that Island."* His object in exploring that ungenial region was the same, which, at a later period, induced him to visit the principal provinces of Russia,—viz. 'to advance the interests of the Bible Society,' by establishing depôts, whence the sacred scriptures, rendered into different languages, might be diffused throughout those communities, which appeared to stand most in need of them. It will readily be supposed, that we have not taken up his volume with the view of ascertaining the difficulties, or the degree of success, with which his biblical labours have been attended. Those who are at all interested in such pursuits, would hardly be gratified by any account of Dr. Henderson's proceedings more compendious than that which his work supplies; whereas, a more numerous order of readers would be very much disposed to think the smallest portion of such details infinitely more than they could patiently endure. Had Dr. Henderson favoured us only with the official report of his biblical mission, we should have allowed his book to rest quietly on the shelves of the society who employed him. But he has, in truth, done something more. Following a course similar to that which he pursued in Iceland, he has not travelled through the Russian provinces with his eyes confined only to the chief object of his mission: he has allowed them to range freely over the face of nature, to dwell on those peculiar features of the country which are most likely to fix the attention of a stranger, and to take notice of the usages that distinguish the various tribes which he visited in the course of his extensive tour. He has, indeed, in many instances, merely followed the footsteps of

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* See *The Monthly Review*, vol. 86, p. 388, former series.

Clarke, and other modern travellers, in Russia, without gleaning much of the copious harvest which they had left behind them. Neither do we find any particular merit in the style in which he has conveyed his information. On the contrary, we might rather complain of much carelessness in this respect, of great want of order, of superficial details on many subjects which are calculated to excite the attention of the philosopher and scholar, and particularly of great indistinctness in his descriptions of local scenery. In performing the latter part of his labour, he seems to have deemed it sufficient to gather together a mass of objects, without applying the least diligence as to the manner in which they should be disposed, in order to convey any thing like a clear or intelligible reflection of them to the reader.

Defective however as the work is in these respects, and fatiguing as it may be to many persons, on account of the great portion of it which is devoted to biblical researches, we own that we followed the author with a considerable degree of curiosity, especially in that part of his journey southward and westward, which he performed after leaving Moscow. His pursuits led him especially to inquire into the religious and social habits of the various tribes which extend from that ancient capital to the coasts of the Black Sea; of those which occupy the Crimea, and the northern shores of the sea of Azof; and particularly of those diversified communities of colonists and natives, who drink of the Don and the Volga, trade on the Caspian Sea, or wander amid the mountains of the Caucasus. We are far from being satisfied with the information which Dr. Henderson has afforded us, with respect to these remote dependents, rather than subjects, of the Russian empire. His inquiries were not minute enough, or his opportunities for making them were not sufficiently protracted, to have enabled him to present their different characteristics in a striking and historical manner. Nevertheless, his sketches and remarks, desultory as they are, will be found, here and there, to shed some additional light upon the actual condition and future prospects of those distant and little-known communities.

It may be some excuse for the imperfections of his work, that Dr. Henderson appears to have occupied as little time as it was possible in the accomplishment of his missionary services. He traversed twenty governments of the Russian empire in the course of eleven months. It is with regret we observe also, that, soon after his arrival in the southern provinces, the author was attacked by a fit of ague, which haunted him as far as Astrakhan, and finally compelled him to expedite his return to Petersburgh. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising if he has only slightly touched, or altogether omitted, many things, which might otherwise have earnestly engaged his attention.

Attended by his friend, Dr. Paterson, the author commenced his journey from the Russian capital, in March, 1821, at a period when the Bible Societies may be said to have enjoyed the highest degree of Alexander's patronage. Whether it was that the emperor derived some new light from the congress of Verona, which was held in the following year, or that he acquired certain information of the secret conspiracies, which were then beginning to be formed in various districts of his dominions, and that he was induced to associate with them the exhibition of public spirit, for which the biblical assemblies afforded a pretext, it is unquestionable, that at the close of 1822, he no longer afforded to the scriptural institutions the same encouragement and support, which he had given them for several years before. On the contrary, from that period until his unexpected death at Taganrog, he not only discountenanced those societies, but adopted measures against them, which, if followed up by his successor, must terminate either in their extinction, or in the triumph of a new order of things, not less favourable to the civil than to the religious liberty of the people.

It is worthy of remark, and certainly it must have fixed the attention of the Russian government from the commencement of the biblical missions, that in every part of the country where they attempted to establish depôts and branch associations, they experienced from all the various sects of the Roman Catholic, the Greek and Armenian Christians, the most prompt and cordial concurrence. This fact, which Dr. Henderson places beyond all doubt, must have told the emperor a tale which he seems to have little suspected before, that his subjects were at least not irrevocably wedded to ancient prejudices, and that they were even already prepared for the general circulation of a volume, which teaches, among its most important precepts, the universal equality of mankind. Another circumstance that must strike the reader, in passing through this work, is the wonderful diversity of sects which are to be met with in the Russian empire, and the perfect protection which they all experience, without any invidious distinctions, from the imperial government. At Krestzi, for instance, a small town which lies at no great distance from Petersburgh, and consists of about one thousand souls, Dr. Henderson found almost all the inhabitants dissenters from the "orthodox" Greek church, and actuated by all those ungovernable and uncharitable prejudices, which the *odium theologicum* has too often engendered amongst mankind. He thus describes his reception at the house of one of these fanatics :—

'The family consisted of Staroværtzi, or dissenters of the old faith, the rigidity of whose principles operates as powerfully on their intercourse with all whom they consider to be members of the orthodox Greek church, as the contracted spirit of the ancient Jews did, in preventing them from having any "dealings *with the* Samaritans." One of our number happening *to have metal buttons on his* travelling coat, and another having a *tobacco-pipe in his hand, the* prejudices of the mistress of the house were alarmed to such a degree, that all the arguments we could use were insufficient to prevail on her to make ready some dinner for us. When compelled to do any service of this kind, to such as are not of their own sect, they consider themselves bound to destroy the utensils used on the occasion; to prevent which loss, those who are more exposed to the intrusion of strangers, generally keep a set of profane vessels for the purpose. As the proprietor of the house we had entered appeared to be in affluent circumstances, it is not improbable that he might have furnished it with something of this kind; but the tobacco-pipe proved an insuperable obstacle to their use. So great, too, is the aversion of this people to snuff, that if a box happen to have been laid on a table belonging to them, the part on which it lay must be planed out before it can be appropriated to any further use. They live in a state of complete separation from the church; only they cannot marry without a licence from the priest, for which they are sometimes obliged to pay a great sum of money. The sacrament, as it is usually called, they never celebrate; and baptism is only administered to such as are near death, on the principle adopted by some in the early ages of the church, that such as relapse, after receiving this rite, are cut off from all hopes of salvation.'—pp. 25, 26.

As the travellers proceeded further southward, particularly after quitting Moscow, they found the variety of religions to increase. The province of Volhinia, one of the most fertile of the Russian governments, and containing about a million and a half of inhabitants, is occupied, indeed, as to the greater proportion, by Russians, but the remainder consist of Roman Catholic Poles, Lutheran Germans, Lithuanians of different sects, Jews of the old law, and Gypsies of no law at all. The capital town of the province, Jitomir, is almost entirely in the possession of Jews, who, by the way, evinced a very suspicious desire to obtain the New Testament in Hebrew, with which Dr. Henderson was abundantly provided for their conversion. The good missionary, with some degree of simplicity, which we should not have expected from so experienced a traveller, tells us, exultingly, of their ' eagerness to receive copies, and the avidity with which many of them read the gospel records.' He adds, ' nor did the rabbins discover that *shyness* which we had been led to expect; on the contrary, two of them called on us for Testaments, and entered, with apparent interest, into an argument on the sufferings of the Messiah. At one time we were almost literally besieged by the Jews,' who were anxious to obtain copies of the Testament. Their solicitude upon this subject is not to be attributed, we fear, altogether to a desire of acquiring a knowledge of Christianity. They most probably looked forward to the hope of *selling* again, as waste paper, what they had acquired so cheaply. That this has been done, is a fact that admits of no question. Another construction of their conduct is, that some of them, at least, wished, if possible, to exhaust the missionary stock, for the purpose of delivering up the books to the rabbins, to be destroyed. At all events, we know from the result, that little or no benefit has arisen from the efforts which have hitherto been made to introduce

Christianity among the Jews. The converts have been amazingly few, in proportion to the vast expense incurred; and the motives even of these few have been questionable, their sincerity more than suspected. In propagating the Old Testament, however, the Jews in Russia are naturally anxious to receive all the assistance which the societies can afford them. They have been hitherto in the habit of multiplying their copies of it according to the ancient mode of transcription, rather than by the aid of the press. Dr. Henderson gives us an account of a visit which he made to one of their scribes at Dubno, and as the scene is curious, we shall present it to the reader.

'Having expressed a wish to obtain some Hebrew manuscripts, my Jewish guide conducted me down a narrow lane to the house of a *Sopher*, or scribe, whose employment consists in multiplying written copies of the law, according to the established rules of Hebrew calligraphy. His small apartment presented quite a novel scene to my view. On the table before him lay developed an accurate exemplar, from which he was taking his copy; rolls of parchment were lying about in every direction; the walls were hung with compasses, inkbottles, and other implements; and in one corner of the room, a number of skins were in a process of preparation for the use to which they were to be appropriated. As I entered, he looked up with all that absence and discomposure which generally characterises those who are abruptly roused from the absorption connected with deep study, or occupied about some object requiring the application of profound attention. Some remarks, however, on the nature of his occupation, interspersed with a few technical phrases in Hebrew, soon excited his curiosity; and, laying aside his pen, he readily entered into a conversation respecting his business, and the difficulties inseparable from its proper and conscientious execution.

'Unlike other employments, that of a Jewish copyist absolutely and religiously excludes all improvement. He is tied down to perform every part of the work exactly as it was done twelve or thirteen centuries ago, at the period of the composition of the Talmud, to the laws of writing prescribed in which, he must rigidly conform, even in the smallest minutiæ. The skins to be converted into parchment must be those of clean animals; and it is indispensable that they be prepared by the hands of Jews only. Should it be found that any part has been prepared by a Goi, (a name by which Christians and all who are not Jews are designated), it is immediately thrown aside as unfit for use. When ready, they are cut even, and joined together by means of thongs made of the same material. They are then regularly divided into columns, the breadth of which must never exceed the half of their length. The ink employed in writing the law, generally consists of a composition made of pitch, charcoal, and honey, which ingredients are first made up into a kind of paste, and after having remained some time in a state of induration, are dissolved in water with an infusion of galls.

'Before the scribe begins his task, and after every interruption, he is required to compose his mind, that he may write under a sensible impression of the sanctity of the words he is transcribing. Particular care is taken that the letters be all equally formed; and so supreme is the authority of antiquity, that where letters are found in the exemplar of a larg or smaller size than the rest, or such as are turned upside down, or su pended above the line, or where a final-shaped letter occurs in the mid of a word, these blunders are to be copied with as great fidelity as a part of the text.'—pp. 207—209.

The price of a copy of the law, fairly written out, was from t louis-d'ors to fifty, according to the pains bestowed upon it. . Dubno, Dr. Henderson also found several copies of the Talmu and what is very rarely to be met with, 'a complete collection all kinds of works in rabbinical literature.' He adds, that t number of the Jews seemed to increase, in proportion as he a proached the Turkish frontiers, and that he had every reason believe, that, had he proceeded direct towards Palestine, he wou have found them still increasing as he advanced.

> 'For,' observes the author, 'according to all that we could learn, th has been, of late years, a very sensible movement among them, and a c stant effort to regain the limits of the beloved land of their ancestors. N can it admit of a moment's doubt, that, should the Ottoman power removed out of the way, and no obstacles be presented by those who m succeed in the dominion of the intermediate regions, they will, to a m cross the Bosphorus, and endeavour to re-establish their ancient poli To this all their wishes bend; for this they daily pray; and, in order effect its accomplishment, they are ready to sacrifice any, the m favoured advantages they may possess in Europe.'—p. 215.

Of the Jews subject to the Russian sceptre, Dr. Henders calculates the number at nearly two millions, including, of cour those in Poland, the *Paradisus Judæorum*, where it is well kno they swarm in every direction. They are divided into differ sects, the most popular of which is that known by the name Rabbinists, or such as yield implicit obedience to the doctrines a institutions of the Rabbins, as declared, or supposed to be c tained, in the Talmud. These are said to be the orthodox Je and bear about them all the distinguishing characteristics of Pharisees of old. The next sect of any importance is that of Karaites, who are chiefly found in the Crimea. These object all traditionary or authorized interpretations of the law, and r for its construction to the words and literal meaning of the t These may be designated as the dissenters of the body, but at same time they are the most liberal portion of it, both towards other Jewish sects, and to Christians in general. So extrem bitter is the hatred which is borne by the Rabbinists to the raites, that it is a common saying with the former, "that if t saw a *Christian* in danger of being drowned, it would be th duty to make a bridge of a *Karaite*, in order to rescue him." two remaining sects found in Russia, are the Pietists, or "Jew Jumpers," as they have been called, and the Zoharites, who pro to give a mystic meaning to the law, and differ materially from other Jews in their construction of it. It is remarkable that the creed of the latter approximates closely to that of the Christians.

The river-boundary, which winds its course between the Russian and Turkish dominions, having been for some time an object of anxious attention with our politicians, the reader might perhaps be glad to learn what Dr. Henderson says about it. He must suppose the author to have already arrived at the quarantine of *Skulani*, on the left bank of the Prut, within a few miles of the town of Jassy.

> 'Here a scene was presented to our view of the most novel and motley description. Wallachians, Moldavians, Serbians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Jews, and Gypsies, to the number of 20,000, of every rank and condition of life, were in the act of emigrating from the principality of Moldavia, in order to escape the vengeance of the Turks, in case the latter should retrieve the losses they had sustained in the late insurrection. Below the village, every hole and corner of which was filled, stood the Quarantine, which ordinarily consists of a few houses properly adapted to the purposes of the institution; but, at this time, it occupied a space of several versts, surrounded by a regular cordon of soldiers, within which we could descry tents and carriages of all descriptions, with men, women, children, horses, cows, sheep, goats, dogs, swine, cats, and, in short, every thing the poor emigrants could take along with them from their natal country. Better materials for the pencil of a master cannot well be imagined. On the opposite bank of the river stood several thousands more, contending with each other who should first get into the ferry-boats, which were passing and repassing without intermission. Beyond the valley, on a hill partially covered with wood, stood a noble mansion, belonging to the dowager lady of a Moldavian Bojar, or nobleman, at that time occupied by a detachment of five hundred soldiers belonging to the forces raised by Ypsilanti. The proprietress we saw driving about in Skulani, in great style, in a carriage and four, with two riders in front, and a couple of footmen behind, all dressed in the Turkish costume. Inconsiderable as the village otherwise appeared, it possessed at this time an importance not to be equalled by many towns, containing treasures to the amount of several millions of rubles.
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> 'Having slept all night under the veranda of the post-house, we set off early on the following morning across the hilly regions to the east, from many parts of which we obtained delightful views of the broad valley stretching itself between the two empires of Russia and Turkey; which was beautifully divided by the serpentine course of the *Prut*, and bounded on both sides by mountain ranges, consisting of diversified tracts of forest, pasturage, and cultivated ground. As we descended into a deep valley, in the midst of this mountain scenery, our attention was arrested by a monument on the left side of the road, which, on our coming up to it, proved to be that erected by order of the Empress Catherine, on the spot where Prince Potemkin terminated a life the most splendid for honours, dignities, and riches, that perhaps ever fell to the lot of a courtier. It consists of a round pillar, standing on a pedestal, and exhibiting on two sides of a square tablature, near the summit, a Russian inscription, the

letters of which, owing to the softness of the stone, are beginning to become illegible.

'The scenery was romantic beyond description, and the remainder of our journey to *Kishenef* was exceedingly pleasant, being performed through a fertile valley, presenting villages, fields, meadows, and vineyards; and, on either side, a chain of mountains covered with wood. As we approached the town, the mountains gradually became lower, and at length every vestige of wood disappeared; but, just before we entered it, we were interrupted by the discovery of a long row of pointed stones, evidently of remote erection, and forming part of one of the walls which the Emperor Trajan caused to be built through Dacia, and extending as far as the Tauridian Peninsula.'—pp. 253—256.

As usual, our travellers found at Kishenef a great number of Jews, and several sects of Christians. Among the latter were members of the Moldavian, Serbian and Armenian churches. But the tribe that most arrested the attention of the Missionaries, was that of the *Tchiganies* or Gypsies, who inhabit a particular quarter of the town, and are distinguished by habits, occupations, and a polity peculiar to themselves.

'The first time we observed any of this singular-looking class of men was at *Kursk;* they increased upon us as we proceeded southward; and towards the Turkish frontiers, they became exceedingly numerous; but it was only at this place we found any of them stationary. Their houses are built of wood, within small courts, inclosed by wattled fences, in the same manner as those of the Moldavians, and exhibit more of cleanliness and order than might be supposed from the general appearance of the people. Their females are exceedingly fond of dress, and generally adorn themselves with a profusion of trinkets. Some of them possess a considerable share of beauty; but with all their efforts to brighten their skin by the gloss which they contrive to give to their faces, they find it impossible to eradicate the unequivocal marks which they exhibit of remote Asiatic origin. Some of the men practise handicrafts, but the greater number deal in horses, and are frequently absent a great part of the year.

'Of the strolling Gypsies we saw great numbers encamped with their waggons and baggage, in the vicinity of the town. Their look was haggard and miserable in the extreme. They had recently arrived from Turkey, and appeared to be in circumstances of great poverty. They mostly subsist by juggling and fortune-telling, and are notorious for pilfering and dissolute conduct.

'Not only the phisiognomy, but the language of this remarkable people, proves them to be of Indian origin; but at what period, or by what means they first penetrated into Europe, in almost every country of which they are found to exist, is a problem yet remaining unsolved in the history of our species.'—pp. 257, 258.

The classical reader need hardly be told, that most of the provinces adjacent to the Euxine abound in Roman antiquities. The most remarkable of those in the neighbourhood of Kishenef are *the Trajan walls,* raised to defend the empire against the Sarmatians. Among the most curious of the *oriental* antiquities which Dr. Henderson saw there, was a collection of Tibetan prayers, written with silver letters on black paper. They were found by a peasant, while digging the ground, and are supposed to have been left during the grand Mongolian expedition under Dchingis-khan.

The roads from Kishenef to Bender were found by our travellers n a wretched state. The accommodations too were of the worst description, being occasionally only such as could be found in *zemlianskies*, or subterranean hovels, the dirt and smell of which are intolerable. Amongst his "miseries" the Dr. mentions that n the morning, when about to escape from one of these caverns, on pulling on one of his boots, he found the lower part of it already tenanted by a large frog. On his approach to Bender he was shewn the village of Varnitza, where Charles XII. defended himself with such incredible bravery, after the disasters of Pultowa. In the village, an old man was still (1821) alive, who used in his boyish days to carry milk to the fugitive warrior. Leaving Bender, our missionaries were ferried over the Dniester, and soon after entered the extensive steppe which spreads between that river and the *Bog*,—a wide deserted waste, whose dreariness is relieved only by a number of sculptured monuments, erected as way-marks, at irregular distances on both sides of the road. They consist of large male and female images, hewn in stone, and shaped with considerable taste. They are supposed to have been erected in the fourth century, by the Mongolian tribes, who pouring down from the Volga, or rather pushed onward from thence by a more northern tribe, spread terror through the nations inhabiting the eastern frontiers of the Roman empire. Part of this desert, and of the more fertile country which extends towards Odessa, is now in the occupation of German colonists, Catholics and Protestants, who, to the shame of western Europe, be it said, have fled thither in order to enjoy that religious toleration which was denied them at home.

The happy situation of Odessa, and the attention which it has long received from the Russian government, have already conspired to render it a town of great maritime importance. It is represented by Dr. Henderson as in a flourishing condition, and entitled to the name of "Little Petersburgh." Thirty years ago it was a miserable village. It now boasts of two thousand stone houses, and forty thousand inhabitants.

From Odessa, the Dr. and his companion prosecuted their journey eastward, over a country beautifully diversified, and not the less interesting to scholars as it has been trodden and immortalized by Herodotus, and described by Mela, Pliny, Ptolemy, and Strabo. Crossing the Bog, they pursued their way towards the Crimea, and had *more than once* occasion to notice the curious and *picturesque effects of the mirage*, which, being produced by saline vapours, exhaled by the excessive heat of the sun, 'prese to the view islands, castles, and a thousand fancied shapes, ri above the water, and exhibiting an undulating motion.' 'Witl our experience of the deception, (adds the author), we were r than once imposed on by the speciousness of their appearance, conceived that we were approaching a lake, or an arm of the when in reality in the midst of a dry and arid steppe.'

The Crimea is so well known from the descriptions of a m tude of authors, that we shall only select from Dr. Henders account of his tour along its southern coast, the Italy of Russi single scene, which for rude natural grandeur admits of no riv

> 'The road at first lay through a beautiful valley, and was delight shaded with wood: after which we struck across some fields and p till falling in with the grand southern chain, we gradually began to c the zig-zag ascent, by which we intended to reach the coast. W near the summit of the pass, we turned about, and commanded an tensive view of the enchanting valley of Baidari, intersected by nume streamlets, studded with Tatar villages, and covered with the ric foliage and verdure. Proceeding through the mountain pass, we introduced into a narrow defile, whence we commanded the view panorama, the most astonishing and majestic imaginable. On either rose bold perpendicular limestone rocks, to the height of more than thousand feet, the brows of which were broken into the most horrific threatening forms; at our feet presented themselves the prodigious tural stairs, known by the name of *Merduvan*, below which appe amongst immense detached masses of rock, two interesting Tatar vill while the surface of the Euxine, unruffled by a single breath of stretched from beneath us into the wide expanse towards Anatolia. A the coast, at an inconsiderable distance, we could discover several s but owing to their being at so great a depth below us, they appeared tremely diminutive in size. At the summit of the stairs is an enor insulated rock, on which we stood some time, expressing to each our mutual sentiments of wonder and delight. Round the west si this rock the path winds down a dangerous passage, formed partly b cragginess of the precipice, and partly by steps made by the hand of Altogether, from the commencement of the descent to the bottom o steps, it may be about 600 feet. The Tatar horses, being accustom the descent, succeeded far beyond our expectations; but we had oft swing ourselves down by the boughs of trees from one terrace to ano till we were past the worst part of the declivity. Owing to the nimbl of our steeds, they reached the bottom before us; and taking va directions in the bushy regions below, it was not without conside difficulty that we collected them.
>
> 'We now made for the village of *Kütchuk-koi*, through a hideous r of trap and shistose rock, exhibiting the most palpable indications disrupture which took place in the year 1786, when the territory sunk, vast masses being dislodged from the superincumbent mountain, the was removed to the distance of from fifty to eighty fathoms further int sea. Deep hollows and glens have been left, along the sides of whi a narrow path, of great danger, along which we passed on horseback.

our arrival in the village, we took shelter from the scorching rays of an almost vertical sun, under the wide-spreading branches of a large walnut-tree, and enjoyed a delicious repast on the mulberries, pears, plumbs, and fresh figs, with which the Tatars supplied us in great abundance.'—pp. 358—360.

Some readers will perhaps be surprised to hear that there is a sect of Quakers in Russia. They occupy eight villages on the right bank of the Moloshnaia, which flowing southward, empties itself into the sea of Azof. They place the whole of their religion in mystic exercises, to the exclusion of all external rites and ceremonies. They cannot be said to be altogether ignorant of the Bible, or of Christianity, but they are principally governed by their innate sense of morality. They have no sabbath; and far from considering marriage as a sacrament, they scarcely view it even as a civil rite. Directly opposite to these, on the left bank of the Moloshnaia, live the Mennonites, a sect of Baptists, the descendants of those who fled thither from the banks of the Vistula in 1805, when the Prussian government attempted to enrol them among the new conscripts, contrary to their religious principle of non-resistance. Here, to the credit of Russia, they found an asylum from persecution, obtained liberal grants of land, and all the privileges which they could reasonably desire. Our missionaries passed through the possessions of both these kindred sects, and proceeding by Taganrog, rendered remarkable by the death of Alexander, and through the territory of the Don Kozaks, they crossed the famous river of that name, into Asia. Here again they found ample proof of the unbounded protection afforded by the Russian government to all descriptions of religions. At the confluence of a small stream called Sarpa with the Volga, they discovered a colony of Moravians, who had been settled there for the last sixty years, with the view of converting the Pagan Kalmuks in the vicinity. In that great object they appear to have failed altogether; but in the mean time their settlement became highly prosperous in a mercantile point of view, until two or three years ago, when unfortunately it was almost entirely destroyed by fire.

Our author's description of Astrakhan is necessarily very meagre, on account of the indisposition which confined him to his chamber, almost the whole of the time he remained in that celebrated mart of Asia. From thence he proceeded, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, along the shore of the Caspian sea, and across the river Terek, to the mountains of the Caucasus, at the foot of which he encountered a religious sect called the Ingush, who may be ranked in the last and palest shade of Christianity, or rather in that ambiguous line, which, alternately Christian and Heathen, can scarcely be said to belong in strictness to either.

'They believe in the existence of God, as a pure spirit, whom they call *Dalle*; a plurality of demons, who sometimes assume a visible shape, and appear *as armed men, with their* feet inverted; the immortality of the

> soul; the resurrection of the body; and the temporary punishment of th wicked in a future state. They have a daily form of prayer, and rep benedictions at meals. That their ancestors, at some remote period, ha made a profession of Christianity, most probably according to the fo of the Georgian, or Greek church, may be concluded from the venerat in which they still hold the remains of churches and monasteries in t Caucasus, and their worshipping the images which are still visible on th walls. They keep fasts about the same time with the eastern Christia and rest both on the first and third day of the week.
>
> 'Polygamy obtains among them, but the state of the females is not servile as among their Mohammedan neighbours, nor are they under a kind of restraint in the way of ordinary intercourse. They punish adulte with great severity, both parties being put to death. They are fond dancing, but it is an established custom among them, that the sexes nev dance together.'—pp. 485, 486.

The missionaries next proceeded over the mountains to Tifli whence, however, they were soon compelled to return to Peter burgh, by Dr. Henderson's indisposition.

While perusing this volume, we had occasion to mark sever passages, written in that style expressively designated as "cant;" and which we might have cited as specimens of the most vitiate taste, if we had not conceived too high a degree of respect for Dr Henderson's personal character, to suppose that they were no meant by him in a sincere spirit of piety. It is impossible for any man, whatever his religious tenets may be, to read the work before us without admiring the unflinching perseverance by which the author was actuated, in a cause which he deemed to be that of heaven. There is also a great deal to be applauded, and extremely well worthy of being imitated, in the liberal and good-natured style of remark which he adopts on almost all occasions, when he speaks of modes of worship differing from his own. Whether Christian, Jewish, or Mohammedan, they generally experience from him the most generous construction of their principles, and the most impartial views of their history, and their influence upon the morals of those who profess them. That his success in the immediate object of his mission was of a very limited nature; or in other words, that he failed altogether in 'advancing the interests of the Bible Society' in Russia, was a result which every man, who was in any degree acquainted with the diversified population of that country, must have clearly foreseen. But for this result Dr. Henderson and his companion are certainly not to be blamed. They did the best they could, and we may confidently predict that if such men, favoured as they were by the head of the Russian government, fell immeasurably short of the end which they had in view; there is not the smallest possible chance of success for those "labourers," who may attempt to follow them "in the same vineyard."

I. *The Lives of celebrated Architects, ancient and modern:*
Historical and Critical Observations on their Works, and on the
ciples of the Art. By Francesco Milizia. Translated from the
in, by Mrs. Edward Cresy. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* London.
r. 1826.

Cresy has conferred a very valuable benefit upon the
ctural art and its professors in this country, by the publica-
this work. It not only contains an excellent translation of
's production, which in itself would be entitled to great
but also several additional lives, besides corrections of some
es which that clever writer had committed, and references
authorities upon which, though he did not acknowledge
e frequently relied.

nere biographical details Milizia paid much less attention,
the history and progress of the art of which he was so en-
tic an admirer. He was indefatigable in collecting informa-
ncerning every ancient or modern building which was in the
egree worthy of his attention; and the critical remarks
he has made upon their perfections or defects, are generally
ledged to have proceeded from a naturally pure taste, regu-
y a sound judgment. His work may in consequence be
l of little interest for a general reader, who considers it only
ssemblage of the lives of eminent men; while to the artist
s a compendious, and, at the same time, a safe and instruc-
story of architecture, from its commencement to the close of
t century. Men of refinement, in whatever walk of life they
annot fail to admire in Milizia that unerring indication of
er-spirit, a determination to try every principle of the art by
terion of natural impressions. There is a certain harmony
n a mind well constituted and happy combinations of na-
art, which is a surer guide for the judgment than all the
s that ever were, or will be, invented. It is to this innate
f fitness and beauty, that Milizia refers every work which
nines, and he boldly asserts, on all occasions, that scientific
which are not conformable to it, are founded only in error or
onal vanity.

aps we are indebted for his freedom from prejudice in this
, to the circumstance that he originally entered into these
es, in order to gratify the admiration with which he was
d by the ancient and modern erections of the "eternal city."
s not educated for the profession, nor did he even practise
t Vitruvius is certainly less intelligible, and Palladio not
structive, than the writer before us, though both of these
ted authors were also architects. Indeed, it is a very re-
le circumstance that, with the exception of Palladio, few of
great artists to whom Italy owes her noblest edifices, were
y initiated in the art. Michael Angelo, whose name will

never be separated from the dome of St. Peters, drew all his l
ledge of architecture from the resources of a genius equall
cessful in painting and in statuary. Several of the finest chu
palaces, and bridges in Italy, as well as of the most ven
abbies and monasteries in Western Europe, were erected und
superintendence of monks, or individuals who made their
architecture through the sister arts.

From the accounts which Milizia has handed down to us
own life, it appears that he was the last scion of an opule
noble family, in the kingdom of Naples. He was born at
a small city of the Terra d' Otranto, in 1725, and was s
an early age to Padua, where his uncle practised medicine.
residing with him seven years, studying the belles lettres, tl
as he informs us, to little advantage, young Milizia was per
by his father to go to Naples, where he learned logic and
physics, under the celebrated Abate Genevesi; and geomet
medicine, under P Orlandi, a monk of Celestino. Concei
ardent desire to see other countries, and little imaginin
money was necessary to enable him to accomplish his p
he took leave of his masters one fine morning, and set out
tour. When he arrived at Leghorn, however, he found
mistake, and not having the means of proceeding to Fra
returned in the best manner he could to Oria, where he fi
residence, dividing his time between literature and amus
On the death of his father, he acquired some property, a
moved to Rome. Here he surrendered his mind to his pass
the fine arts, and wrote several works connected with them,
from the intrepidity and justness of their criticisms, obtain
in due course of time a distinguished reputation. He als
several works on scientific subjects; but of all his prod
that which Mrs. Cresy has translated seems to have been th
popular. He died of a pulmonary complaint at Rome, i
His character has been drawn by himself. It is an amusi
original sketch.

'It is not uncommon for authors to write elegant and egotisti
sions on their moral and physical character, which often excite a s
would willingly delineate my own; but as it has nothing in it sin
extraordinary, I find it difficult to do. Thus, I who have long
myself, 'know not myself,' and yet have attempted to describe
sometimes from their writings, which perhaps contain opinions d
cally opposite to their real sentiments. I am phlegmatic, chole
haughty; at the same time modest, kind, and capable of end
courageous, noble in my ideas, and free from prejudice; open to
soning of others, and fond of novelty. I cannot boast of much
tion or reflection, yet am desirous of possessing every thing; I an
trious, compassionate, a sincere friend, and a good man; humble,
being abject; generous and easy, but severe. I hold in abhorren
mercenary feeling. I am studious, and anxious of acquiring a k

f whatever is most useful: my works and discourses have procured me he reputation of being learned. I know myself to be otherwise, and am a heterogeneous compound of contradictions.'—Preface, xv. xvi.

There is little doubt that, however colossal and magnificent may have been the edifices which were raised in Asia and Egypt, prior to the civilization of the Greeks, it is to the latter we are indebted for the *science* of architecture. They invented the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders; to these, others have added the Tuscan and Composite, which are however nothing more than modifications, the former of the Doric, the latter of the Corinthian order. The first architects of whom Grecian history makes mention, are Trophonius and Agamedes, who are said to have built the temple of Neptune, near Mantinea, and the celebrated one of Apollo, at Delphi. The Labyrinth of Dædalus has rendered his name famous; but of all the ancient architects, whose names have been handed down to us, perhaps Callimachus was the most able, as well as the most enlightened. He is celebrated as the inventor of the Corinthian capital. The happy accident, which gave him the prototype of that beautiful ornament of the column, is well known. A young virgin died at Corinth; her nurse, according to the custom of those days, placed on her grave a basket containing such viands as the maid preferred when alive, and covered them with a tile. It chanced that beneath the basket, the root of an acanthus was just beginning to put forth its leaves and stems, and as they grew, they crept up the sides of the basket, and hung from the edges of the tile, in so graceful a manner, as to attract the notice of Callimachus as he passed. He was pleased with the beauty and novelty of the combination, and modelled from it the Corinthian capital. The ruins of ancient Greece which remain to this day, and of which we know of no more correct or animated views than those now in a course of publication, from the admirable drawings of Mr. Williams, attest the splendour to which architecture had arrived in that country, before its subjugation by Alexander. It is, however, to be lamented, that of the individuals who had the genius to plan, and the means to execute, most of the temples and public buildings which were the pride of Greece, few are now known even by name, and of these, little can be related with any degree of certainty.

From Greece the art was introduced first into Macedonia, about three hundred years before the Christian era. To the same period are also referred, upon what authority we are not told, the wonders of Balbek and Palmyra. The style of their remains is undoubtedly Grecian; the workmanship employed upon them seems to have been of the most exquisite description;—and yet of the workmen nothing is known! The next migration of the architectural art was to Rome, which, under the auspicious reign of Augustus, was said to have been changed from a city of brick to one of marble.

During his reign, and that of his successors, not only the capital, but all the provinces of the Roman empire were embellished with aqueducts, amphitheatres, theatres, baths, forums, bridges, palaces, and edifices of every description, which could be deemed conducive to the health, business, or amusement of the Roman people. Yet, we search in vain for memorials of the artists who raised many of those magnificent erections. Vitruvius, indeed, gives us the names of several of those architects, and of their works, but nothing more. His celebrated treatise, however, compensates us in a great measure for the want of such memorials. He is justly called the father of architecture. His work contains all the rudiments of the art; and though written in a style by no means popular, yet it deserves all the labour that has been since bestowed upon it, in order to develope and illustrate the principles which it lays down.

Of the architects who flourished during the middle ages, from the fourth to the fifteenth century, we have but scanty records. Amongst these, Aloisius, who lived under Theodoric, prince of the Ostrogoths, and king of Italy, appears to have taken an active part 'in restoring several edifices in Rome and the surrounding countries, particularly the baths and aqueducts, which, from time, neglect, and warfare, were mostly impaired.' Milizia extracts from Cassiodorus, a letter, addressed by him as secretary of state, in the name of Theodoric, to this Aloisius, which, besides that it vindicates the Ostrogoths from the charge so often urged against them, of hostility to the elegant arts, exhibits a curious mixture of public spirit, philosophy, and credulity.

' It is glorious to preserve the wonderful works of antiquity; and it is our duty to restore the most useful and beautiful. I, says Theodoric, cannot forget the fountain Abano, which, in the form of a vessel filled with cerulean water, I have seen boil from the bottom as amid burning furnaces; and, notwithstanding the clouds of hot vapour, exhibit a wonderful clearness. The waters overflow the mouth, with a noise like wheels, swell on the lip, fall, and, flowing through tranquil and freezing canals, after many turnings, become boiling. O wonderful artifice! the fires of nature are tempered by art, and that which was originally destructive to man, is, by his ingenuity, rendered wholesome and delightful. With reason do philosophers say that the elements are connected by reciprocal bonds, and that contrary things unite with wonderful confederation. Thus the water, which is precipitated from the rocks in boiling vapours, unites when entering the ornamental edifices of the baths, imparts its heat to the air, and being received into the reservoirs, becomes tractable, and is a useful and agreeable medicine for all sorts of maladies. Quæ ideo Aponum græca lingua beneficialis nominavit antiquitas. It is wonderful that the same water, which on its first issuing from the rock is noxious, should, on descending to a more temperate soil, and being received into the fishponds of Nero, become as cold as it was hot at first. It is most probable, and in correspondence with the character of its author, that this fish-pond was ornamented with stones similar to green gems, in order that the water might, by reflection, appear in motion. But it is more extraordinary

> still, that, in this same bath, if a woman enters, the waters consume her. Thou, Aloïsius, must direct thy attention to the renewal of these edifices, the baths, the conduits, clearing away all the bushes and brambles that have overgrown and insinuated themselves into the very heart of the buildings, and insensibly burst them asunder. More vipereo, prolem sibi fecunditate contraria nutriant, unde se compago casura disrumpat. It is also necessary that you rebuild the destroyed palace, and divest of its now rude aspect the space between the public building and the fountain. Every thing should have a smiling appearance with the Antenor land of wonders; among which the most remarkable is, that whoever steals beasts cannot deprive them of their wool, unless they are first dipped in the scalding waters of these mountains. Loquitur illic tacita natura dum judicat et sententiam quodammodo dicit, quæ perfidiam negantis excludit. Expend what is necessary, and if the money which I have sent is not sufficient, send me an account of what is wanting and I will supply you. Quia non gravamur expendere ut tanta videamur ruris amœna custodire."—vol. i. pp. 110, 111.

Another popular fable, which found an advocate in Cassiodorus, was, that the fountain of Arethusa, usually the most tranquil of waters, became disturbed if any one spoke near it, and foamed furiously if the voice was raised. His credulity was fully shared by his master Theodoric; but it produced consequences the reverse of those, which are usually engendered by superstition, as it led to the preservation and restoration of many public edifices, which would otherwise have perished from decay. The formula addressed by Theodoric to the prefect of Rome, is a striking monument of his taste, and of his great admiration for the remains of antiquity.

> ‘The beauty of the Roman buildings requires a skilful overseer, in order that such a wonderful forest of edifices should be preserved with constant care, and the new ones properly constructed, both internally and externally. Therefore we direct our generosity not only to the preservation of ancient things, but to the investing the new ones with the glories of antiquity. Be it known, therefore, to your illustrious person, that for this end an architect of the Roman walls is appointed. And because the study of the arts requires assistance, we desire that he may have every reasonable accommodation that his predecessors have enjoyed. He will certainly see things superior to what he has read of, and more beautiful than he could ever have imagined. The statues still feel their renowned authors, and appear to live: he will observe expressed in the bronze, the veins, the muscles swoln by exertion, the nerves gradually stretched, and the figure expressing those feelings which act on a living subject. It is said that the first artists in Italy were the Etruscans, and thus posterity has given to them, as well as to Rome, almost the power of creating man. How wonderful are the horses, so full of spirit, with their fiery nostrils, their sparkling eyes, their easy and graceful limbs! they would move if not of metal. And what shall we say of those lofty, slender, and finely fluted columns, which appear a part of the sublime structure they support? That appears wax, which is hard and elegant metal; the joints in the marble being like *natural veins. The* beauty of art is to deceive the eye. Ancient *historians acquaint us* with only seven wonders in the world: the

temple of Diana at Ephesus; the magnificent sepulchre of the king Mausolus, from whence is derived the word *mausoleum;* the bronze colossus of the sun in Rhodes; the statue of Jupiter Olympus, of gold and ivory, formed by the masterly hand of Phidias, the first of architects; the palace of Cyrus, king of Media, built by Memnon of stones united by gold; the walls of Babylon, constructed by Semiramis of brick, pitch, and iron; the pyramids of Egypt, the shadows of which do not extend beyond the space of their construction. But who can any longer consider these as wonders, after having seen so many in Rome? Those were famous because they preceded us; it is natural that the new productions of the then barbarous ages should be renowned. It may truly be said that all Rome is wonderful. We have, therefore, selected a man clever in the arts, who, in seeing so many ingenious things of antiquity, instead of remaining merely enchanted with them, has set himself to investigate the reasons, study their books, and instruct himself, that he may become as learned as those in the place of whom he is to consider himself appointed.'—vol. i. pp. 112, 113.

This, certainly, is very different from the language of a "barbarian," and tends strongly to support the opinions of those who maintain that the Goths, instead of being the destroyers, were the restorers of good taste.

The most superb monument that remains of the time of Justinian, is the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, since converted into a mosque by the Turks. It was built by Anthemius, who, besides being an architect, was also a sculptor, and an ingenious mechanic. Milizia relates that he invented various methods of imitating earthquakes, thunder and lightning, and that on one occasion, in revenge for some affront offered him by the rhetorician Zeno, he produced an earthquake, which compelled the sophist to escape from his house in terror. 'It is said,' adds Milizia, 'that he caused this effect by placing a number of kettles of water, and boiling them, between the walls separating his house from that of Zeno.' If this report be true, it would prove that the power of steam was known to Anthemius. The passage is at all events a remarkable one, as it is very certain that when Milizia wrote, steam was unknown, as a mechanical power, in Italy.

The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries abounded in excellent architects. Of these Filipo Brunelleschi, a Florentine, is said to have first revived the three ancient orders, though it would seem that he was little entitled to that honour, as those orders had been used before his time in the Bell-tower of Santa Chiara, at Naples. Brunelleschi conceived the idea of raising an octangular cupola over the church of Santa Maria del Fiore, at Florence. His idea was, to have it supported entirely on the walls of the church, without having recourse to arches, or piers, by which the cupolas of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, and of St. Mark, at Venice, were sustained. It is curious to observe the pains which Brunelleschi took to accomplish this undertaking, and the agitation, intrigues, and envy to which it gave rise in the architectural world.

le went to Rome with a view of improving his knowledge on the sub-
when his mind became so absorbed, that he scarcely allowed himself
est which nature required, and was in such want of money, that he
ed his jewels to obtain the common necessaries of life. He then
ned to Florence, and secretly made the designs and models for his
la, but did not shew them to the deputies of the building, having had
ient proofs of their ignorance, from the manner in which they gene-
conducted business. He simply stated his opinion, and set off again
ome: as he expected, he was soon entreated to return to Florence,
h he did immediately. He asserted that he could raise the cupola
ut any difficulty; but first wished that the most eminent architects
engineers in Italy and Europe should be invited to offer their senti-
s on this important affair. His wish was complied with; and Bru-
schi went to Rome for the third time, to compare his design with the
models of antiquity. In about a year there were collected at Flo-
e, at a great expense, artists from all nations, as if it was intended to
e a cupola for the whole terraqueous globe; and Brunelleschi being
ned from Rome in 1420, a great assembly was called, consisting of
leputies or commissioners of the works, and of the most learned and
nious citizens. The extravagant and ridiculous opinions started at
meeting, will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with the
ness which then covered Europe. Some projected piers, with arches
them, to support the beams for carrying the weight; others were for
ing one single pillar in the centre, and conducting the work after the
ner of a tent. There were not wanting those who proposed forming a
nd of earth, in which various pieces of money should be thrown, over
h the cupola should be vaulted: as soon as the work had acquired the
ssary solidity, the people were to receive permission to dig for the
ey, on condition of carrying away all the earth; thus leaving the cu-
complete. That the Pantheon at Rome was built in this manner, is
of those follies which had gained credit for some time. Brunelleschi
of opinion that the work was to be done without any of these con-
nces. He was, however, treated as a madman, and turned out of the
nbly. He continued firm in maintaining that he could raise this mass
a double vault, so as to be able to walk between the two, with stair-
s, lights, and passages. This assertion only drew on him the most
r jests and taunts. He would not produce either model or design;
to turn the laugh on his adversaries, he made use of a stratagem prac-
towards the end of the same century by Christopher Columbus. He
osed to make an egg stand upright on a table. All present tried, but
ne succeeded. Brunelleschi, striking off one end of it, performed the
cle. "We can do likewise!" was the universal exclamation.—"You
say the same when you have seen my model," replied Brunelleschi.
ength, after a multitude of objections, of fears, and doubts, he was
missioned to raise the cupola, but only to the height of 22 feet, as an
riment. An architect called Lorenzo Ghiberti was appointed his col-
ue. At this affront, Brunelleschi lost his patience; and, but for the
ference of his friends, would at once have abandoned models, cupola,
Florence. He at length began the work, and soon afterwards feigned
s, that the workmen might receive their orders from his colleague:
latter, *not knowing how to* conduct it himself, plainly shewed his

ignorance, and thus Brunelleschi remained sole director. As they proceeded, much time was lost: to repair this inconvenience, the architect erected small eating-houses on the building, supplied with whatever the workmen might require; thus removing the necessity for their descending.

'Brunelleschi completed his undertaking, which surpassed in height any work of the ancients. The lantern alone remained imperfect: but he left a model for it; and always recommended, even in his last moments,' that it should be built of heavy marble, because, the cupola being raised on four arches, it would have a tendency to spring upwards, if not pressed with a heavy weight.'—vol. i. pp. 180—182.

The greatest architect, however, who, according to Michael Angelo, appeared in Italy since the ancients, was Bramante d'Urbino; who, besides reforming a great part of the Vatican, had the honour of commencing the basilica of St. Peter, under Julius II. This great work was begun in 1513, and before the death of that pope and the architect, was raised nearly to the cornice. The architects who succeeded him, however, made so many changes in his design, that, except the four great arches over the tribune, nothing of his execution now remains. He had the honour of giving instructions to Rafaello. He is said to have composed some sonnets, and occasionally to have performed the part of an improvisatore. Bramante was followed by several great artists in the erection of St. Peter's, but of them we shall only notice the greatest of them all, Michael Angelo Buonarroti. The principal incidents of his life are well known. One of the works by which he was most distinguished, was his painting of the roof of the Sistine chapel. Milizia's critical observations upon that *chef d'ouvre* are original and judicious.

'While Michael Angelo pursued the work, the pope inquired of him many times when he should have it finished. He answered, at length, When he should have satisfied himself on the subject of the arts. But perceiving that this answer displeased the pope, he soon removed the scaffold; and on the morning of All Saints, the pontiff, to his great delight, performed the service in the chapel to an immense concourse of people. Michael Angelo wished to have retouched and embellished some parts, but was prevented on account of having to re-erect the scaffold. Who could suppose that such a stupendous work was finished in twenty months; particularly as Michael Angelo did every thing by himself, even to the preparing the ground for painting on, grinding the colours, and making every necessary tool. This was his custom also in sculpture, always making his instruments himself. It is said that the pope observed, that the painting appeared to him rather poor in colouring and gold; when Michael Angelo answered, that the men of the other world were not rich, and even contemned riches.

'From working for such a length of time with his head upwards, Michael Angelo contracted such a defect in his sight, that, for many months, he could neither see nor read unless in that position; and whoever wishes to look at it attentively must feel the same inconvenience. It has consequently neither been studied nor copied. The smoke of the torches and candles blackens the colouring. It would be better to paint on perpendicular walls, and leave the vaulting and soffite merely to represent the heavens, in which might be seen clouds, stars, the moon, the sun, or birds, but never men, quadrupeds, fish, or plants; and although angels, saints, and fabulous deities, are rightly placed there, still the inconvenience of looking at them should be a sufficient motive for abolishing the practice.

'The painting of the Sistine roof, according to the judgment of some, is the noon-day of the arts, dissipating the darkness which had so long encircled the horizon of the art.

'Whether we consider the beauty of the figures, the rotundity of the outline, or the graceful and easy proportions, we are equally delighted.

'The naked figures, in which the perfection of the art is discovered, are of various ages, countenances, and attitudes. Some support festoons of oak leaves and acorns; the arms of Julius II., denoting his to have been the golden age. The compartments have six corbels on each side, and one in the centre of each extremity. In these corbels are sybils and prophets, 11 feet high; in the spaces between them are the generations of Jesus Christ; and in the centre of the cieling is the creation of the world to the deluge, and the intoxication of Noah. But superior to all is the figure of Adam, half on one surface and half on another; but in consequence of the perspective, it appears to be painted on the same plane. It is a profile, one arm of the cross is inwards, one outwards, and it looks detached from the wall. This is the more to be admired, as there were not then so many rules of perspective. There are also many females, habited in various and whimsical costumes, which sufficiently shew that Buonarroti knew how to arrange the draperies with grace and elegance, although he had a greater proportion of naked figures, evincing the superiority of his drawing, and his perfect knowledge of the play of the muscles.' —vol. i. pp. 270—272.

In 1546, Michael Angelo was declared architect of St. Peter's. He refused this charge at first, alleging that architecture was not his profession; but at length was prevailed on to accept the situation, on the condition that he should receive no reward for his labour! He had full liberty to pull down and rebuild as he thought fit. We shall give a few of Milizia's observations on Buonarroti's share in that stupendous edifice, and on his general merits as an architect.

'In the church of St. Peter, we see the architectural grandeur of Michael Angelo. He rejected, and with reason, the design of Sangallo; he formed the plan of a well-proportioned and elegant Greek cross, terminating three extremities semicircularly, and the other square, with ample wings in the flank of the great nave. One single order of majestic Corinthian pilasters, decorate both the interior and exterior of this grand temple. The order of the façade was to have been the same, and of the same height, as that within. It is now ornamented with eight large pilasters, having three doors in the centre, and four large niches. The interpilasters, in which were the doors, were wider than those which contained the niches. Opposite to each pilaster a *column* was placed, forming a portico with seven *intercolumniations in front, it is* impossible to say whether these intercolumniations of various widths would have produced a good effect. The three centre intercolumniations were repeated, forming a double portico, the front terminated at the top by a pediment—we may also doubt if this would have looked well. The grand cupola had, as it were, the whole church for a base, on which it rose surrounded by the four smaller ones. The whole was on a grand, noble, beautiful, and majestic scale, and evinces the sublime talent of Buonarroti, exciting indignation towards those who have so disgracefully deformed it.

'The ornaments of the windows and niches, and the vaults of the superior niches above the necking of the pilasters, cannot certainly be admired; and how are we to endure those unsightly pediments over the large windows of the transept, whilst every pediment within must be considered useless? The attic, which surrounds the temple exteriorly, is too high; the windows badly formed, and the ornaments extremely heavy. This attic is so evidently irregular, that the advocates of Michael Angelo deny its being his. The drum of the cupola is superb, the figure of the latter excellent, and the mechanical part wonderful; but the lantern with those flambeaux is by no means agreeable: here, again, his admirers, as if paid by him to defend his works right or wrong, maintain that this also was not his design. The exterior basement of this great edifice is beautiful; but the numberless angles, with the pilasters, which make their appearance one under the other, are most insufferable.

'The church of St. Peter, and the sacristy of San Lorenzo at Florence, are the finest works of Buonarroti; and these, with every other, shew a genius in invention, sagacity in the arrangement, and a perfect knowledge of construction. But in his ornaments he took great liberties; he sometimes departed from all good rules, introduced a certain boldness, mixed with the whimsical, which were his peculiar characteristics in painting. He used to say that he knew little or nothing of architecture: this might merely be an expression of modesty. It is, however, certain that architecture was not his original profession. He still merits a distinguished rank among architects. If he had applied himself to discover its origin and rules, he would not have committed so many errors. His caprices have been a ladder for those of Borromini and the modern school. His famous saying, "We should have the compass in the eye," has been abused, and has made many architects sworn enemies to labour. It is impossible to have a knowledge of proportion without having had the compasses for some time in the hand; at the same time observing the best works, in order to form a just taste, and produce something valuable.—vol. i. pp. 295—297.

Milizia relates that, on opening Michael Angelo's coffin, twenty-five days after his death,—

'The body, though not embalmed, was found perfect, without the least unpleasant smell, appearing like an old man in a calm sleep. It is still more extraordinary, that on opening the sepulchre forty years afterwards, perhaps to repair it, the senator Filippo Buonarroti and many others being present, the body was still perfect; and the sole of one of his slippers flew off to the distance of two braccia, from being so dry.'—vol. i. p. 295

We have left ourselves scarcely any room to notice the very interesting criticisms which our author has written on the works and genius of Palladio, one of the most distinguished of modern architects. His books have been received with favour in every cultivated nation, particularly in this country, where they have a very numerous class of admirers. He is thought, however, by Milizia, to have 'studied rather to imitate the antique, than to examine if it were exempt from faults.' It is worthy of remark, that he always preferred constructing his edifices of brick, and casing them over with composition or marble. In this he also followed the ancients, observing that their edifices of burnt earth were more permanent than those of stone. The reason is obvious. Bricks being more porous, receive the cement, and soon form with it one entire mass, an advantage which stone does not possess. After noticing his principal defects, Milizia thus handsomely concludes Palladio's character.

> 'Nevertheless, Palladio is the Raphael of architecture, and most justly deserves to be studied above every other. His edifices were numberless, but he never was employed on magnificent and stupendous structures; these were rare, and fell to the lot only of the Michael Angelos and Berninis. Had an opportunity been afforded him, his majestic and simple style would have triumphed over every other. Of Palladio we may say with Pliny, "Beatos puto, quibus datum est aut facere scribenda, aut scribere legenda; beatissimos verò quibus utrumque." Palladio is then more than blessed, since he said and did things worthy not only of being written and repeated, but also of being looked at with pleasure, and eternally studied and imitated. Vicenza is grateful to her benefactor, and is, perhaps, the only city that has rewarded her Palladio.'—Vol. ii. p. 46.

In the life of Domenico Fontana, Milizia gives a very interesting account of that architect's operations for raising the obelisk of Theban marble, which remained standing, but partly interred, near the wall of the sacristy of St. Peter's, where was formerly the circus of Nero. It was transported from Italy in the time of Cæsar, and of the immense number of obelisks then in Rome, was the only one remaining entire. The labour of raising it was prodigious; the proceedings are described with great minuteness, at which one is not surprised, when it is known that they were made an important affair of state.

Milizia does not omit to pay due respect to our own great architects, Inigo Jones and Sir Christopher Wren. The greater part of the life of the latter, however, appears to have been written by a professional gentleman, to whose assistance Mrs. Cresy acknowledges herself indebted for it, and also for all the memoirs after page 372, in the second volume. But as we have already accomplished our purpose, of introducing to the reader, a work which might otherwise not have found its way beyond the profession, and as we have sufficiently indicated its general merits, we shall conclude with recommending it as a very proper accompaniment to the Dictionary of Painters, and equally worthy of an honourable place in every gentleman's library.

Art. III. *The German Novelists: Tales selected from ancient and modern Authors, in that Language: from the earliest Period down to the close of the Eighteenth Century.* Translated from the Originals, with Critical and Biographical Notices. By Thomas Roscoe. 4 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 18*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

We can scarcely imagine any task of editorial management more embarrassing than that which Mr. Roscoe has chosen to impose upon himself; as well in the present undertaking, as in his previous and similar series of the Italian Novelists. In languages abounding in works of fiction, it must be exceedingly difficult to regulate the preference of such specimens; and it is marvellously easy to discover that the collection, when made, might have been better composed. For a cabinet of national tales, the limits of a few volumes can never thoroughly satisfy the object desired, nor enable the compiler to avert every charge that may be raised against his judgment. Something must always be omitted that it may be declared proper to have inserted; and some pieces will still be found in the series, that the fastidious critic could desire to replace by others (in his opinion) of superior merit.

Perplexing as we know the business of selection in these cases to be, and obvious and common-place as is the power of raising a hundred objections against even the best choice of such difficulties, we shall carefully abstain from all rigid criticism on the mere plan of the English version of the 'German Novelists,' which Mr. Roscoe has offered to our notice. A more voluminous collection than he has given, might only have proved repulsive or wearisome to the public taste; and within the limits to which he has restricted himself, he has perhaps collected as much variety, and exhibited as many characteristic specimens of the imaginative prose literature of Germany, as it was possible to compress into four moderately sized volumes. We will promise the English reader that the series of these selected tales shall sufficiently familiarize him with the whole tenor of German fiction; that they shall give him a full insight into the peculiar passion for the wild and the horrible, the monstrous and the grotesque, which seems to have belonged to the Teutonic mind in all ages; and that they shall enable him thoroughly to appreciate the nature and real value of the romantic literature of Germany, which, among us, it has been for some years so much a fashion to extol. More than all this, no collection of the kind can of itself aspire to effect.

The numerous translations of single German novels which have lately appeared,—Mr. Soane's specimens of the national romance, which we noticed in a late number,*—this series of pieces which Mr. Roscoe has selected,—and the similar collection promised from the pen of Mr. Gillies,—all these publications will have rendered our language the repository for a great portion of the best and worst German fictions; and our veriest homebred lovers of etters may henceforth judge for themselves, of what materials the magination and taste of the Germans are compounded.

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* See Monthly Review, No. x. p. 464.

We suspect that the result of this more intimate acquaintance will not tend to support, still less to increase, whatever measure of respect may happen to have been entertained for the national mind of that people. In truth, its all-pervading quality is only unbounded extravagance, both of fancy and feeling. The German novelist almost invariably confounds the monstrous conceptions of whatever is most strange, terrific, and impossible, with the legitimate province of imagination. He "sups his full of horrors," and has only a nightmare for the result. He cares not how violently and absurdly he outrages all the laws of the natural world: it is enough if he has spurned the bounds of real creation, and it matters not whither he may speed in the insanity of his course. He has the complacent conviction that he must be soaring in the elevation of genius, only because he has quitted the region of common sense. No German writer of novel or romance, seems ever to have the most distant suspicion, that it is possible to fall into absurdity; nor to be moved with the slightest dread of the ridiculous: nothing is too revolting and unnatural in horror, too puerile and inconsistent in design, too grovelling or too absurd in detail, for his diseased invention. In the relation of domestic fortunes, he mistakes frothy rhapsody for "the sentiment of the heart," voluptuous impurity of thought for the workings of the finer passions, a loose morality for metaphysical causation, affectation for pathos, buffoonery for humour, and ribaldry for wit.

We refer not here to any two or three German writers in particular, nor even to any single class of productions among the stores of their national fiction, but to the general features and attributes of their imaginative literature. Doubtless, there are a few pieces of very high merit in German fiction, but these can form no average standard of excellence; and we are convinced that the great mass of less worthy specimens, which the zeal of translators has clothed in an English garb, will go far to reduce German imaginative literature to its proper estimation in this country. By the partiality of a few scholars, its enthusiastic admirers, it has certainly been vastly overrated; and their report has been implicitly credited by all persons not better informed: the public can now decide for itself.

In opening these volumes, we had expected to find Mr. Roscoe's translations prefaced by an essay on the history of German fiction. Such a paper would form a natural and obvious introduction to a work, which professes to offer a 'selection, with critical and biographical notices, from ancient and modern authors, in that language, from the earliest period to the close of the last century.' It must form, we presumed, a necessary part of such an undertaking, to describe the rise and *progress* of imaginative narration among the *people, one great department* of whose literature was thus to be displayed. Some attempt, we conceived, would be m trace the remote origin of traditions and legends, which hav used for the foundation of popular national tales, and beco terwoven with the superstitions, tastes, and manners of the try; and the transition would be gradual and consecuti observe the important influence of these early productions the inventive talent of later ages.

But we have been disappointed: Mr. Roscoe has wholly s from the effort to present us with any introductory and expla sketch of this kind; and he has used a short and meagre only to plead his apology and justification for the omission dwells much on the difficulties of such an attempt, on the d repulsive nature of 'black-letter researches,' and on the inc tibility of antiquarian inquiries with the light and popular m of his text. He declares his fear of fatiguing the attention readers; and concludes, in modesty or indolence, with con his own want of ability for the learned office of a comme We cannot assent to any part of this reasoning. Antiquar searches are only wearisome and uninteresting, when th abandoned to mere laborious drudges, who infect their subje their own dullness. Our Wartons, our Percys, our Ellis Scotts, are brilliant examples of the easy and elegant attr which minds gifted with imagination and taste can throw such studies. And the difficulties of an essay on the narra tion of Germany, should surely in this day be regarded alarm by a mind of ordinary learning, ingenuity, or industr

The materials for a complete, and at the same time lig general view of the subject, are in fact abundant. The e remarks on ancient Teutonic poetry and romance, contai Weber's Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, carry the i back to the first faint dawn of German fiction; and vario dern works by learned natives, may lead him through the r progress of the national imaginative literature. In the in and erudite prefaces to the Folks-sagen of Von Otmar, a Folks-märchen of Gottschalck, there exists a rich mine of ledge, on the popular traditions of Germany, and the founded thereupon. Flögel's History of Comic Literature chichte der Komischen Litteratur) curiously marks the gr the national humourous fiction, such as it is, which can prov slow merriment of all classes of his phlegmatic countrymen Folks-bücher of Görres, and the Folks-sagen of Büsching, in themselves sufficient matter for illustration and evidence, composition and progressive increase of the stores of popu tion; and the well-known Kinder and Haus-märchen of th and enthusiastic antiquarians, the brothers Grimm, are ac nied by the most valuable notices on the various tales whic produced, or naturalized, in their country, during the middl *With all this* mass of German fiction, and all the lear

man commentators before us,—and Mr. Roscoe is evidently
necessarily familiar with the writings of several of them,—it is
ly idle to talk of a want of materials, or of the difficulties of
iposing a prefatory and comprehensive view of their common
ject. The absence of such an introduction is a serious defect
his work.

he early prose fiction of Germany constitutes by far a more cu-
is and attractive fund of whimsical entertainment, than the
e ambitious, and not less extravagant, productions of her mo-
a novelists and romance writers. We can tolerate the absur-
es of a rude age, and smile over the tales of fantastic wonder-
it and preternatural terror, which exercised the credulity, and
ed the awe, of a simple and superstitious people. We read such
igs for the evidence which they afford of the state of society in
-civilized times. They teach us to mark the first wild and un-
ivated flights of imagination; they shew us how the early
es of nations were moulded, how their feelings were awakened,
r manners formed and affected; and often how rude precepts
irtue were inculcated. They smack of the quaint attributes of
r times, both in the writers and listeners. We view the gross
avagances of such works, through a very different medium
i that in which it is possible to regard the grave follies and
ited taste of the national fictions of these days. It is difficult
xtend our toleration to the elaborate extravagances of modern
man romance, which, in the boasted age of cultivated know-
e and refinement, would rival the monstrous improbabilites,
iout being able to claim the originality, of a barbarous intellect.
he first story of the olden time, which Mr. Roscoe has printed
is collection, is the pleasant history of Reineke Fuchs, or Rey-
l the Fox. The origin of this amusing tale is involved in much
urity; and the most ancient extant version of it bears date no
ier than the fifteenth century. But it appears among the
iest printed works of Germany and England; and we have no
bt that the original was of far greater antiquity. At whatever
ise time it was composed, it is assuredly one of the most cu-
s satires of the middle ages; and the vein of sly and caustic
iour which runs through it, would do no discredit to the mor-
ious talent of Swift himself. It was evidently personal in its
lication; and whether the prototype of the principal character
chancellor of the duchy of Juliers, or a duke of Lorraine, as
wisdom of divers German commentators has variously disco-
d, Reynard the Fox will ever have his exemplars in the annals
iuman courts. He is the wily minister and favourite of the
g of the beasts; and by his endless plots and intrigues, he not
imposes upon his royal master, the lion, but throws the whole
st court into disorders, which he turns to his egregious and
ifest profit. Instead of attempting a modern translation from

the German, Mr. Roscoe has here, judiciously enough, used an old English version of the tale, the language of which has a quaintness somewhat in keeping with the antiquity of the original. We must find room to illustrate the whimsical conduct of the allegory.

At a solemn court of the beasts, held by Lion the autocrat, divers animals came forward to prefer charges of murder, felony, and other high crimes and misdemeanors against the absent Reynard. Sir Isegrim the wolf, Curtise the hound, the panther, and Kayward the hare, have all their accusations of him to make before the throne of majesty. But Grimbard the goat, the kinsman of Reynard, replies to them with the following goodly defence :—

'Then spoke Grimbard, who was Reynard's sister's son, being much moved by anger: "Isegrim, you are malicious, and it is a common proverb, that 'malice never yet spake well;' and what can you advance against my kinsman, Reynard? I wish you had only to encounter the risk, that whichever of you had most injured the other, was to be hanged, and die a felon's death; for I tell you, were he here in court, and as much in our monarch's favour as you are, it would be but small satisfaction for you to beg mercy. You have many times bitten and torn my kinsman with your venomous teeth, and much oftener than I can reckon; though I will recal some instances to your shame. Can you have forgotten how you cheated him in regard to the plaice which he threw down from the cart, while you followed aloof for fear? Yet you devoured the good plaice alone, and left him nothing but the bones, which you could not eat yourself. You played the same trick with the fat flitch of bacon, which was so good, that you took care to devour the whole of it yourself. When my uncle entreated his share, you retorted with scorn: 'Fair young man, you shall surely have your share,' and yet you gave him nothing, although he won it at great hazard, inasmuch as the owner contrived to catch my kinsman in a sack, from which he with difficulty got away with his life. Such injuries hath this Isegrim done to Reynard; and I beseech your lordships to judge if they are sufferable. Again he complains, that my kinsman hath wronged him in his wife; and true it is, that Reynard could boast her favour seven years before friend Isegrim did wed her. But if my uncle, out of courtesy, did pay her attentions, what is that to him? he took her for better and worse; nor ought he to complain of any foregoing transaction not belonging to him. Wisdom, indeed, would have concealed it, for what credit can he get by the slander of his own wife, especially when she is not aggrieved!

'Next comes Kayward the hare, with his complaint in his throat, which seems to be a mere trifle. If he will learn to read and sing, and read not his lesson aright, who will blame the schoolmaster for giving him a little wholesome correction: for if scholars are not sometimes beaten and chastised, depend upon it, they will never learn. Lastly, Curtise complains, that he had stolen a pudding with infinite pains out of the window, at a season when victuals are scarce. Would not silence better have become such a transaction? for he stole it: 'Male quæsisti, et male perdidisti;' *it was evil won,* and evil lost; and who shall dare to blame Reynard for the seizure of stolen goods from a thief? It is reasonable, that he who understands law, and can discern equity, being also of high birth, as my kinsman is, should do justice to the law. Nay, had he hanged up the hound when he took him in the fact, he could have offended none but the king in doing justice without leave. Yet, out of respect to his majesty he did it not, though he reaps small thanks for his labour; thus subjected to the vilest calumnies, which greatly affect him. For my uncle is a true and loyal gentleman, nor can he endure falsehood; he does nothing without the counsel of the priest, and I assert, that since our lord the king proclaimed peace, he never dreamed of injuring any man. He lives like a recluse; only eats one meal a day, and it is now a year since he tasted flesh, as I have been truly informed by some of his friends who saw him only yesterday. He has moreover left his castle Malepardus, and abandoned his princely establishment, confining all his wishes to a poor hermitage. He has forsworn hunting, and scattered abroad his wealth, living alone by alms and good men's charities; doing infinite penance for his sins; so that he is become pale and lean with praying and fasting, for he would fain be with God.'

'Thus, while Grimbard stood preaching, they perceived coming down the hill towards them, stout Chanticleer the cock, who brought upon a bier a dead hen, whose head Reynard had bitten clean off, and it was brought before the king to take cognizance thereof.'—vol. i. pp. 14—17.

Reynard is summoned to court to answer these heavy charges; but he seems only to aggravate his guilt by the treacherous and cruel stratagems which he successively plays off to punish the two royal messengers, his enemy, Bruin the bear, and Tibert the cat. At length, his nephew, Grimbard, persuades him to come to court and face his enemies; but, notwithstanding all his artful address, the proofs of his accumulated guilt are so undeniable, that he is condemned to be hanged. The air of resignation and meekness which he now assumes is very amusing.

'As the king was thus pondering, Tibert said to Sir Bruin, "Why are you so slow in the execution of your sentence, and you Sir Isegrim? See you not there are many bushes and hedges; it is near evening, and if the prisoner escape, his subtlety is so great, that all the art in the world will never again entangle him. If you mean to execute him, proceed quickly. ---It will be night before the gallows can be made." At these words Isegrim exclaimed, suddenly recollecting himself, "There is a pair of gallows hard by;" at the same time he fetched a deep sigh! "What, are you afraid, Sir Isegrim; or is this execution against your mind!" said Tibert, "remember the hanging of both your kinsmen was his work. Had you now a proper sense of justice, you would hang him for the same, and not stand trifling thus." Isegrim, half angry, answered, "Your anger puts out the eye of your better reason, though if we had a halter that would fit his neck, we would soon despatch him." Reynard, who had long remained silent, said; "Yes, I beseech you to shorten my pain; Sir Tibert has a cord strong enough, in which he himself was hanged at the priest's house, when he got betweeen the holy man's legs and bit him so dreadfully. Besides, he can climb well; let him mount and be my executioner; for it would be a discredit both to Sir Bruin and Sir Isegrim, thus to treat their own nephew.* I am sorry I live to see it; but since you are resolved to be my hangman, play your parts and delay not. Go before, uncle Bruin, and lead the way: follow me Isegrim, my cousin, and beware I escape not." "You say well," said Bruin, "it is the best counsel I ever heard you give."

'So forth they went, and Isegrim and all his friends guarded Reynard, leading him by the neck and other parts of his body, at which usage the fox felt quite dismayed. Yet he said meekly, "Why put yourself to all this trouble, my best kinsman? Believe me, I could well entreat your forgiveness, though you rejoice in my sufferings. Still I know, that did my aunt, your wife, see what was passing, she would not see me thus cruelly tormented, were it only for old affection's sake. But do with me as you will; I must endure the worst: as for Bruin and Tibert, I leave my revenge to justice, and to you the reward of traitors. I know my worst, fortune and death can come but once. I wish it were already past, for to me it is no terror. I saw my brave father die, and how quickly he vanished! The worst of death is therefore familiar to me." "Then," said Sir Isegrim, "let us make haste, for his curse shall not light upon me by delaying;" so he on one side, and Sir Bruin on the other, they led the fox to the gallows; Tibert skipping before them with the halter.'—vol. i. pp. 51—53.

Reynard, however, saves himself at the gallows-tree, by a pertended unburthening of his misdeeds, in which he is made, with much adroitness, while he extenuates his own guilt, to accuse all his enemies as the corrupters of his innocence; and he alarms the king, by the false account of a treasonable conspiracy, in which he implicates them. The whole of this "last dying speech and confession" of Sir Reynard is very humourously contrived: the culprit receives a free pardon in return for his disclosures; he is, moreover, taken into the royal favour and high honour; his enemies are disgraced and plundered to enrich him, and he himself hypocritically quits the court, under pretence of making a pilgrimage to atone for his past sins.

The second part of the tale is little more than a repetition, with some variations, of the first. Reynard becomes again audacious in guilt; and this time, after slaying Kayward the hare outright, and devouring his carcase, he sends his head in derision to the king. For this, and other deeds of blood, he is, as before, accused in his absence, and summoned to court to defend himself; and now also he succeeds a second time in imposing upon the king by his flatteries. His mode of propitiation is very amusing.

'"May that divine power from which nothing can be hidden, save the lord my king, and my sovereign lady the queen, and give them grace to know who has right, and who has wrong; for there are many false shews in the world, and the countenance betrays not the heart. Yet I wish it were openly revealed, and that every creature's trespass stood written on his forehead, although it cost me the uttermost of my substance; or that your majesty knew me as well as I do myself, and how I devote myself early and late, to your majesty's service. To this I owe the malice of my enemies, who envy me your majesty's grace and favour. I have indeed cause to cry shame upon those who have so deadly belied me; yet I know that my sovereign lord and lady will not be imposed upon by their malicious falsehoods. Your majesties will consider all things according to the right of your laws: it is only justice I look for, and desire that the guilty may feel the full weight of his punishment. Believe me, dear lord, it shall be seen before I leave your court, who I am: one, who though he cannot flatter, will shew his face with unshrinking eye, and an unblemished forehead.

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* "The violence of the bear, the wolf, and the cat, pursuing Reynard even to execution, shews the malice of great persons against their enemies. The fox's patience and mild temper, also shews, that when men are in extremity, they must make use of all their virtues, especially meekness, which most insinuates itself into men's good opinion, and excites compassion; while rudeness and violence only increase the mischief."—*Ex. from Old Eng. Comm.*

'All that stood in the royal presence were amazed, and looked at each other, when the fox spoke so boldly. But the king, with a stately countenance, replied: "Sir Reynard, I know you are expert in fallacies; but words will no longer avail you. I believe this day will be the last of your glory and your disgrace; therefore I will not chide you much, because I intend you shall live so short a time. The love you bear me, has been shewn to the coney and the rook; your reward shall be a short life on earth. There is an ancient saying: 'a pot may go long to the water, but will come home broken in the end:' and your crimes, though so long successful, shall now pay the penalty with death."

'At these words, Reynard was stricken with fear, and wished himself far away; yet he found he must put the best face upon it, whatever fortune might betide. He therefore said: "My sovereign lord; it is but justice that you hear me, in answer to my accusers; for were my faults more heinous than any can make them, equity calls for a hearing from the accused. I have done the state some service with my counsels, and may do so still. I have never deserted your majesty in emergencies, when others shrunk from your side. If my enemies then utter slanders, have I not a right to complain. It was once otherwise, and time may bring round the old course, for the actions of good servants ought not to be forgotten. I see here many of my kindred and friends, who now make no account of me, but can venture to deprive you of the best servant you possess. Had I been guilty, should I have dared to have made my appearance thus voluntarily, in the very throng and press of my enemies. That would have been madness, indeed, more especially when I was at full liberty; but heaven be thanked I know my enemies, and dare encounter them, innocent as I am. Had I not laboured under the censure of the church, I would have sooner appeared; but when my uncle brought me the tidings, I was wandering sorrowfully on the heath, where I met my uncle Martin, the ape, who far exceeded any other priest, in his pastoral duties, having been chaplain to the bishop of Cambrick, these nine years."'—vol. i. pp. 93—95.

After wheedling the king in this manner, Sir Reynard thus cunningly exculpates himself from the murder of Kayward the hare:

'Then Reynard *again held up his* head, and said: "Alas, my sovereign *lord, what is that you said? Is good* Kayward the hare then dead? where then is Bellin the ram? These are strange tidings I hear. What did Bellin bring to your majesty at his return? for my part I delivered him three rich inestimable jewels, which I would not have detained from your majesty for all the wealth of India. One of them was directed for my lord the king, the other two for my sovereign lady the queen." "Yet I received nothing," said the king, "but the head of poor murdered Kayward, for which I executed my chaplain the ram instantly, as he confessed the crime to have been done by his advice and counsel." "Can this be true?" cried the fox; "then woe is me, that ever I was born: the finest jewels that ever were possessed by any earthly prince are lost and gone. I had rather have died, before your majesty should be thus defrauded; and I know that it will be the death of my wife, she will never more put trust me."'—vol. i. pp. 101, 102.

By the story of the jewels, Reynard recovers the king's favour; but he is still charged as a traitor, and dared to single combat by Sir Isegrim the wolf. Reynard, though sore afraid, takes up the gage, and the champions enter the lists before the assembled court. Here the subtle one again prevails, and Reynard, by a filthy stratagem, quite characteristic of the taste of the age which produced the story, vanquishes his adversary. After this he is promoted to great dignities, and becomes all powerful at court. He is created lord high chancellor, and absolute minister, and lives all the rest of his days in renown and honour, "with infinite joy and content."

This 'pleasant history' of Sir Reynard is, to our taste, at least, by far the best and most amusing in the whole series. Its primary curiosity is certainly as a keen contemporary satire upon some court of the middle ages, typifying the rapine and violence, the intrigues and iniquity, the fraud and injustice, which were every where triumphant in the feudal governments. But its merit is not confined to all this, as a mere picture of ephemeral manners; it is full of that wisdom of practical life, and that sarcastic knowledge of human nature, which is applicable to every age of the world. We are surprised that the tale has not maintained its popularity both in Germany and England, and that it is not more generally read in both countries, even in our own times. Göthe, indeed, has given an excellent version of it, which Mr. Roscoe should not have confined himself to describe merely as 'an imitation, composed in hexameter verse, and in modern phraseology.' For Göthe's version, which may be aptly likened to Pope's modernized paraphrases of some of Chaucer's tales, has many circumstances to recommend it beyond the merit of being "done into hexameters." In its spirited style it is any thing but a mere imitation or translation, and the humour is often an improvement upon the original story. Advantage might have been taken of it to institute a comparison between the manner of the old and the modern writer, and thus to enliven the point of the ancient prose story by introducing a few poetical fragments in translation from the modern tale.

The next place in Mr. Roscoe's volumes is assigned to the famous book of Enlenspiegel, as he is called in his German cognomen, but better known to English ears, as, "Howleglass, the merry jester;" for his quips and cranks, whether it was Germany which first echoed to them or not, have gone the round of all Christian tongues. But, sooth to say, we lack a portion of the sportive vein of our forefathers; nor does our taste at all respond to the enthusiastic delight with which Görres can still relish "the genuine humour," as he calls it, of Enlenspiegel. We perfectly admit the propriety with which Mr. Roscoe has introduced this budget of old comic German fiction into his collection; but the history of Howleglass appears to us, like the other professed jest books of the middle ages—and indeed of all other ages—but a very dull and leaden contrivance, for the exciting of merriment. The heartier spirits of the olden time, nevertheless, deemed far otherwise of the merits of Enlenspiegel; and who shall presume to say, that there was less wisdom in their mirth, than in the fastidious bearing of these days?

We come next to the renowned Doctor Faustus; of whom, since German literature has been a rage in our circles, our readers have probably heard enough, and more than enough. For the famous tragedy of Göthe has appeared, in translations, specimens, and fragments of translation, *usque ad nauseam,* in our language. Of this old hero of northern diablerie, Mr. Roscoe has of course given us the achievements, from that popular German work, the "Veritable History of his lamentable and execrable Sins and Punishments," &c. Our compiler has farther been at great and fruitless pains to establish the authentic existence of Faust, and to settle the precise date of his compact with the evil one, somewhere about the sixteenth century. He supports his inquiries by quotations from Melancthon, and others, and by the authority of Görres, who thinks, that "there is little doubt of his being an historical personage, who had wit to take advantage of the times in which he lived, and whose superior intellect and adroitness worked upon the superstitious fears and prejudices of his countrymen, to which he was indebted for so much of his notoriety."

But even with these hypotheses, our author's success in fixing the epoch at which the great doctor of "magicke" flourished, has been but indifferent; and he has omitted to notice a more probable conjecture than any advanced by him on the subject, which would seem to identify the far-famed magician with one of the innocent inventors of the *black art* of typography. John Faust, or Fust, of Mayence, was one of the printers of the first edition of the Latin Vulgate; and the story of the danger which he underwent of being burnt for a necromancer, has been repeated by an ingenious and elegant living writer, though with a prudent caveat of its truth. At Paris, *Fust is said to have sold the produce of the new art, as manuscripts.* "The price," says Mr. Mills, (Travels of

Theodore Ducas), "was infinitely below the usual demand for the labours of transcribers; copies appeared to be multiplied beyond the power of the pen, and the people attributed to necromancy, what they denied to human ingenuity. The magistrates were infected by this popular delirium. They searched Faust's apartments; many copies of the Bible were found; the existence of the compact with the Devil was evident; and the red ink of the initials of the Bible was said to be the blood of the poor German. The parliament of Paris, however, corrected the folly of the people, and encouraged Fust for the importance of his art."

Among the modern Germans who have taken Faustus for their hero, it is rather singular that Mr. Roscoe has not mentioned Klinger, although his version is, in its kind, perhaps, as interesting as Göthe's: for if the latter be more poetical, the former is, as a German would say, more *philosophical*. Schinck, Schreiber, and Müller should also have been noticed, as having treated the subject.

Mr. Roscoe's second volume is appropriately filled with the tales of Otmar, Gottschalck, Eberhardt, Büsching, the Grimms, Lothar, and La Motte Fouqué; and as the pieces of all these novelists, but the last, are expressly founded upon the ancient popular traditions and stories of their country, this part of our compiler's selections, naturally succeeds the genuine old literature contained in his first volume, and forms so many connecting links in the series, between it and the more modern fiction of Germany. As there are above forty of these short tales, founded on local and oral tradition, we cannot of course pretend to notice them individually, nor even to enter, within our limits, into any general observations upon them. But we shall transcribe a single one—Peter Klaus, the goatherd—which may possess some curiosity, for the reader, as the evident source from whence Mr. Washington Irving's amusing legend of Rip Van Winkle is derived.

'In the village of Littendorf at the foot of a mountain lived Peter Klaus, a goatherd, who was in the habit of pasturing his flock upon the Kyffhâusen hills. Towards evening he generally let them browze upon a green plot not far off, surrounded with an old ruined wall from which he could take a muster of his whole flock.

'For some days past he had observed that one of his prettiest goats, soon after its arrival at this spot, usually disappeared, nor joined the fold again until late in the evening. He watched her again and again, and at last found that she slipped through a gap in the old wall, whither he followed her. It led into a passage which widened as he went into a cavern; and here he saw the goat employed in picking up the oats that fell through some crevices in the place above. He looked up, shook his ears at this odd shower of corn, but could discover nothing. Where the deuce could it come from? At length he heard over his head the neighing and stamping of horses; he listened, and concluded that the oats must have fallen through the manger when they were fed. The poor goatherd was sadly puzzled what to think of th[illegible]orses in this uninhabited part of the moun tain, but so it was, for the groom making his appearance, without saying a word beckoned him to follow him. Peter obeyed, and followed him up some steps which brought him into an open court-yard surrounded by old walls. At the side of this was a still more spacious cavern, surrounded by rocky heights which only admitted a kind of twilight through the overhanging trees and shrubs. He went on, and came to a smooth shaven green, where he saw twelve ancient knights, none of whom spoke a word, engaged in playing at nine pins. His guide now beckoned to Peter in silence, to pick up the nine pins, and went his way. Trembling every joint Peter did not venture to disobey, and at times he cast a stolen glance at the players, whose long beards and slashed doublets were not at all in the present fashion. By degrees his looks grew bolder; he took particular notice of every thing round him; among other things observing a tankard near him filled with wine, whose odour was excellent, he took a good draught. It seemed to inspire him with life: and whenever he began to feel tired of running, he applied with fresh ardour to the tankard, which always renewed his strength. But finally it quite overpowered him, and he fell asleep.

'When he next opened his eyes he found himself on the grass-plot again, in the old spot where he was in the habit of feeding his goats. He rubbed his eyes, he looked round, but could see neither dog nor flock; he was surprized at the long rank grass that grew about him, and at trees and bushes which he had never before seen. He shook his head and walked a little farther, looking for the old sheep path and the hillocks and roads where he used daily to drive his flock; but he could find no traces of them left. Yet he saw the village just before him; it was the same Sittendorf, and scratching his head he hastened at a quick pace down the hill to enquire after his flock.

'All the people whom he met going into the place were strangers to him, were differently dressed, and even spoke in a different style to his old neighbours. When he asked about his goats, they only stared at him, and fixed their eyes upon his chin. He put his hand unconsciously to his mouth, and to his great surprize found that he had got a beard, at least a foot long. He now began to think that both he and all the world about him were in a dream: and yet he knew the mountain for that of the Kyffhâusen (for he had just come down it) well enough. And there were the cottages with their gardens and grass-plots, much as he had left them. Besides the lads who had all collected round him, answered to the enquiry of a passenger, what place it was, "Sittendorf, Sir."

'Still shaking his head, he went farther into the village to look for his own house. He found it, but greatly altered for the worse; a strange goatherd in an old tattered frock lay before the door, and near him his old dog, which growled and shewed its teeth at Peter when he called him. He went through the entrance which had once a door, but all within was empty and deserted; Peter staggered like a drunken man out of the house, and called for his wife and children by their names. But no one heard him, and no one gave him any answer.

'Soon, however, a crowd of women and children got round the inquisitive stranger, with the long hoary beard; and asked him what it was he wanted? Now Peter *thought it was* such a strange kind of thing to stand *before his own house, enquiring for* his own wife and children, as well as about himself, that evading these enquiries he pronounced the first nam that came into his head: "Kurt Steffen, the blacksmith?" Most of th spectators were silent, and only looked at him wistfully, till an old woma at last said: "Why, for these twelve years he has been at Sachsenburg whence I suppose you are not come to day." "Where is Valentin Meier, the tailor?" "The Lord rest his soul," cried another old woman leaning upon her crutch, "he has been lying more than these fifteen year in a house he will never leave."

'Peter recognized in the speakers, two of his young neighbours wh seemed to have grown old very suddenly, but he had no inclination to en quire any farther. At this moment there appeared making her way througl the crowd of spectators, a sprightly young woman with a year old baby i her arms, and a girl about four taking hold of her hand, all three as lik his wife he was seeking for as possible. "What are your names?" h enquired in a tone of great surprize, "Mine is Maria." "And you father's?" continued Peter. "God rest his soul! Peter Klaus to be sure It is now twenty years ago since we were all looking for him day and nigh upon the Kyffhäusen; for his flock came home without him, and I wa then," continued the woman, "only seven years old."

'The goatherd could no longer bear this: "I am Peter Klaus," he said, "Peter and no other," and he took his daughter's child and kissed it. The spectators appeared struck dumb with astonishment, until first one and then another began to say, "Yes, indeed, this is Peter Klaus! Welcome, good neighbour, after twenty years' absence, welcome home." vol. ii. pp. 55—60.

With the exception of a single tale from Musæus—the Dumb Lover---which sufficiently exemplifies the style of that pleasing writer, the whole of Mr. Roscoe's third volume is filled with the novels or romances of Schiller. And here we cannot refrain from inquiring, why our compiler has thought fit to devote this large portion of his undertaking to translations from a writer, already so celebrated, and so familiar to the English public; while he ha omitted to insert any extracts from the other most famous modern German works of imagination, which may be said to belong t the same class as those of Schiller. We have disclaimed the wish to criticise severely the plan of any selection of such difficulty a that in which Mr. Roscoe has engaged; but we have a right t expect, at least, some consistency in his choice. As we observed in noticing Mr. Soane's specimens of German romance, we shoul be disposed altogether to reject in such a work the too famou names of Wieland, Schiller, Göthe, Kotzebue: but why glea from one of them only, and that one, perhaps, the most familiar t the English reader, and neglect all the rest? Why discard Joh Paul Richter and Claudius, Pichler and Kruse, novelists of grea popularity with their own countrymen, and almost unknown t ours; while Schiller, with whose pieces all the world are alread so thoroughly acquainted, is exhibited at full length?

The tales of Schiller, however, can never be read without inte rest. Of those here introduced by Mr. Roscoe, the most famou is the Ghost-Seer—or "Apparitionist," as he is pleased to render its title. It is certainly a very powerful delineation of the effects upon an original but imaginative mind, of a growing belief in supernatural agency, as connected with its own destiny. The second part of the tale is comparatively feeble and unsatisfactory, and quite unworthy of the first. It is singular that Schiller does not appear ever to have visited Venice, the scene of Geisterseher, whose adventures are interwoven in some of our most romantic associations, with that "fairy city of the heart;" and such is the creative power of genius, that while, in the poetical thought of Byron--

—Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakspeare's art
Has stamped her image in *us*—

the unvisited scenes of Venice, over which the aerial spells of all these master spirits are thrown, existed for them all but in the dream of fancy. Schiller's Sport of Destiny, and the Criminal, though of inferior power to the Ghost-Seer, bear the stamp of his mind; but the two last pieces selected by Mr. Roscoe, Fraternal Magnanimity, and A Walk among the Linden Trees, scarcely deserved a place with the others.

The contents of the fourth volume before us are much below all the preceding parts of the series in interest and value. They consist but of pieces from three modern novelists: Tieck, Langbein, and Engel. To the real merits of Ludwig Tieck as a dramatic commentator and critic, we rendered full testimony in a late number*, notwithstanding the absurd mysticism in which, even in his theatrical strictures, he so sedulously envelopes his thoughts. But considered merely as a novelist, he is a complete exemplar of all the most extravagant horror-mongers who infest the literature of Germany. Of the three tales here given, the Tannenhäuser is full of wild preternatural terrors; Egbert Auburn is a medley of "maudlin faerie" and revolting tragedy, and Love Magic is a perfect incubus of the imagination, in which the beauteous heroine is tempted by the devil to cut the throat of a child, for the sake of feeding a green-eyed dragon, and raising a potent love-charm from its blood! Two of Tieck's more amusing productions, the Pictures and the Betrothing, have already been "done into English;" and we observe a translation announced, as in the press, of his most famous novel, Sternbald, the travelling painter, which is certainly a superior production, though far too long for insertion in the present series. Its action is laid at the most brilliant age of the arts; and though its incidents are few, Tieck, in conducting his hero through different countries of Europe, has made an ingenious and pleasing use of the old machinery of the "voyage imaginaire."

Langbein is a writer of very different cast from Tieck, and has produced, with less power perhaps, several compositions of far more rational and probable interest. Marianne Richards, or the Memoirs of an Actress, one of his pieces here introduced, is a well told and affecting tale; and there is considerable humour in some of the other specimens selected by our compiler. We cannot speak in equal commendation of his choice from Engel for his concluding tales. That writer can boast only at best a mediocrity of merit; and the stories printed by Mr. Roscoe will scarcely support even this reputation. Engel is perpetually repeating himself; and Toby Wilt's sayings, which have received a place in this collection, may be found again in Lorenz Stark, of which Mr. Gans's translation has just appeared. To the construction of that novel, his most popular, and perhaps his best, Engel is said in Germany to have devoted *nine years*.

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* *Monthly* Review, No. x. p. 470.

Our opinion of the general merits of Mr. Roscoe's work, as exhibiting a series of fair specimens of the German fiction of successive ages, is to be gleaned from the tenor of the preceding remarks; and it will be seen that we have, on the whole, been led to think very favourably of the propriety of the selections, and of the editorial judgment and taste with which they are arranged. The work altogether has realized its object; and Mr. Roscoe deserves the praise of having collected into an English version a sufficient portion of the imaginative prose literature of Germany, not only to yield a great deal of amusement, but to familiarize every reader with the prominent characteristics which have hitherto distinguished the national fiction of that country. We are sorry that we cannot extend this eulogy to the mode in which the task of rendering the selections into English has always been accomplished. The tales shew so much inequality in the translation, that we are almost tempted to believe them the work of various hands. The language is often inelegant, careless, and slovenly; strict grammatical accuracy seems to have been nowhere attempted; and vulgarisms of all sorts occur, as it were, habitually in the greatest part of the text. Thus we have the adjective for the adverb:—as (vol. i, p. 207,) "His wife inquired how the merchant had enjoyed his journey? Oh, *delightful*, cried the merchant," for delightfully. In p. 205, of the same volume, we have, "He shall see me there," for, he shall *accompany me thither*. And at p. 129, by a strange practical blunder, we are told, "*Human* nature could endure no more, Sir Isegrim fell over in a deadly fit," &c. The human nature of a wolf! But throughout the book we have *sang* misused for *sung*, *sprung* instead of *sprang*, *shrunk* instead of *shrank*, *drank* instead of *drunk*. Now this is always wrong; but in construing from the German particularly, the fault must rest with the translator: for no native can possibly, in that language, mingle or confound the imperfect tense and the participle.

With respect even to the fidelity with which the meaning of the original is rendered by the translator, his knowledge or care is often very questionable. We do not pretend to have compared the fourth, or the tenth part, of the various contents of his volumes with the German; but *one* tale we certainly have subjected to a close investigation; and the result has been any thing but favourable to the credit of the translator's general accuracy. Our familiarity with Schiller's pathetic tale of the Criminal, led us more particularly to observe the general defects of the English version; and a nearer inspection has satisfied us, that several passages in the original have evidently not been understood by the translator. A few instances will enable any tolerable German scholar to decide on the justice of our conclusion:

Vol 3, p. 328. "He soon observed the advantage which the *free life* of his rival, Wolf, had acquired over him." It should be, the presents, or prodigal gifts, of his rival: the German word being Freygebigkeit, literally free-giving—not free living. In the same page, the woods in which Wolf carried on his vocation of deer-stealing, did not belong to *a neighbouring lord,* but to his prince: landesherrliche Waldung—a forest belonging to the sovereign.

p. 329. "He now experienced the full severity of the law: had no more to give," &c. Read, *because* he had no more to give; *denn* er hat nichts mehr zu geben, &c.: that is, he could not again buy himself off.

p. 333. "The *hour* tolled to vespers;" say rather, the bells chimed for vespers. Die Glocken läuteten zur vesper: they were the vesper bells, not the clock striking the hour. In the same page, the boy does not beg a present of the criminal, as the passage is here improperly rendered; nor was he likely so to do, since the man's appearance was so frightful. The translator's mistake, or gratuitous addition, throws a contradiction upon the boy's subsequent conduct.

p. 347. For "I anticipated the reproach of all the rest of their sex," read, I expected to meet only with the refuse of their sex. The word Auswurf, in the original, means scum, refuse, disgrace; but the translator has mistaken it for Vorwurf, (which does mean reproach), and thus made nonsense of the passage.

p. 351. "Should your princely *patronage,*" &c. The original is, fürstliche Huld,—should your royal *mercy,* &c. The robber had more sense than to ask his sovereign for his *patronage,* under the circumstances of criminality in which he was placed.

p. 355. "Justice was only to be *propitiated* with the blood of her debtor." The phrase is absurd in itself, and unwarranted by the original. Die unerbittliche Nemesis, &c.—the inexorable Nemesis seizes her debtor. In the same page, the robber is made to attempt to *cut* his way with his pistol! "Double-barrelled swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols," as honest David has it in The Rivals.

p. 356. "An old gaoler approaching him behind, seized him by *the arm.*" *The man, if* Schiller is to be believed in his own story, was a journeyman locksmith,—Schlofserge selle,—not a gaoler.

These examples may suffice: we are no lovers of mere verbal criticism; but we do hold ourselves bound, on behalf of the public, to subject the accuracy of a translator to a rigid trial; where accuracy is the best part of merit: opining with an old authority that, in the transmutation of tongues, an author is not likely to write the worse for understanding his original.

ART. IV. *Rough Notes taken during some rapid Journeys across the Pampas; and among the Andes.* By Captain F. B. Head. 8vo. pp. 309. 9*s*. 6*d*. London. Murray. 1826.

WE had imagined that every thing which a foreigner could feel any curiosity in knowing about the Pampas, and the high road of the Andes, was to be found in a number of works already published, particularly in the volumes of Mr. Procter*, and of Mr. Miers†, which are studiously minute in their descriptions of those magnificent districts of South America. It must be admitted, however, that Captain Head, though seldom deviating from the footsteps of these travellers, has contrived to invest his route with a very considerable degree of interest, if not of novelty, owing perhaps, in a great measure, to the enthusiasm with which he entered upon his task; and the indomitable buoyancy of spirits which he appears to have enjoyed throughout his various journies. Nothing seems to have escaped his admiration or his sarcasm.

Setting out with a determination to laugh at the difficulties which he was to encounter on the way, and to find amusement wherever he could, he has been, too frequently we think, betrayed into something bordering on levity or folly. Although not an inexperienced traveller, as we learn in the course of his work that he had at least been as far as the Morea, yet he really appears to have landed at Buenos Ayres with all the prejudices, and forwardness, and sheer ignorance of the world, that are usually to be found only in a school-boy. The manner in which he attempts to caricature the customs and religion of three or four South-American towns which he galloped through, rather than visited, is by no means creditable to his heart or his judgment. Whatever does not instantly correspond with his English notions on these subjects, he sets down as absurd, corrupt, and impious. The facility with which he pronounces opinions upon the characters of persons whom he has only once seen, and never conversed with; the nonchalance with which he speaks of whole communities, whose society he admits he had not time to enter, are in every respect unworthy of a gentleman, who appears to be by no means destitute of intelligence, education, and professional ability.

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* Vol. cvii. M. R. p. 128, former series.

† *Vol. ii. M. R.* p. 365, present series.

Indeed, we have been surprised to find so much talent and information, united with so much illiberality and temerity of judgment. Such a style of writing as that in which Captain Head has indulged, if it were adopted to any extent in England, would soon contribute to make the very name of our country detested throughout the world. Assuredly the young nations of America are not likely to rely with much confidence on the friendly professions of our government, when those of our countrymen who go among them, seem intent only on ridiculing their institutions, and insulting their feelings.

We regret this stain in the character of Captain Head's little volume the more, as it is in general written in a piquante and desultory style, admirably suited to the wild and varied sort of life which he led on his several journies. His sketches of the Pampa scenery, and of that part of the Andes which he visited, indicate in some instances the hand of a master. They are struck off without apparent labour, and in a few words place the whole picture before us. Most of our travellers who have gone over the Pampas, have seen in them only a boundless waste, dreary to the eye, and monotonous in their wretchedness. Mr. Head admires in them a magnificent plain, animated by a thousand objects, cheering the heart with an undefinable feeling of independence, and presenting at every stage something novel to the eye in the appearance of its human or savage inhabitants.

He appears to have been on duty at Edinburgh in the corps of engineers, when it was proposed to him to take charge of an association, the object of which was 'to work the gold and silver mines of the provinces of Rio de la Plata.' We shall have occasion by and by to see how egregiously this association failed of its object, and to learn the causes which must have necessarily prevented it from doing otherwise. Having crossed the Atlantic, Captain Head, accompanied by four or five Cornish miners, a surveyor, and a French gentleman who was to act as assayer, set out from Buenos Ayres, and proceeded across the Pampas to the gold mines of San Luis, and from thence to the silver mines of Upsallata. From Upsallata, he rode back alone to Buenos Ayres, where he found letters instructing him to return to Chili. He accordingly re-crossed the Pampas; and, joining his party at Mendoza, proceeded to Santiago; whence they travelled in different directions among the Andes, for the purpose of inspecting gold and silver mines. After performing this duty, Captain Head returned again alone by the Pampas, and after dismissing a portion of the miners who were sent out by the association, made the best of his way back with the rest of them to England. These different journies over the Pampas and Andes he necessarily performed *with the utmost rapidity*, as the miners were waiting at

Buenos Ayres for employment; and he frankly declares, that 'for upwards of six thousand miles he rode against *time.*' In such a case it could not be expected, that the notes which he might have been enabled to make of his various expeditions should be very profound or well connected. Indeed, he has himself properly designated them 'Rough notes,' which are thrown together as fragments, without any regard to order. They were written, he informs us, 'under great variety of circumstances; sometimes when I was tired, sometimes when I was refreshed, sometimes with a bottle of wine before me, and sometimes with a cow's horn filled with dirty brackish water; and a few were written on board the packet.'

Every body knows that the Pampas stretch westward from Buenos Ayres to the foot of the Andes, a distance of about nine hundred miles. They may be divided into three regions, one of which, occupying the first two hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, is covered with clover and thistles; the second, extending over four hundred and fifty miles, produces long grass; and the third, which reaches the base of the Cordillera, is filled with low trees and shrubs. The second and third regions wear nearly the same aspect all the year round, but the first varies as the different seasons cause the thistles and the clover to bloom or wither. While the clover is strong, thousands of wild cattle may be seen grazing upon it, and the sight of their different groups roving at will over this boundless pasture, provided for them by the liberal hand of nature, is said to be very beautiful. It is a remarkable circumstance, that the region of long grass, extending, as it does, over so vast a surface, is 'without a weed;' and that in the sylvan region the trees are arranged in such regular order, that 'one may gallop between them in every direction.' A singular provision is made by nature for the due succession of these trees, without impairing at the same time the verdure of the landscape. 'The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, thus enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. At last it is gradually concealed from view, by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay.' Where, by any accident, a few trees have been burnt, 'the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.' Indeed, the whole country is represented to be in such beautiful order, that 'if cities and millions of inhabitants could suddenly be planted at proper distances and situations, the people would have nothing to do but to drive out their cattle to graze, and, without any previous preparation, to plough whatever quantity of ground their wants might require.'

There is a great difference in climate between the two regions of wood and grass, and that of thistles and clover. In the former the atmosphere is quite dry, without even a drop of dew at night, whereas in the latter it is constantly humid, but, at the same time, not unhealthy. Upon the whole, however, the climate of the Pampas is salubrious, and free from malaria. The southern part is inhabited by Indians, who wander about as they can find herbage for their cattle. Of the inhabitants of the northern part of the Pampas and the other provinces of the Rio de la Plata, the author presents the following account :—

> 'As soon as by the fall of the Spaniards their independence was established, and they became free, the attention of many individuals of the provinces of La Plata was directed towards the due constitution of governments which might maintain the freedom that was gained, encourage population, and gradually embellish the surface of a most interesting and beautiful country with the arts, manufactures, and sciences, which had hitherto been denied it; but the singular situation of the country presented very serious difficulties.
>
> 'Although immense regions of rich land lay uncultivated and unowned, yet something had been done. Small towns and establishments, (originally chosen for mining purposes,) five hundred and seven hundred miles distant from one another, were thinly scattered over this vast extent of country; and thus a skeleton map of civilization had been traced, which the narrow interests of every individual naturally supported.
>
> 'But although a foundation was thus laid, the building plan of the Spaniards was missing. It had been destroyed in the war; and all that was known of it was, that it was for purposes which were not applicable to the great political system which should now be adopted.
>
> 'It was soon perceived that the provinces of the Rio de la Plata were without a harbour; that the town of Buenos Aires was badly situated; and as the narrow policy of Spain had forbidden the planting of the olive and the grape, the spots which were best adapted to the natural produce of the country had been neglected : while for mining, and other purposes connected with the Spanish system, towns had been built in the most remote and impracticable situations; and men found themselves living together in groups, they knew not why, under circumstances which threw a damp over exertion, and under difficulties which it appeared hopeless to encounter.
>
> 'Their situation was, and still is, very lamentable. The climate easily affords them the few necessaries of life. Away from all practicable communication with the civilized world, they are unable to partake of the improvements of the age, or to shake off the errors and the disadvantages of a bad political education. They have not the moral means of improving their country, or of being improved by it; and oppressed by these and other disadvantages, they naturally yield to habits of indolence and inactivity. The town, or rather the secluded village, in which they live, is generally the seat of government of the province, and but too often affords a sad political picture.
>
> 'People who, although they are now free, were brought up under the dark tyranny of the *Spanish government,* with the narrow prejudices which even *in populous countries exist* among the inhabitants of small commu-

> nities, and with little or no education, are called upon to elect a govern and to establish a junta, to regulate the affairs of their own province, to send a deputy to a distant national assembly at Buenos Aires. consequence (as I have witnessed) is what might naturally be expect The election of the governor is seldom unanimous, and he is scarc seated before he is overturned, in a manner which, to one accustomed governments on a larger scale, appears childish and ridiculous.—pp. 10-

There is, doubtless, some truth in this representation; but Ca tain Head in writing it seems not to have at all considered th in every country which has been once enslaved, the establishm of liberty, and of the institutions necessary for giving effect to must necessarily be the work of time. The only way of teachi a people to make a right use of their freedom, is to begin giving it them. Habit, the education of the rising generati in the new order of things, and above all the necessity imposed them of thinking for themselves, will train them gradually to adoption and practice of those principles which are best calculat to ensure the permanence of their franchises. It is the comm and every day history of infant states, that the supreme and loc authorities often pass from one hand to another, until wealth b acquired by a number of the citizens: then security and tranquillit become objects of general desire, and the fever of revolution sub sides. It is true, that in countries so extended as the provinces o the Rio de la Plata, sectional prejudices must offer many stron obstacles to a complete union. But the increase of the populatio and a greater facility of intercourse, will in time approxima them to each other, and teach them to put their strength togeth for the dignity and welfare of the whole. The most interestin inhabitants of the Pampas are the Gauchos. Our author's accou of them is among the best written parts of his work. They see to be, with him, a favourite race.

> The population or number of these Gauchos is very small, and at gre distances from each other; they are scattered here and there over the f of the country. Many of these people are descended from the best famili in Spain; they possess good manners, and often very noble sentiments the life they lead is very interesting—they generally inhabit the hut which they where born, and in which their fathers and grandfathers liv before them, although it appears to a stranger to possess few of the allur ments of *dulce domum.*
>
> The hut consists generally of one room, in which all the family li boys, girls, men, women, and children, all huddled together. The kitche is a detached shed a few yards off: there are always holes, both in th walls and the roof of the hut, which one at first considers as singul marks of the indolence of the people. In the summer this abode is filled with fleas and binchucas, (which are bugs as large as black beetle that the whole family sleep on the ground in front of their dwelling; an when the traveller arrives at night, and after unsaddling his horse wal among this sleeping community, he may place the saddle or recado

is to sleep close to the companion most suited to his fancy:—an
f innocence may lie down by the side of a sleeping infant; a
ly man may slumber near an old black woman; and one who
e fairer beauties of creation, may very demurely lay his head on
, within a few inches of the idol he adores. However, there is
to assist the judgment but the bare feet and ancles of all the
g group, for their heads and bodies are covered and disguised
in and puncho which cover them.

e winter the people sleep in the hut, and the scene is a very singu-
As soon as the traveller's supper is ready, the great iron spit on
beef has been roasted is brought into the hut, and the point is
o the ground: the Gaucho then offers his guest the skeleton of
head, and he and several of the family, on similar seats, sit round
rom which with their long knives they cut very large mouthfuls.
s lighted by a feeble lamp, made of bullock's tallow; and it is
y a fire of charcoal.

ife of the Gaucho is very interesting, and resembles that beautiful
n which Horace gives of the progress of a young eagle:—

> Olim juventas et patrius vigor
> Nido laborum propulit inscium,
> Vernique jam nimbis remotis
> Insolitos docuere nisus
> Venti paventem; mox in ovilia
> Demisit hostem vividus impetus,
> Nunc in reluctantes dracones
> Egit amor dapis, atque pugnæ.

he rude hut, the infant Gaucho receives little attention, but is
ing from the roof in a bullock's hide, the corners of which are
wards each other by four strips of hide. In the first year of his
wls about without clothes, and I have more than once seen a
ve a child of this age a sharp knife, a foot long, to play with.
as he walks, his infantine amusements are those which prepare
e occupations of his future life: with a lasso made of twine he
tch little birds, or the dogs, as they walk in and out of the hut.
ne he is four years old he is on horseback, and immediately be-
ful by assisting to drive the cattle into the coral. The manner
these children ride is quite extraordinary: if a horse tries to
om the flock, which are driven towards the coral, I have fre-
een a child pursue him, overtake him, and then bring him back,
im the whole way; in vain the creature tries to dodge and es-
n him, for the child turns with him, and always keeps close to
it is a curious fact, which I have often observed, that a mounted
lways able to overtake a loose one.

haracter of the Gaucho is often very estimable; he is always hos-
at his hut the traveller will always find a friendly welcome, and
ten be received with a natural dignity of manner which is very re-
, and which he scarcely expects to meet with in such a miserable-
ovel. On entering the hut, the Gaucho has constantly risen to
is seat, which I have declined, and many compliments and bows
ed, until I have accepted his offer, which is the skeleton of a
ad. It is curious to see them invariably take off their hats to each

other as they enter into a room which has no window, a bullock for a door, and but little roof.

'The habits of the women are very curious: they have literally n to do; the great plains which surround them offer them no motive t they seldom ride, and their lives certainly are very indolent and in They have all, however, families, whether married or not; and onc I inquired of a young woman employed in nursing a very pretty who was the father of the "creatura," she replied, "Quien sabe?' 12—24.

Captain Head, from his great experience in South Americ his accurate knowledge of its history, takes it upon himself sert that the secret object of the clergy who first convert Indians to the Christian faith, was 'to extort money,' an they attracted people by their 'bad passions' rather than b 'good,' imposing on them by 'the mummery of candles, pi and images.' He adds, in the same strain, that 'the pri Mendoza lead a dissolute life; most of them have familie several live openly with their children.' To these extraor assertions, the lover of truth will oppose the history of the S conquest of South America, in which the clergy uniformly the unbought friends of the Indians, and their security agai pression. How they could have bowed down the necks Indians to the yoke of Christianity, by working on their ba sions, is an enigma which it is beyond our power to solve. respect to the priests of Mendoza, it might be asked how C Head knew any thing about them, as by his own account h went into society in that place? It appears, indeed, that one or two of them at a cockfight, and from these worthy mens he judges of the whole. What should be said of the fo who would form his opinion of the clergy of the established in England, from the notorious misconduct of some half d them, whom the laws have not long since branded as a disg their order?

In the same thoughtless style of composition, Captain gives an account of one or two funerals, which he witne Buenos Ayres. There might have been indeed a want of lemnity in the proceeding, but he turns it into a caricature. tone of levity which he assumes on the occasion is extremel corous and forbidding.

Will Captain Head pardon us for inquiring what he me introducing into his work whole pages of such nonsense following?—

'Fifth day (from Buenos Aires). We arrived an hour after sunse tified post—scrambling in the dark for the kitchen—cook unwillin reo (the courier) gave us his dinner—huts of wild-looking people- women and girls almost naked—their strange appearance as they *our fowls.* Our hut—old man immoveable—Maria or Marequita' —*little mongrel* boy—three or four other persons. Roof supporte ι crooked pole—holes in roof and walls—walls of mud, cracked -a water-jug in the corner on a three-pronged stick—Floor, the : eight hungry peons, by moonlight, standing with their knives nds over a sheep they were going to kill, and looking on their elentless tigers.

morning morales and the peons standing by the fire—the blaze e scene behind them dark and obscure—the horizon like the sea re and there the back of a cow to be seen—waggon and coach nible.

ιut all our party occupied with the baggage—lighted by a can-d and thin—Scene of urging the patron (Master) to get horses, ʇuita to get milk—the patron wakening the black boy.'—pp. 54,

re prepared from the title to encounter 'rough notes,' but ɔt expect such unintelligible ones as those with which the ιs here favoured us. The scene to which they refer, occur-resume, on the way to San Luis, whence the author pro- La Carolina, in order to inspect its gold mines and *Lava-* 'he latter are composed of alluvial soil, which is washed for : neither appeared to repay the trouble of a visit. It is f being remarked, that the author wishing to purchase d dust from the poor people in their neighbourhood, ur-dollar gold pieces in exchange, and that, though cur-ver South America, no one in the place would take them. ɔustomed to receive silver in exchange for their gold, they ısly exclaimed, that the latter was of no use to them in the oney! A more signal proof of the conventional worth of ls could hardly be adduced. From San Luis the party l to Mendoza, a town of which we have, from time to n various descriptions. Captain Head strips it of many arms which we thought belonged to it. He sketches it best style, which is tinged here and there with a peculiar drollery.

ıuses are built of mud, and are roofed with the same. The walls washed, which gives them a neat appearance, but the insides of , until they are white-washed, look like an English barn. The f course very soft; occasionally a large piece of them comes off, ıre of that consistency, that, in a very few moments, a person, a spade or a pick-axe, could cut his way through any wall in Several of the principal houses have glass in the window- ; the greatest number have not. The houses are almost all little . the goods displayed are principally English cottons.

habitants are apparently a very quiet, respectable set of people. nor, who is an old man, has the manners and the appearance of ın: he has a large family of daughters, who are pleasing-look- The men are dressed in blue or white jackets, without skirts. n are only seen in the day sitting at their windows, in complete but in the evening they come upon the Almeida,* dressed with a great deal of taste, in evening dresses and low gowns, and completely in the costume of London or Paris. The manner in which all the people seem to associate together, shews a great deal of good feeling and fellowship, and I certainly never saw less apparent jealousy in any place.

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* *A corruption* for Alameda.

'The people, however, are extremely indolent. A little after eleven o'clock in the morning, the shopkeepers make preparations for the siesta; they begin to yawn a little, and slowly to put back the articles which they have, during the morning, displayed on their tables. About a quarter before twelve they shut up their shops, the window shutters throughout the town are closed, or nearly so, and no individual is to be seen until five, and sometimes until six o'clock, in the evening.

'During this time I used generally to walk about the town to make a few observations. It was really singular to stand at the corner of the right-angled streets, and in every direction to find such perfect solitude in the middle of the capital of a province. The noise occasioned by walking was like the echo which is heard in pacing by oneself up the long aisle of a church or cathedral, and the scene resembled the deserted streets of Pompeii.

'In passing some of the houses I often heard people snoring, and when the siesta was over, I was often much amused at seeing the people awaken, for there is infinitely more truth and pleasure in thus looking behind the scenes of private life, than in making formal observations on man when dressed and prepared for his public performance. The people generally lie on the ground or floor of the room, and the group is often amusing.

'I saw one day an old man (who was one of the principal people in the town) fast asleep and happy. The old woman his wife was awake, and was sitting up in easy dishabille scratching herself, while her daughter, who was a very pretty-looking girl of about seventeen, was also awake, but was lying on her side kissing a cat.

'In the evening the scene begins to revive. The shops are opened; a number of loads of grass are seen walking about the streets, for the horse that is carrying them is completely hid. Behind the load a boy stands on the extremity of the back; and to mount and dismount he climbs up by the animal's tail. A few Gauchos are riding about, selling fruit; and a beggar on horseback is occasionally seen, with his hat in his hand, singing a psalm in a melancholy tone.

'As soon as the sun has set, the Almeida is crowded with people, and the scene is very singular and interesting. The men are sitting at tables, either smoking segars or eating ices: the ladies are sitting on the mud benches which are on both sides of the Almeida. This Almeida is a walk nearly a mile long, between two rows of tall populars; on one side of it are the garden walls of the town, concealed by roses and shrubs, and on the other the stream of water which supplies the town.

'The walk is often illuminated in a very simple manner by paper lamps, which are cut into the shape of stars, and are lighted by a single candle. There is generally a band of music playing, and at the end of the walk is a temple built of mud, which is very elegant in its form, and of which it may truly be said, "materiam superabat opus."

'The few evenings I was at Mendoza, I always went as a complete stranger to this Almeida to eat ices, which, after the heat of the day, were exceedingly delightful and refreshing; and as I put spoonful after spoonful into my mouth, looking above me at the dark outline of the Cordillera, and listening to the thunder which I could sometimes hear rumbling along the bottoms of the ravines, and sometimes resounding from the tops of the mountains, I used always to acknowledge, that if man could but bear an indolent life, there can be no spot on earth where he might be more independent than at Mendoza, for he might sleep all day, and eat ices in the evening, until his hour-glass was out.'—pp. 66—71.

In this pleasant style our author occasionally contrives to excite a laugh, even in the midst of his dangerous passages over the Cordillera. In these we cannot afford room to accompany him, though we must observe, his descriptions of them are highly picturesque. The Cornish miners, however, did not appear to relish them much. The answer of one of them, who was asked what he thought of the scene, is irresistible. "What a magnificent view! What thing can be more beautiful?" "Them things, sir," replied the man of Cornwall, smiling, "that do wear caps and aprons." The approach to Santiago, and the first view of the streets of that capital of Chili, are recorded in our author's predominant vein.

'I was now met by, and I overtook, men, women, boys, priests, &c., on horseback, either coming from or going into town, all at a canter, and in very singular dresses. Many of the horses were carrying double, sometimes two giggling girls, sometimes a boy with his grandmother behind him; sometimes three children were cantering along upon one horse, and sometimes two elderly ladies; then a solitary priest with a broad-brimmed white hat and white serge petticoats tucked up all about him, his rosary dangling on his mule's neck, and his pale fat cheeks shaking from the trot. Milk, and strawberries, and water-melons, were all at a canter, and several people were carrying fish into the town tied to their stirrups. Their pace, however, was altogether inferior to that of the Pampas, and the canter, instead of the gallop, gave the scene a great appearance of indolence.

'The spurs of the peons were bad, and their stirrups the most heavy, awkward things imaginable. They were cut out of solid wood, and were altogether different from the neat little triangle which just holds the great toe of the Gaucho of the Pampas.

'On crossing the bridge, which is at the entrance of the town, the market was underneath me, on some low ground on the left. A number of people were selling fruit, vegetables, fish, &c., which were lying on the ground, and as the sun was now oppressively hot, each parcel was shaded by a small canvass blind, which was fixed perpendicularly into the ground.

'As I rode along the streets I thought they looked very mean and dirty. Most of the houses had been cracked by earthquakes; the spires, crosses, and weathercocks, upon the tops of the churches and convents, were tottering, and out of the perpendicular; and the very names of the streets, and the stories "Aqui se vende, &c.," which are over all the shops, were written as crooked and irregular as if they had been inscribed during an earthquake. They were generally begun with large letters, but the man had apparently got so eager about the subject, that he was often obliged to conclude in *characters so small,* that one could hardly read them, and in some places the author had thoughtlessly arrived at the end of his board before he had come to the end of his story.'—pp. 184, 185.

Here again we regret to find Captain Head committing himself by rash and outré assertions, which, even if they were morally true, could hardly be justified, as proceeding from one, who, by his own confession, had no means of verifying them. He acknowledges that during the short time he was at Santiago, he was constantly engaged in gaining information with respect to the mines, which he was instructed to inspect, and that 'as many unforeseen difficulties were impeding his progress, and occupying his attention, he had neither time nor inclination to enter into any sort of society, or to see any more of Santiago than what chanced to be going on in the streets.' In the succeeding sentence one would have naturally looked to find an apology for his abstaining from making any remarks upon the social condition of Santiago. "Having been thus deprived of an opportunity," we expected him to say, "of examining for myself the manners and minds of the people of Santiago, I hope I may be excused from entering into such subjects. I have heard, indeed, that depravity was universal amongst them, that the priests are not exempted from the general debasement, and that not even the shadow of Christianity is to be seen at Santiago. But as *I entered into no society*, while I was in that capital, I had of course no means of satisfying myself as to the justice of these reports, and *as I can say nothing more of Santiago than what chanced to be going on in the streets*, it would be particularly inconsistent in me to affect a knowledge of the general tone and character of the people—a knowledge which I had no possible means of acquiring." Language like this would have been entitled to our respect; it would have secured our confidence in Captain Head's information, even upon points where we might otherwise be disposed to question his authority. But what does the reader imagine to be the real language of this traveller? After disqualifying himself, by his own admissions, from touching on the social intercourse of Santiago, his very next paragraph dashes fearlessly into the middle of the subject.

'The town is full of priests—the people are consequently indolent and immoral; and I certainly never saw more sad examples of the effects of bad education, or a state of society more deplorable. The streets are crowded with a set of lazy, indolent, bloated monks and priests, with their heads shaved in different ways, wearing enormous flat hats, and dressed, some in white serge cowls and gowns, and others in black. The men all touch their hats to these drones, who are also to be seen in the houses, leaning over the backs of their chairs, and talking to women who are evidently of the most abandoned class of society. The number of people of this description at Santiago is quite extraordinary. The lower rooms of the most reputable houses are invariably let to them, and it is really shocking beyond description to see them sitting at their doors, *with a candle in* the back part of the room burning before sacred pictures *and images.'—pp. 190—192.*

Immediately after he adds,—'They (the priests) are not respected; they have almost all families, and lead most disreputable lives. Still the hold they have upon *society* is quite surprising. The common people laugh at their immorality, yet they go to them for images and pictures, and they send their wives and daughters to confess to them.' 'Sins are put into one scale, and money into the other; and intent upon the balance, both parties forget the beauty and simplicity of the religion which they nominally profess.' As we are concerned in ascertaining what is incorrect, and what is true, in the information presented to us by travellers, we would take leave, with all due submission, to ask Captain Head, how he came to a personal knowledge of all the slander which he here pours out of his phial upon the people and clergy of Santiago, if it be true, as he states, that 'he never entered into society' there? Did he learn it from the stones in the street, or from the walls of his bed-chamber? He pledges his personal testimony to the prevalence of a system, which it would have required months to discover, at least to the extent to which he exaggerates it; yet he confesses he had no time for such inquiries! He speaks also of the hold which the clergy have upon the 'society' of Santiago, though he had just before told us that to that 'society' he was a perfect stranger! Unless Captain Head can reconcile these contradictions, we must set down his picture of Santiago as a gross caricature, inconsistent with that decent respect which we all owe to the great principles of Christianity.

As the only business which led Captain Head to Chili, was to examine certain mines, the reader might wish perhaps to accompany him in one of his journies of inspection. We shall select for he purpose his relation of his visit to the silver mine of San Pedro Nolasco, which appears to be situated on one of the steepest ascents of the Andes.

'For five hours we were continually holding on by the ears or neck f our mule, and the path was in some places so steep, that for a considerable time it was quite impossible to stop. We soon passed the limits f vegetation. The path went in zig-zags, although it was scarcely perceptible; and if the mules above us had fallen, they would certainly have rolled down upon us, and carried us with them.

In mounting we constantly inquired of the arriero, if the point above our heads was the summit, but as soon as we attained it, we found that we had still higher to go. On both sides of us we now came to groups f little wooden crosses, which were the spots where people formerly mployed in the mine had been overtaken by a storm, and had perished. However, we continued our course; and at last, gaining the summit, we found ourselves close to the silver lode of San Pedro Nolasco, which is ituated on one of the loftiest pinnacles of the Andes. A small solitary hut was before us, and we were accosted by two or three wretched-looking miners, whose pale countenances and exhausted frames seemed to assimilate with the scene around them. The view from the eminence on which we stood was magnificent—it was sublime; but it was, at the same time, so terrific, that one could hardly help shuddering.

'Although it was midsummer, the snow where we stood was, according to the statement made to me by the agent of the mine, from twenty to a hundred-and-twenty feet deep, but blown by the wind into the most irregular forms, while in some places the black rock was visible. Beneath was the river and valley of Maypo, fed by a number of tributary streams, which we could see descending like small silver threads down the different ravines. We appeared to have a bird's-eye view of the great chain of the Andes; and we looked down upon a series of pinnacles, of indescribable shapes and forms, all covered with an eternal snow.

'As it was in the middle of the summer, I could not help reflecting what a dreadful abode this must be in winter, and I inquired of our guide and of the miners concerning its climate in that season. They at first silently pointed to the crosses, which, in groups of three and two and four, were to be seen in every direction; and they then told me, that although the mine is altogether inaccessible for seven months in winter, yet that the miners used to be kept there all the year. They said that the cold was intense, but that what the miners most dreaded were the merciless temporales, or storms of snow, which came on so suddenly, that many miners had been overtaken by them, and had perished, when not a hundred and fifty yards from the hut. With these monuments before my eyes, it was really painful to consider what the feelings of those wretched creatures must have been when, groping about for their habitation, they found the violence of the storm unabating, and irresistible. The view from San Pedro Nolasco, taking it altogether, is certainly the most dreadful scene which in my life I have ever witnessed; and it appeared so little adapted or intended for a human residence, that when I commenced my inspection of the lode, and of the several mines, I could not help feeling that I was going against nature, and that no sentiment but that of avarice could approve of establishing a number of fellow-creatures in a spot, which was a subject of astonishment to me how it ever was discovered.

'As the snow was in many places fifty feet deep on the lode, I could only walk on the surface from one bocca-mina to another; but when I had done this, I took off my clothes, and went down the mine, which it was my particular object to inspect. All the rest had long ago been deserted, but in this one there were a few miners, lately sent there, who were carrying on the works on the old system which had been exercised by the Spaniards, and to which these men have all their lives been accustomed.

'At first we descended by an inclined gallery or level, and then clambered down the notched sticks, which are used in all the mines in South America as ladders. After descending about two hundred and fifty feet, walking occasionally along levels where the snow and mud were above our ancles, we came to the place where the men were working. It was astonishing to see the strength with which they plied their weighty hammers, and the unremitted exertion with which they worked; and strange as it may appear, we all agreed that we had never seen Englishmen possess such strength, and work so hard. While the barreteros, or miners, were working the lode, the apires were carrying the ore upon their backs; and after we had made the necessary observations, and had collected proper specimens, we ascended, with several of these apires above and below us.

* * *

'The fatigue of climbing up the notched sticks was so great, that we were almost exhausted, while the men behind us (with a long stick in one hand, in the cloven end of which there was a candle), were urging us not to stop them. The leading apire whistled whenever he came to certain spots, and then the whole party rested for a few seconds. It was really very interesting, in looking above and below, to see these poor creatures, each lighted by his candle, and climbing up the notched stick with such a load upon his back, though I occasionally was a little afraid lest one of those above me might tumble, in which case we should have all preceded him in his fall.

'We were quite exhausted when we came to the mouth of the mine; one of my party almost fainted, and as the sun had long ago set, the air was so bleak and freezing—we were so heated—and the scene was so cheerless, that we were glad to hurry into the hut, and to sit upon the ground round a dish of meat, which had long been ready for us. We had some brandy and sugar, and we soon refreshed ourselves, and I then sent out for one of the apires with his load. I put it on the ground, and endeavoured to rise with it, but could not, and when two or three of my party put it on my shoulders I was barely able to walk under it. The English miner who was with us was one of the strongest men of all the Cornish party, yet he was scarcely able to walk with it, and two of our party who attempted to support it were altogether unable, and exclaimed "that it would break their backs."'—pp. 220—227.

This passage would of itself, perhaps, be sufficient to prove the futility of those speculations,* which depended so much on the employment of English workmen, and English machinery, in the mines of South America. Captain Head has abstained from publishing the reports which he collected concerning the mines, from motives of delicacy, which we fully appreciate. He very justly observes, that as '*the mines which he visited almost all belong to private individuals, and are now for sale, it might be considered a violation of the attentions which he often received, to state unnecessarily the dimensions, contents, or the assay of their lodes.*' Nevertheless, he appends to his volume several memoranda on this subject, from which it appears that nothing can be more senseless than an attempt to determine the abstract value of a lode in America, by the assay of a piece of ore in England, particularly, as it is well known, that specimens of ores are often sent from South America as samples of lodes from which they never were extracted. Even if the value of the lode could be satisfactorily ascertained in this country, how is an English miner to resist the effects of the climate, to endure the privations which even the natives find it difficult to bear? What is the use of machinery in a country which affords no water and little fuel, and where indeed nothing but the manual labour of the natives, tedious as it is, can be applied to the extraction of the ore? Still it may be said, there was a time when "those mines must have paid, or else they would not have been worked," the natural conclusion being, "if they had once paid, they might surely pay again." Our author thus solves the problem:—

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* Captain Head relates the following ludicrous instance of a *butter* speculation, which would be incredible had it not rested upon his authority:

'Besides many brother companies which I met with at Buenos Aires, I found a sister association of milkmaids. It had suddenly occurred to some of the younger sons of John Bull, that as there were a number of beautiful cows in the United Provinces of Rio de la Plata, a quantity of good pasture, and as the people of Buenos Aires had no butter to their bread, a Churning Company would answer admirably. The people at Buenos Aires were thunderstruck at the unexpected arrival of so many British milkmaids; however, private arrangements had been made, and they, therefore, had milk before it was generally known that they had got cows. But the difficulties which they experienced were very great; instead of leaning their heads against patient domestic animals, they were introduced to a set of lawless wild creatures, who looked so fierce that no young woman who ever sat upon a three-legged stool could dare to approach, much less to milk them!—But the Gauchos attacked the cows, tied their legs with strips of hide, and as soon as they became quiet, the shops of Buenos Aires were literally full of butter. But now for the sad moral of the story:—after the difficulties had been all conquered, it was discovered, first, that the butter would not keep!—and secondly, that somehow or other, the Gauchos *and natives* of Buenos Aires - - - - - - - - *liked oil better!!'*—*pp. 303, 304.*

> 'The miners who are now in Chili, though toiling in the path of their early days, have probably relaxed a little from the discipline of the Spaniards; but the extraordinary manner in which they still work, or rather slave, is almost incredible. The contrast between their lives, and the ease and independence of the inhabitants of the country, naturally leads the mind to reflect on the sad history of the South American mines; and this history, in my humble opinion, sufficiently accounts for, 1st, the impossibility which now exists of getting more miners; and 2ndly, for the important truths, that the American mines have positively fallen in value since the country has been free, because the contents or produce of the mines are still the same, while the value of labour, &c., has necessarily increased; and therefore that, far from being able to get a *greater* profit from these mines than was extracted by the Spaniards, it would be impossible now to draw from them what they formerly repaid, and that many of them must continue deserted, for the evident reason, that poor mines, as well as poor land, may be made productive by a system of cruelty and tyranny, when under a free government they must lie inactive and barren.'—pp. 294, 295.

Besides these difficulties, the adventurer who is desirous to embark in any sort of speculation in South America, must be prepared to run the chance of every change that may take place in the government of the state where he fixes his abode. The fate of the Rio Plata Mining Association is only another added to the many warnings which we have already given on this subject.

'*The failure of* the Rio Plata Mining Association is a serious proof *of the insufficiency of* the governments of La Plata. This public association was formed in London in virtue of a decree, &c., from the government of Bueno Aires, authorising the formation of a company to work the mines of the United Provinces, at the discretionary choice of the company; and to promote this object, reports were forwarded from the governors of the mining provinces describing their mines. Yet, on my arrival at Buenos Aires, I found that almost the whole of the mines were already sold by the governments to the opposition companies, and that the government of Buenos Aires, as well as the governors of the provinces, had been totally unable to fulfil the decree. Private interests, and private speculators had overpowered their act and their intention, and they had only to confess—

Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.'—pp. 308, 309.

Art. V. *The Political History of India, from* 1784 *to* 1823. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., F.R.S., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 12*s.* London. Murray. 1826.

The name of Sir John Malcolm is deservedly a great authority on the affairs of India. His long residence in that country, his eminent services, both political and military, his unquestioned talents, and his thorough experience of, and acquaintance with, the character of the natives,—all these circumstances entitle his opinions to the most serious and respectful attention. He is not, however, to be heard altogether with implicit deference as an unbiassed evidence; and it is no impeachment, either of his integrity or judgment, to declare, that the whole course of his public life has been incompatible with the formation of any strictly impartial views of our Indian policy and government. For thirty years, he may be said to have been attached to the British administration of that empire: during a lenghtened and honourable career, he has served in various ministerial capacities; he has been committed in many important transactions; and his mind has naturally been chained to the track of our eastern conquests. We entertain much esteem for his character, and in thus adverting to his situation as a man of a party, we have not the slightest intention of depreciating his well-merited reputation: but in receiving his sentiments on any branch of Indian politics, it is necessary to remember the peculiar circumstances, by which they are likely to have been influenced and coloured.

The only complete and minute history of British India which we yet possess, is a laborious philippic; Mr. Mill has carefully exposed every error in the policy of the company, and every act of misconduct in its servants, which had ever, before he wrote, been charged against either. If Sir John Malcolm should undertake the full subject on the same scale, his history would contain all the arguments and facts which could be urged on the contrary part. He would avow himself the advocate of the system of territorial aggrandizement, and the champion of its necessity. For he applauds the measures of every administration under which it has been prosecuted: he is the eulogist of Clive and Warren Hastings, and, more warmly of course, of the Marquisses of Wellesley and Hastings,—of the two men who commenced, and of the two who completed, (without encountering the same personal obloquy), the gradual subjection of all the native powers of India to our sceptre. He betrays upon all occasions a strong disposition to offer himself as the general apologist of the company. Wherever Mr. Mill has assailed, he would doubtless be found at his post to defend: the two writers would take the extreme and opposite sides of every question; and, as usual, the *in medio tutissimus, &c.* wonld be a necessary caution against the prepossessions of both.

Sir John Malcolm, however, has hitherto enabled us only to glean his opinions upon the constitution of our Indian empire, from views of detached and collateral portions of its history; and the work now before us is, in this respect, not much more comprehensive than the author's former memoirs upon India. Its ostensible design is 'to give an account of the political administration of the several governments of India, since the passing of Mr. Pitt's bill, in 1784;' but the real object of the writer seems to have been, rather to bring the progressive condition and circumstances of our eastern empire, during the last forty years, into review in their relation to the future, than merely to offer an historical record of by-gone events. He has introduced the narrative of past transactions, only for the sake of illustrating the lessons of experience which, he conceives, it should furnish for the government of our possessions henceforward; and his work is much less a developed history, than a series of historical and political reflections. It is, in truth, so far from being an explicit and explanatory chronicle of events, that it pre-supposes throughout the reader's acquaintance with the general annals of British India, and descends into particulars only to discuss the motives and principles of action in successive governors. In the very restriction which he has imposed upon his undertaking, the author may plead an exemption from the necessity of treating of any other than political circumstances; and confining himself to these limits of his subject, he has avoided all detailed accounts of military operations, civil and domestic transactions, and internal government. Thus, whether from the nature of his plan, or his manner of executing it, certain it is that his book will be intelligible to none but to those who may already possess some acquaintance with the rise and progress of the company's power, with the condition and character of the native states, and with the whole intricate story of the alliances, wars, and revolutions, which have established the universal supremacy of the British over India.

Viewed at all as a piece of regular history, these volumes form but a very disjointed, rambling, and indefinite work. The writer's *whole sketch of* the political administration of India, from 1784 to *1823, is concluded* in his first volume; and the second opens with a retrospective chapter, which conducts us back to the age of Lord Clive, comments on the services of that nobleman and Warren Hastings, examines again the 'company's progress to political power,' and once more reviews the administration of each subsequent governor-general. From this chapter, the author passes to a second, entitled, 'observations and reflections on the general administration of the Indian government in England.' From thence he turns to consider the nature and composition of the 'local government of India;' and he concludes the text matter of his volumes with a chapter of observations on the British community in India: Half Castes, or Anglo Indians,—Propagation of Christianity in India,—Free Press in India, &c. Lastly, to crown his work, he has a voluminous appendix of three hundred closely printed pages, containing:—copies of several state papers; a letter from the author to the Marquis of Hastings, written just before the last Mahratta war, and ably developing the attitude, politics, and disposition of the different native powers; a narrative of the author's proceedings in securing the surrender and abdication of the last Peishwa of the Mahrattas, Bajee Rao, (or Badjerow, as he prefers to call him), in 1818; a copy of a speech, also by the author, delivered at the India House, on the subject of the press in India; and finally, a transcript of instructions and orders (by the author again) furnished to officers acting under his orders in Central India, in 1821.

Of this last paper, however, we are bound to record, that it does equal honour to the head and the heart of the writer. Its object is chiefly directed to the line of conduct to be observed by the company's servants in their relations with the natives; and the system of treatment which it enjoins, while it indicates the shrewdest policy, founded on acute and masterly observation of the character of the people, teems with indulgence for their weaknesses, and anxiety for their protection and happiness.

Of the other unconnected pieces of the appendix, we shall only here stop to remark, that, from his speech at the India House, as well as his reflections in the text, we are not surprised to find the opinions of Sir John Malcolm strongly opposed to the freedom of the press in India. We shall add, that we imply from thence no suspicion of the liberality of his views. Yielding to no men in the zealous determination to uphold the principles of rational freedom, wherever their operation is practicable, we are yet thoroughly convinced of the absurdity and madness of attempting to apply them, for ages to come, to the state of society in India. Our empire in that country is avowedly, innately, a despotism—a beneficent despotism, indeed, it should be the public care to render it. Many generations must pass before, if ever, a dawn of liberty can be cautiously opened upon the benighted Asiatic mind; and whenever we hear the cant of democracy employed in asserting the rights of a free press in India, we can only attribute the attempt, either to a political fanaticism, which is incapable of sane judgment, or to more premeditated designs of mischief. A free press in India would be an utter anomaly in a despotism: the continuance of its existence must ensure the subversion of the power which fostered it. Even the agitation of the question has already been productive of evil; and when the Marquis of Hastings, with his characteristic thirst of popularity and flattery, was led to countenance the first sallies of a spirit which soon grew too bold for his control, he rendered himself heavily responsible for the event.

Of the incomplete, desultory, and miscellaneous character of the work before us, a sufficient idea may be gained from the abstract which we have given of its contents. Taken as a whole, it is obviously without any regularity of plan, and almost without any unity or consistency of design. It is, perhaps, of all professedly historical attempts, the most disorderly piece of patchwork which any writer of acknowledged abilities, in our times, has produced; and as a specimen of literary arrangement and composition, it is certainly by no means worthy of its author. But we speak only in censure of these imperfections in the general construction of the book. For nothing on Indian affairs, which falls from the pen of Sir John Malcolm, can be without instruction and interest; and however ill-assorted his materials, the information to be extracted incidentally from his discussions and reflections, on many questions of signal importance, is of the very highest value. As a dissertation on the future prospects of our Indian empire, on the necessity of some improved and enlarged system of government more suitable to its vast extent and recent aggrandizement, and generally, on the best means of promoting its security and permanence, every page of the book deserves to be read with the deepest attention. And here we can only regret, that the author has not followed out his inquiries to more definite and matured conclusions, and bestowed on the subject the full benefit of his great experience: instead of contenting himself, as he declares, with merely 'giving his readers the means of forming their own judgments upon the various and extensive matter treated of in these volumes, rather than to press his opinions upon their adoption.'

The first defect which is observable in the historical completeness of the work, is the late period in our eastern annals at which it opens. Its commencement is a mere re-print of an outline, published by the author fifteen years ago, under the title, by a curious transposition of language, of a sketch of *Political India.* This he has now extended to the conclusion of the Marquis of Hastings' administration, as 'the epoch at which the entire supremacy of the British power over all India was avowed and acknowledged.' But he has still introduced his formal narrative, only from the action of Mr. Pitt's India Bill of 1784; and he has omitted to preface it by more than a few scanty pages of general remarks. He has given no detailed view of the early administra

of Clive and Warren Hastings, which planted the foundations
r territorial supremacy in the east, and a precise account of
h is absolutely necessary for the right understanding of all the
eding growth of our empire. It has been by a kind of after-
ght that, in his second volume, the author endeavours to re-
the defect of this omission, and reverts to a summary and still
re inquiry into the origin of our political power in India,
h should, at much greater length, have preceded all the matter
s first volume.

e whole political history of the Anglo-Indian empire is em-
d in a period of less than eighty years; and this brief epoch
een sufficient for the completion of a gigantic fabric of sove-
ty, such as, in the history of nations, it would ordinarily
re the lapse of centuries to perfect. Of a period, at once so
ed and so pregnant with mighty events, Sir John Malcolm
chosen only the latter half for his consideration; and yet it
safely be averred that, if the annals of the last forty years be
splendid and memorable in the career of aggrandizement,
of the forty which preceded, are not less fraught with instruc-
as explaining the curious rise and silent advancement of this
igious greatness. And, besides the inseparable connection in
hole current of events, there is something, perhaps, even more
lar and astonishing in the formation of the young and vigor-
mpire, which was created out of mere commercial relations,
in its final consummation and maturity, however rapid and
en. There is, in short, far greater matter for admiration and
sity, in the transition from the possession of a few mercantile
ries in the middle of the last century, to the dominion over
y extensive and rich provinces in 1784, than is to be found in
less unnatural progress of events, which has since that epoch
o the sovereignty of all India.

e origin of the British political power in the east, is ascribed
ir John Malcolm to the cause commonly assigned by writers,
are satisfied with the repetition of received opinions. We are
that the ambition of the French under Dupleix, the famous
rnor of Pondicherry, to establish an eastern empire for their
n, comprehended the destruction of the British company;
the latter were compelled to arm in self defence; and that
thus found themselves, on the total overthrow of their rivals,
enly raised to territorial power, where they had been struggling
for a commercial existence. This is true, to a certain extent,
e contest which about the epoch of the peace of Aix la Cha-
, arose on the Coromandel coast; and it explains the origin of
ompany's political power, together with the extension of their
tories, on the side of Madras. But the increased dominion
influence acquired under that presidency, had certainly very
connection with simultaneous events in the Calcutta govern-
; and the true rise of all the company's political power

throughout India, is to be identified with the dawn of their sovereignty, not at Madras, but over the great provinces—kingdoms rather—of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. It was the superior importance of these acquisitions which has rendered their capital the permanent seat of the general government. Compared to them, the dependencies of Madras were of far inferior importance; and assuredly it was not the ambition and intrigues of the French which drove the British in Bengal to the fatal necessity of these innocent aggrandizements of 'self defence;' nor had the French war on the Coromandel coast, any real extension of moment to the politics of Bengal.

The company's political sovereignty in the Calcutta presidency, from whence their empire has overshadowed Hindostan, is in fact to be deduced solely from the war which the nabob of Bengal, Sujah Dowlah, commenced against their factories in 1756, with all the intemperance and ignorance of a barbarian despot. Whether he was the unprovoked aggressor, or had really serious cause of complaint in the injurious conduct of the company, appears never to have been clearly explained; and it is now of little moment to inquire. But the splendid talents, civil and military, of Clive, his signal triumphs in the field, and his unscrupulous policy, were certainly the first instruments of the political grandeur of the company. The treaty by which he and his colleagues in power conspired with the treason of Meer Jaffier, to depose Sujah Dowlah, gave the company their first supremacy over Bengal; and the pageant nabobs, whom they afterwards set up and pulled down at will, were the mere creatures and tools of their power: used only to wring out their extortions, and to veil for a time the iron despotism of European traders, under the idle trappings of oriental state.

Before Clive, then designated only by his military rank of colonel, returned to England in 1761, his achievements had secured the substance of sovereignty over Bengal for the company: when, only four years later, ennobled and invested with unlimited authority, he was sent out to India a second time to reassume the direction of affairs, which had already fallen into disorder in his absence, he perfected his work. By a formal treaty with the emperor of Delhi—himself, but a phantom of sovereignty—Lord Clive seemed to obtain for the company a legal and recognised title to administer the perpetual government of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa, of which they were already the real sovereigns. When impaired health obliged Lord Clive to resign his government again and to return to England, he left the British authority securely established over those great countries, the company's possessions in peace, and the civil and military departments under subordination and discipline.

To the victories, the treaties, and the administration of this extraordinary man, are the company unquestionably indebted, then, for the great and primary foundations of their universal dominion in the east. That the means with which he wrought were always honourable, that even the public ends which he designed were justifiable, or that he preserved his own personal conduct as pure and unsullied as became a high-minded and heroic spirit, we are certainly very far from believing. But he was assuredly among the very ablest individuals, either as a commander or a statesman, whom our country has ever produced. By the kindness of his son, the earl of Powis, Sir John Malcolm has enjoyed access to all his papers; and these offer some remarkable evidence of his political sagacity and foresight. At an epoch when such a contingency had not even entered into the ambitious dreams of national specuation, we find him already predicting the necessity of establishing the universal empire of the company over India. "We are at last arrived," he observes, in a letter from India to a friend, "at that critical period which I have long foreseen: I mean that period which renders it necessary for us to determine whether we can or shall take the whole to ourselves.—I could have wished that our operations had been carried on upon a plan of more moderation, &c.—but since our views are extended, we must go forward; to retract is impossible." In these and several other reflections, he displays a prophetic judgment on Indian politics, which, no less than many acts of his government, proves him to have been what Sir John Malcolm justly terms him, 'a great practical statesman.' Sir John, indeed, goes much farther, and pronounces a spirited eulogium upon his virtues as well as his talents: his generosity and disinterestedness, his humanity to the natives, his honourable and patriotic zeal for the public service. All the charges brought against so distinguished a character, are attributed to the virulent malice of a host of enemies in India, whose career of plunder he had checked; and all his public acts in that country are defended in general terms.

We are not prepared to take this eulogy upon trust: but we can conceive that the fair fame of Lord Clive may have been beyond measure—perhaps even without justice—aspersed; and be this as it may, we gladly on many accounts receive the pledge which Sir John Malcolm here gives. He promises to employ the valuable and interesting MS. collection of Lord Clive's papers, which has been placed at his disposal, in the compilation of a memoir, that will equally illustrate the history of our rise to political power in India, and the character of that great man who may be called its founder! We shall welcome such a memoir as repairing an imperfection in these volumes, to which it would serve as an introduction; and we shall be curious to see the detailed case, upon which the author can establish his defence of the public and personal conduct of Clive. He will certainly bring the full zeal of an advocate to the question; for all his official partialities are enlisted on behalf of the actors of our earlier aggrandizement. But we shall ourselves gladly yield to any conclusive evidence in favour of Clive, which can warrant us in gracing the memory of talents so brilliant, with the higher attributes of patriotic virtue and personal integrity.

The administration of Warren Hastings forms the next step to that of Clive, in the growth of our Indian power. Like his great predecessor, Warren Hastings was appointed to assume the supreme authority in our eastern possessions, after an interval of disorder and anarchy; like him, he re-established and improved the public affairs with distinguished ability, but subjected himself, by the character of his measures, to general obloquy; and so, also, is he with Clive the object of Sir John Malcolm's earnest, but indefinite, vindication. Here, too, we could desire from our author's pen a far more minute memoir on the political character of Hastings' government than he has afforded. As the next link to Lord Clive's administration, it would complete the explanatory introduction to the matter of these volumes. The epoch of Warren Hastings' government was certainly one of the highest importance in our eastern annals; and the general cast of his vigorous policy, both in relation to the native powers and in the internal regulation of the company's dominions, no doubt greatly contributed to cement the growing strength of our empire. The affection still cherished for his memory by the people of India, is also in itself an honourable testimony in his favour. But we are at a loss to conceive how his most strenuous apologists could disprove, that his rule was too often marked by violence and wholesale injustice; even Sir John Malcolm is constrained to confess, that 'the whole system over which he presided was corrupt and full of abuses.'

Opinions will vary upon the general merits of Warren Hastings' public career, and the justice of the accusations against him; but whatever mixture of motives may be attributed to the celebrated men who conducted his impeachment, they certainly rendered their country an essential service in dragging to light the corruption and rapine, which prevailed in the local government of the company's possessions. They disseminated, among the people of this country, a general knowledge of Indian affairs; they awakened watchful attention to the importance of our eastern dominions, and to the progress of events in them; and from that epoch, the consciousness of acting under the jealous eye of public opinion, has exercised a power over the conduct of our eastern functionaries, far more salutary and effectual than all the inadequate legislative checks which it has been attempted to impose.

The provisions of Mr. Pitt's India bill, too, however defective in numerous respects, have undoubtedly had a most beneficial operation. By establishing a unity, and vigour of counsel and action in the local administration; by bringing the political affairs of the company under the control of the responsible executive government of the nation; and by thus subjecting the whole system to *the direct* and recognised interference of parliament, that bill has *inseparably bound* the subordinate Indian empire in close depend-nce upon the sovereign state. Under the combined influence of ll these causes, the conduct of public servants in India has, ever nce, been more consonant with the honour, dignity, and virtue of e British name. No flagrant malversation and tyranny have, om that epoch, disgraced our rule; and the necessary discussion f Indian politics has been almost wholly confined to the expedi-ncy of the gigantic extension of dominion, which our empire has ceived.

It is chiefly with relation to this last question, that our author as examined the political history of India, from the year 1784, to e present time; and his object appears to be to defend both the jus-ce and necessity of the system of aggrandizement, which has been ursued for forty years, with little intermission, until it has termi-ated in the universal supremacy of the British dominion. On he first of these points, he has argued with the warmth and pre-udice of an official partizan; and we cannot help thinking, that e would here have done well to leave justice out of the question. ur eastern empire has been one throughout of mere absolute con-uest, unsupported by a shadow of prescriptive right, or other well-ounded pretension; and it is a strange obliquity of judgment which can measure its original establishment and subsequent growth by the standard of lawful possession. It was won and aggrandized, and must be maintained, if maintained at all, solely by the power of the sword, and the law of the strongest. Whatever rash and isolated aggressions of the native states may have provoked its extension, their hostility to our power was warranted upon the broad maxims of self-defence; and it might be justified by every aspiration after national independence, which is dignified in our northern world by the sacred name of patriotism, or the manly principle of impatience under a foreign yoke. We had never a right to plant a foot on their soil; and no sophistry can evade the fact, that it is we who have ever been the real aggressors in all our triumphal struggles with them.

The plea of necessity is the only one that can in any measure excuse the continual extension of our conquests; and here we perfectly agree with our author, that, 'from the day on which the company's troops marched one mile from their factories, the increase of their territories and their armies became a principle of self-preservation.' The opinion of Clive, that 'to go forward was inevitable, to retract impossible,' was not more prophetic than it was founded on necessity. Since empire had been seized, it would have required a purity of public virtue, or rather a quixotism, of which there is no example in the history of nations, to have abandoned such precious acquisitions, and resigned the wealth of "the gorgeous east" upon a scruple of conscience. The very contemplation of such a self-denial of national prosperity would be to argue a gross absurdity. But such a question we may safely leave to the responsibility of our forefathers to settle: the empire has been gained, and it is for the rulers of our age to consecrate its original wrong, by a worthy employment of it to the happiness and moral improvement of subject millions. We could not, if we would, relinquish it without a new injury to the people, whom we have reduced to a state of helpless dependence upon the protection of our good government. We sincerely believe, moreover, that all India has gained largely by the supremacy of our sceptre; and on the reality of the benefits which it may confer upon the natives, must the true glory of our dominion be based.

In reflecting on the course pursued by the successive administrators of British India, since the foundation of the board of control, the bias of Sir John Malcolm's mind is evidently to try the merits of each by his adoption or rejection of the system of conquests. At least, notwithstanding the famous resolution of parliament embodied in Mr. Pitt's act,—"that to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India, are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy of Great Britain,"—it has so occurred, that all the governors who disregarded the letter and spirit of this declaration, are the objects of our author's special eulogy; while they who regulated their policy in sincere obedience to it, are dismissed with brief notice and small commendation. Thus Cornwallis, (in his first administration); Wellesley, and Hastings, whose successive conquests have enlarged our empire to its present vast extent, all receive his warm and unqualified tribute of admiration and praise: but not so any of their more pacific brethren. Sir John Shore, since Lord Teignmouth, at once a most able and amiable man, is coldly praised for the best intentions, while the wisdom of his policy is openly condemned; even Lord Cornwallis, in his second brief government, when he was sent out avowedly to arrest the march of our conquests, is far less lauded than before, and described as having declined at once in bodily health and mental energy; Sir George Barlow is passed over with silent denial of approbation; and Lord Minto is only "damned with faint praise," until towards, the conclusion of his government, a disposition is discovered in his measures to have abandoned his attitude of peaceful policy.

For our own parts, we are persuaded that the security of the British empire in India, has been fully as much promoted by the healing policy of these peaceful administrators, as by the victories of more warlike governors. Our belief that the gradual extension of our empire was inevitable we have already declared; but we are also convinced that in proportion to the rapidity of its growth must be its danger. The incessant acquisition of new territory, before the natives of the provinces lately conquered could be habituated and reconciled to British rule, must involve all the weakness and insecurity of crude and unsettled dominion. That the growth of our Indian supremacy has already been far too rapid, and that but a very small proportion of the native population has in consequence had time to acquire an hereditary affection and habitude for our government, are facts we believe which every one conversant with Indian affairs will readily admit. What then, we would ask, must have been the aspect of our dominions, if, instead of being marked by some intervals of tranquil policy, the government had been uninterruptedly, since the year 1784, in the hands of men of such ardent temperament and brilliant talents as Lord Wellesley? The dangerous crisis of our universal supremacy in India would have been hastened by at least the last quarter of a century; and we conceive that there is much public gratitude due to the men, whose more cautious and self-denying abstinence from ambitious projects, has retarded so forced and unnatural a maturity of our power.

In following the division of Sir John Malcolm's first volume, into the successive administrations of governors-general since the year 1784, that of Lord Cornwallis forms the brilliant and prosperous outset of the new system, which commenced under the board of control. The selection of that nobleman to exercise the supreme authority in India, was extremely favourable to the first successful operation of Mr. Pitt's act. Lord Cornwallis's elevated rank and honourable character, which placed him above the influence of the ministers of the crown, or the fear of the court of directors, secured him the respect and zealous obedience of the civil and military servants of the company; while the high powers with which he was invested, were of themselves sufficient to bear down every attempt at opposition to his authority. If Lord Cornwallis's appointment was fortunate for the public service, it was equally happy for his own fame. His Indian career became, beyond all dispute, that part of his public life on which his friends might dwell with the least alloy of gratification. In the American war, he had expressed his conviction of the justice of the cause for which the colonists fought; and yet he had not scrupled to serve against them. In the contest which terminated with his capitulation at York-town, if he had lost no personal honour, he had at least reaped no laurels. In Ireland, at a subsequent period, he had to engage, in compassing the Union, in a series of transactions of secret intrigue and open bribery, to which, however desirable the general measure of uniting the kingdoms, it might be thought that no man of nice and jealous honour would willingly be a party. But in India, his intermediate course, more worthy of his fair personal character, was splendid and unclouded: the reforms which he introduced into the internal administration of our possessions, were of the highest importance and acknowledged utility; and he had the glory, in his political measures towards our allies and enemies, of exalting the renown of the British name, of commanding respect, and diffusing salutary terror for the British power, and of increasing by council and arms the strength and extension of the empire entrusted to his sway.

Yet even in Lord Cornwallis's administration in India, the principles of the policy which he pursued have seldom been accuratel stated. It has been pretended that he was unwillingly forced int a war by the wanton aggressions of Tippoo Saheb; and muc praise has been bestowed upon his wise moderation, as well in th outset as in the conclusion of the struggle, in which he first brok the power of the sultan of Mysore. But if all circumstances b fairly weighed, they will take from Tippoo's proceedings much o the character of unprovoked hostility which has been ascribed t the conduct of that prince. Lord Cornwallis, on his arrival i India, found the power of the sultan elevated to an alarmin height for the interests of our empire. He was restrained by th provisions of Mr. Pitt's act against schemes of conquest, from anticipating danger by becoming the first assailant; but he did no scruple, by an indirect contrivance, to renew a treaty of some years standing with the Nizam of the Deccan, and to convert it into a league against Tippoo: and thus, as Sir John Malcolm is reduced to confess, 'his desire of not violating the letter of the act of parliament would appear to have led to a trespass of its spirit upon this occasion, by the revival of an offensive treaty against Tippoo Sultaun,' although we were then at peace with that sovereign Tippoo was thus naturally filled with apprehension; and our autho admits that Lord Cornwallis, feeling the necessity of curbing th ambition of the sultan, was led by parliamentary restrictions t pursue a course 'not only questionable in point of faith, but mor irritating to Tippoo than an avowed defensive league for the legitimate purpose of limiting his power.' There is no difficulty i concluding, that the subsequent war, into which the unfortunat despot was goaded, had on his part more the character of self-pre servation than of 'inordinate ambition.'

The mode in which Lord Cornwallis conducted that contes after it had once commenced, will ever reflect the highest hono upon his memory as a statesman. His address, in forming th triple league against Tippoo, between the company, the Nizam and the Mahrattas; his skilful operations in crushing the sultan resources; and the perfect reliance on his personal integrity an good faith with which he finally knew how to inspire both h jealous allies and defeated enemy, are all proofs of signal politic ability. His moderation as a conqueror at the gates of Seringap tam, in leaving Tippoo the half of his dominions, has been oft applauded: the praise might more justly be transferred to his s gacity in foreseeing that the total ruin of the sultan, and the di posal of his capital and central provinces, would increase th difficulty of an agreement among the victorious allies.

The temporary settlement of southern India by the treaty Seringapatam, which may be said to have closed Lord Cornwallis administration, was a memorable epoch in the establishment of o Indian power. In commenting upon the neutral and paci policy to which his lordship's successor, Sir John Shore, reverted, our author can see only the partial disadvantages to which it seemed to have led, in the renovation of Tippoo's power, and the aggrandizement of the Mahratta chieftains. But he entirely overlooks the improvement of our own resources, during the six years of profound and undisturbed peace which the company's possessions thus enjoyed. When the vigorous and brilliant administration of the Marquis Wellesley commenced, however, a crisis had certainly arrived, which demanded a more daring and decisive system than Lord Teignmouth had felt himself justified by any necessity in adopting. The romantic schemes of ambition, and the skilful intrigues of the French military adventurers, at the capitals of the native princes, had silently organized a French party, and combined a plan against the British power, throughout all India. Their arts had obtained a dangerous influence at the courts of the Nizam and the Mahratta Sindia, large bodies of whose troops were disciplined under their absolute control; and Tippoo Sultaun, cherishing implacable vengeance against his conquerors, lent himself to the wildest hopes from a French alliance.

The vast plan which the comprehensive mind of Lord Wellesley immediately embraced for the total overthrow of all these hostile combinations, and the almost incredible rapidity with which he executed it, are among the most wonderful circumstances in our eastern annals; and it must be confessed, that the achievements of his political administration throw the services of all other British statesmen in India far into the shade. The peaceful reduction of the Nizam again to the condition of a dependent ally, was the first-fruit of his energetic policy. It was almost immediately followed by the total overthrow of Tippoo, and the politic establishment of the old Hindoo dynasty of Mysore upon the ruins of the throne, which the sultaun so heroically defended to his last hour. Then the amicable subjection of the Peishwa of the Mahrattas by the British force, which he received for his protection at Poonah; the destruction in successive victories of Sindia's French brigade; and the breaking of the predatory empire of that chieftain and Holkar; were all, in succession, measures of rapid and sure preparation for the universal supremacy of the British sceptre.

There can be no doubt that, if Lord Wellesley had been suffered to remain but two or three years longer in the country, he would at once have completed his great work; but astonishment and alarm were mingled in the feeling of the public authorities of Great Britain, at the prodigy of his gigantic success: and it is perhaps fortunate that he was arrested in the two sudden consummation of his conquests. The three pacific administrations which followed, of Lord Cornwallis again, of Sir George Barlow, and of Lord Minto, afforded some space for the gradual settlement of the company's widely extended dominion. This interval of fifteen years served to prepare the minds of the natives for our avowed assumption of general sovereignty. During so judicious a pause and suspension of onward activity, a new generation had sprung up in India, habituated to the respectful contemplation of our power; and then came the vigorous administration of the Marquis of Hastings, which was in fact only a continuation of that of Lord Wellesley.

Renewing implicitly the policy of his greater predecessor, and now with the sanction of the authorities at home, Lord Hastings deserves the honour—in itself a work of glory—of having ably consummated, in the march of our sovereignty, all that remained to be done. And upon this occasion, at least, not a shade of doubt could be cast both upon the necessity and the justice of the proceeding which our Indian government adopted. The system of predatory incursion, which the Pindaree hordes had for some years been pursuing with increasing audacity, had now become intolerable. The annual desolation which those freebooters carried through the territories of the subject-allies of the British, and even through the immediate dominions of the company, spread terror through the whole Peninsula; and the secret support which the Mahratta princes rendered to the plunderers, imperiously demanded the interference and vengeance of our government. The British were the only power who could repress this lawless system of devastation; and as the real lords of India, it became with them a paramount duty, to maintain the public peace, and to ensure repose and security to the millions of people who were wholly dependent on their protection. Lord Hastings certainly encountered the great necessity of exterminating the Pindarees, and disarming the Mahratta princes, with a judgment, a vigour, and an enlarged combination of measures, which proved fully adequate to the magnitude of the occasion, and ensured the most triumphant success.

The wisdom of the subsequent settlement of India was equally worthy of praise. On the dethronement of the Peishwa, and the final dissolution of the Mahratta empire of Poonah, an expedient was still used, as in Mysore, for the desirable restoration of a native state out of its wreck. The legitimate heir of the Mahratta dynasty of Sivajee was liberated from the captivity to which the Peishwa had condemned his race, and placed upon the throne of his ancestors at Satarah. The same well-founded policy of preserving as long as possible the existence of the native governments, placed them under a safe subjection, in preference to transferring their states altogether to our immediate dominion. Of the Mahratta princes, Sindia was not dethroned, but a strong curb was set upon his power; and the territories of the Bhonslays, Rajahs of Nagpore, were only taken into British administration for a period.

Thus, with all possible prudence, has the universal supremacy *and paramount* sovereignty of the British government been pro*claimed and* completed over all India. The law which forbad conquest and interference is now, as our author observes, a mere dead letter; and the interest of any discussion on the principles which have regulated the past political history of British India, is lost and swallowed up—he might have added—in the superior attraction of that anxious speculation, which may well be directed to the present aspect, and future prospects of our immense empire.

We have already expressed our regret that, on these subjects, the volumes before us do not afford all the well-arranged conclusions of experience, and all the explicit suggestions for political improvements, which no man should be better qualified to offer than Sir John Malcolm. The inconveniences in the form both of the controlling government in England, and of the local executive administration in India, are universally acknowledged. The whole system, in its present operation, is admitted to be utterly unequal to the enormous extension which our power has received since its enactment. Add to these facts, that the questionable condition of the civil and military establishments of the company, requires the most grave and patient consideration; and all these subjects gain an increased importance and imminent weight, as the period approaches when the termination (in 1833) of the company's existing charter of territorial empire, shall lead to parliamentary discussion on the propriety of once more renewing it. If Sir John Malcolm, instead of contenting himself with a few crude declamations, should apply the materials of his experience, and the strength of his mind, to produce a well-digested essay on these vital subjects, for the existence of the Anglo-Indian empire, he will be performing a public service yet greater than any that has hitherto distinguished his career.

The ill-arranged, and, as it would appear, hasty observations on these questions which he has put together in the present work, are very far from satisfying our expectation of his powers. He has rather stated difficulties, than suggested their remedy. It is not for us to attempt, in this place, an examination of what might be proposed; but the desiderata are sufficiently obvious. The most glaring and primary imperfections are to be found in the nature of the controlling Indian administration in England. So anomalous a system of government, it perhaps never before entered into the head of man to conceive. Mr. Pitt's bill was declared by himself to have been only a temporary experiment, amidst a choice of inconveniences; and that some great change has become necessary, if only to suit the prodigious aggrandizement of the empire within the last forty years, no well-informed person will be hardy enough to deny. The present constitution of the government is a strange medley of functions, between a board of control and a court of directors: the members of the former being British statesmen, bringing to their office no peculiar acquaintance with India; and those of the latter not statesmen at all, but individuals chosen by accident, through commercial and monied interest, or private intrigue. Yet the board of control are the real political governors of India, and the court of direction the dispensers of patronage, and, in theory at least, the nominators to the highest offices of state.

The very existence of the court of directors, as a political body, will be put to the hazard by the question of the renewal of the company's political privileges; and inefficient as is the government of such a body, every friend to constitutional principles will dread to see the whole enormous patronage of the Indian empire transferred to the hands of the ministers of the crown. Sir John Malcolm is evidently a strong advocate for the continuance of the company's government, though he sees all its deficiencies. But he has no settled plan for its improvement; and his only feasible suggestion is, for the mixture in the board of control of some individuals, who have held high public office in India, with the immediate ministers of the crown: upon the same principle which composes the board of admiralty of lay and naval lords. The amalgamation of some sound practical and local experience of Indian politics, with the general knowledge and enlarged views of a British administration, seems indeed to be the first necessary step in improving the operation of the controlling executive powers.

On the subject of the local government of India, every hint afforded by Sir John Malcolm must have its value. He would appear to recommend a greater subdivision of authority,—of course under the supremacy of a governor-general,—by the appointment of secretaries for the general departments of state, of a subordinate governor to the presidency of Fort William, as well as those of Madras and Bombay; and of lieutenant-governors to many of the internal and distant provinces. And he also suggests some general, though vague, reforms in our judicial, police, and financial systems in India.

But the whole fabric of our Indian administration must be taken under revision, to meet the exigencies of the empire. A system applicable to the season of progressive dominion may be totally inconsistent with an established and stationary order of things. The very tranquillity and apparent security of our power, must have a tendency to relax the springs of all our institutions, to convert the duties of the state into a mere sluggish routine, and to promote lethargy and inaction in the civil and military services. Even the relations of the subordinate servants of government with the natives will need a watchful superintendence to avert consequences of incalculable mischief. If ever, in the pride of power, it be forgotten, by what means our empire has been established, its downfal will be precipitated by our own hands.

Unshaken firmness and activity in our government, tempered with a scrupulous regard to the religious prejudices and civil rights of the people of India, can alone command their respect and win their affection. The sincere desire to improve their moral and political condition, must be exercised with the utmost caution and prudence in its gradual operation. Such, altogether, can be the only path of successful duty, and may afford the only hope of perpetuating our empire. That empire has been acquired, extended, consolidated by the transcendent energy of the British mind; but the far more arduous problem remains behind and unresolved: how to govern permanently, to guard, and to preserve it?

ART. VI. *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry. By John Josias Conybeare, M.A. &c.* Edited by his brother, W. D. Conybeare, M. A. &c. 8vo. pp. 382. 18s. London. Harding and Lepard. 1826.

THIS elaborate volume may be considered as an introduction to the history of our early English poetry. It appears before us unfortunately in an incomplete shape, in consequence of the death of the author, which occurred before he had prepared much more than half of his notes for the press. His brother has, however, with great industry endeavoured to supply the defect, by arranging the remainder, by collecting from the Archæologia and other periodical publications, such papers relating to the subject as the author had communicated to them from time to time, and by accompanying them with such notes and illustrations, as he was enabled to draw from his own very extensive acquaintance with the literary remains of the Anglo-Saxons. From his having long participated in the antiquarian pursuits of his brother, no person could be better qualified for the task which he has undertaken. Much is due to him for his perseverance in bringing before the public a work, which might otherwise have perished at the printing office, particularly as the additions which he has made to it, required a very considerable degree of patient labour and diligent investigation.

The author is well known as professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Oxford, to which office he was appointed in 1809. He paid great attention to the metrical remains extant in that language, and took great pains to trace and illustrate them in his terminal lectures. For this purpose he examined with great care the manuscript treasures of the Bodleian and Cottonian libraries, and particularly the celebrated collection of Saxon poetry, bequeathed by bishop Leofric, about the time of the Conquest, to the library of the cathedral at Exeter. It appears to have been his original intention, when he contemplated the present publication, to have included in it not only the Saxon specimens now printed, but other materials connected with the earliest period of English poetry, and that of the Norman-French school. Duties however of a clerical nature, which removed him to a distance from our public libraries, interfered with a design which, if completed, would have essentially increased the value of his work.

Mr. Tyrwhit's opinion of the poetry of the Anglo-Saxons, is perhaps not altogether worthy of that able philologist. In his preface to Chaucer, he declares that he cannot see "any difference between the poetry and the prose of that people, further than the employment of a more inflated diction and inverted construction of sentence, in that to which the former title was usually affixed." Dr. Hickes, in his Thesaurus, runs into precisely the opposite extreme. He exaggerates the merits of the Anglo-Saxon poets beyond all bounds, and even contends, that in their metre they observed the legitimate rules of Latin prosody. The truth appears, as usual, to lie between the two opposite decisions. The Saxons wrote their poetry most frequently in continuous lines, marking the cadences by points, and imitating in some degree the Latin metres; but generally substituting, (as was the case in all the languages of gothic origin), emphasis for quantity. That they deviated from that habit occasionally, by breaking up their poetry into short and long lines, according to the cadences, fully appears from a specimen quoted by Humphrey Wanley, in his catalogue of Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, and which forms the termination of a very loose translation of the Phœnix of Lactantius. A further proof of this is found in Anglo-Saxon compositions, extant in the Exeter manuscript, which are not only divided into metrical lines, but also marked by a great variety of rhymes. Another mode adopted by the Anglo-Saxons for distinguishing their poetry from prose, was that of alliteration; a favourite artifice of style, used by them in common, as it would appear, with all the early northern bards, Teutonic and Scandinavian.

With respect to the essence of poetry, picturesque and elevated thoughts expressed in appropriate language, the Anglo-Saxons fall immeasurably short of the Greek and Roman models, and are even inferior to their Scandinavian brethren; one of the most favourable specimens of their descriptive powers appears to be an amplification of the following distich of Bede:—

> 'Inter florigeras fœcundi cespitis herbas,
> Flamine ventorum resonantibus undique ramis.'

The English translation is a literal one, and cannot therefore be expected to convey any thing more than the ideals of the Saxon writer.

> 'Thus in a solitary seat
> Within a bower
> Overspread with elms
> In the midst of a wood,
> Where the water brooks
> Murmured and ran
> Through the midst of the inclosure,
> [It befel me] even as I relate;
> There also the flowers of delight
> Grew and blossomed,
> Scattered around

Through that beauteous plain;
But then the branches of the wood
Waved and rustled
Through the windy blast;
The sky was disturbed,
And my saddened soul
Was all agitated.'—pp. lxxx.

There is, however, among the manuscripts in the Cottonian library, a fragment on the death of *Byrhtnoth*, which is distinguished by great spirit and eloquence. It is justly described by the editor, as 'remarkably free from the tautology and repetitions which too often impart a feeble and puerile character to the compositions of our Saxon writers.' 'The language,' he adds, 'while remote from the inflation and turgidity to which a false taste sometimes seduced them, frequently presents poetical phrases, and figures of considerable happiness and effect: such as, when speaking of the clash of arms, it is said, "the hauberk sang a song of terrors."' It forms part of a historical poem, in praise of the warlike exploits and death of Byrhtnoth, alderman, or earl of Northumberland, in an engagement against the Danish invaders, in the year 991, and seems to have been written shortly after that event. Of a portion of this curious fragment the editor has given an excellent translation, which, though it occasionally reminds us of Mac Pherson's pretended Ossian, is undefiled by the tinsel of that writer. We shall give one or two specimens of this poem.

'Then Byrhtnoth began to train his bands: he instructed the warriors in their array and discipline, how they should stand, how guide their steeds: he bade that they should hold their shields right forward with firm grasp, and should not fear ought. Soon as he arrayed his eager troops, he alighted amid his favourite band, the retainers of his household, whom he knew the most faithful of all.

'Meanwhile, the herald of the Vikings stood in his station: stoutly he called forth; and, advancing opposite, spake in these words to proclaim the threatenings of the pirate host, their embassy to the earl:—"The seamen bold send me to thee; they bid me to say that thou must deliver to them forthwith thy treasures for thy safety: better is it for you that ye should buy off this warfare with tribute than that we should wage so hard a conflict. It boots not that we should slay each other: if ye will assent to this, we will ratify a peace with gold. If thou who art the chieftain assentest to this counsel, so mayest thou preserve thy people by giving to the men of the sea even at their own arbitration, treasures for their friendship, and obtain peace from us: then will we with our booty repair again to our ships, and hold truce with you."

'Byrhtnoth spake. He upraised his buckler, he shook his slender javelin; stern and resolute he uttered his words, and gave him answer:—"Hear, thou mariner, what this people sayth: they will for tribute bestow on you their weapons—the edge of their spears, their ancient swords, and arms of war, *which* shall not avail you in the fight. Herald of the *men of the ocean! deliver* to thy people a message in return—a declaration of high indignation. Say that here stand undaunted an earl with his retainers, who will defend his land, the domain of my sovereign Ethelred, his people, and his territory; and the heathen shall perish in the conflict. I deem it too dastardly that ye should retire with your booty to your ships without joining in battle, since ye have advanced thus far into our land, nor shall ye so softly win our treasures; but point and edge shall first determine between us in the grim game of war ere we give you tribute."'---pp. xc. xci.

This scene is supposed to have taken place at Maldon in Essex. The two hosts were separated by the river, which was swollen by the tide. At the ebb, the invaders crossed the river without molestation, the Saxons desiring them to 'come speedily over; to advance as men to the battle.'

'Then the wolves of slaughter advanced across the waters; unimpeded the host of the Vikings passed over the river and its clear stream; the seamen carried their shields to the land, and bore their linden bucklers: there against these fierce ones Byrhtnoth with his warriors stood prepared: he bade his band raise with the shields the fence of war, and maintain themselves firmly against their enemies.

'The conflict then drew nigh—*the glory of the chieftains.* The hour was come when the fated warriors should fall. Shout arose—the ravens congregated—and the eagle greedy of its food—a cry was on the earth. They darted from their hands many a stout spear—the sharpened arrows flew—the bows were busy—the buckler received the weapon's point—bitter was the fight—warriors fell on either side—the youths lay slain.

'Wulfmær was wounded—he sought rest from the battle: the kinsman of Byrhtnoth, his sister's son, was severely mangled with the battle-axe; but for this, fit recompense was returned to the Vikings. I heard that Edward slew Anna with his stout sword; he stinted not his blow till the fated warrior fell at his feet: for this his chief conferred thanks on his chamberlain, whom he retained in his lodge. So clamoured, stern of mind, the youths in the conflict; anxious were they who might first take life from the death-doomed foes, and prove his weapons in the fight. The carnage fell on the earth, yet stood they stedfast. Byrhtnoth arrayed them: he bade that each youth who would victoriously fight against the Danes should bend his soul to the war.

'Then the (Danish) chieftain raised up his weapon, his buckler for his defence, and stept forth against that lord. The earl with equal eagerness advanced against the earl: either meditated evil against the other. The sea chief then sped a southern dart, so that the lord of the army was wounded: he manœuvred with his shield that the shaft burst, and the spear sprang back and recoiled: the chief was incensed, and pierced with his dart the exulting Viking who had given him that wound. Skilful was the hero: he caused his franca to traverse the neck of the youth: he directed his hand so that with sudden destruction he might reach his life: then speedily he shot off another so that his mail was pierced, and he was wounded in the breast through its ringed chains; and the javelin's point stood in his heart. Then was the earl blithe: the stern warrior laughed, and uttered thanks to his Creator for the work of that day which the Lord had given him.

But then some one of the enemies let fly a dart from his hand, which fixed the noble thane of Ethelred: there stood by his side a youth fully grown, a boy in the field, the son of Wulfstan, Wulfmær the ng; he eagerly plucked from the chief the bloody weapon, and sent it peed again on its destructive journey: the dart passed on till it laid on earth him who had too surely reached his lord.

Then a treacherous soldier approached the earl to plunder from the slain his gems, his vestments, and his rings, and his ornamented d; but Byrhtnoth drew from his sheath his battle-axe, broad and n of edge, and smote him on his corslet: very eagerly the pirate left when he felt the force of the chieftain's arm. But at that moment arge hilted sword drooped to the earth—he could no longer hold hard glaive, nor wield his weapon; yet the hoary warrior still en- oured to utter his commands: he bade the warlike youths, his brave anions, march forwards. Then might he no longer stand firmly on et.

He looked to heaven.—"I thank thee, Lord of the nations, for all the erity which I have experienced on earth: now have I, O mild Crea- he utmost need that thou shouldest grant grace to my spirit, that oul may proceed to thee, into thy keeping, O Lord of angels, that it take its departure in peace. I am a suppliant to thee that the de- tion of hell may not overwhelm it."'—pp. xci—xciii.

he poem proceeds in a very animated manner to relate the ts of the surviving Saxon chieftains, to recover the disasters of day, but we have given enough of it to shew its general excel- e. The name of the writer is not known. He was most ably a Monk, and we should have thought that he had a er claim to the title of the Saxon Homer, than the bard to m that distinction has been assigned. The Saxon poet so ured, was however a person of some ability, though greatly rated by Bede, who says of him—"Et quidem et alii post n in gente anglorum religiosa poemata facere tentabant, sed us ei æquiparari potuit. Namque ipse non hominibus, neque hominem institutus, canendi artem didicit, sed divinitus adju- gratis canendi donum accepit." The poet here alluded to was celebrated Cædmon, originally a cowherd and altogether des- te of learning. Upon the discovery of his poetical talents, he taken into the convent of Streoneshalh, in Northumbria, and g there instructed in the scriptures, he spent most of his time ersifying them. The only work of his, however, which appears ave come down to us, is a hymn on the creation, preserved in ed's translation of Bede's ecclesiastical history. It is remark- as the earliest specimen of Saxon poetry extant; its intrinsic it is very inconsiderable, even were its authenticity incontro- ible; a point upon which the commentators have by no means ed.

he author, however, presents us with another Saxon poem, ch he calls 'the song of the traveller,' and which he thinks s its *origin to a period still* more remote than that of Cædmon.

It exhibits a lively picture of the minstrel character, and co
an extraordinary enumeration of tribes and sovereigns, 'whos
existence has now no other memorial.' It occurs towards th
of the Exeter manuscript, and the handwriting, according
author, 'appears but little, if at all, anterior to the age of Le
We extract some stanzas from the author's translation of thi
gular poem, omitting the greater part of the minstrel's geogra
catalogue, which is too long and too jejune for our purpose.

'In phrase that spoke a poet's soul,
His treasured lore he 'gan unfold;
He that had wander'd far and wide,
The Bard his toils and travels told.

'From Mergia sprung of noble race,
He left the hall that gave him birth;
And many a wond'rous sight had seen,
Long roaming o'er the peopled earth.

'For he with love and service true,
In fair Alhilda's princely train,
From Anglia's eastern limits sought
A Gothic monarch's rich domain.

'He that of Hermanric had known
The liberal hand, the warrior pride,
Tuned to the list'ning crowd his song,
And told his travels far and wide.

'Full many a monarch have I known
In peace and wealth his sceptre bear;
Each land its native law shall own,
And he that seeks a lasting throne
Must make the people's weal his care.'—p. 22.

'Far o'er Italia's fair and fertile soil
My course was sped with Elfwine's faithful band
And Edwin's son well recompensed the toil,
For large his soul and liberal was his hand.
A guest I've shared the minstrel's lot,
With Jute and Angle, Pict and Scot,
The state of Græcia's sons have known,
Where Cæsar holds his lofty throne;
The' imperial city's towering mien,
Her wealth, her power, her pomp have seen.
Well may I tell the garb, the port, the face
Of many a Western, many an Eastern race;
From him that o'er the' Egyptian desert roves,
Or shelter'd rests on Idumæan groves,
To him who bows beneath the Persian's sway,
Or dwells where Ganges courts the rising day.
Long was the time, and joyous all,
Spent in Hermanric's high hall;
And well, full well, where'er he strays,

The Bard his grateful voice may raise,
In Hermanric's exhaustless praise.
Well may he sing from land to land
The Gothic monarch's bounteous hand;
No common gift was his; to frame
The bracelet that he bade me claim,
Six hundred scillings full were told,
Scillings of the virgin gold.
The Bard his home regain'd, and soon
Edgils bore that precious boon:
And Edgils, Mergia's noble thane,
Repaid the gift with rich domain.
Noble was Edgils' gift, yet more
Alhilda added to the store;
Edwin's daughter, bounteous queen,
Unchanged through many a varying scene,
The bard has blest her fostering love.
And still, where'er condemn'd to rove,
Well may he sing that matchless dame,
Of all that bear a royal name,
First to dispense, with bounty free,
To grateful vassals land and fee.

'Twas when great Edgils bad the minstrel throng
For high reward assay the rival song,—
Sweet arose the vocal strain,
And sweet the harp's responsive tone;
But soon confess'd each listening thane,
The lay that pleased was mine alone.
I travers'd then the Goth's domain,
And dwelt in Hermanric's high bower;
Of all that hold an earthly reign,
Best in arms, and first in power,
The time would fail me, should I sing
Of every thane and every king
That in my wanderings far and long
Has loved my harp and paid my song;
Ere Myrgia saw the bard again
Return to swell her Edwin's train.
Full oft the battle-field I sought,
Where Wulfhere, leagued with Wyrmhere, fought
'Gainst Ætla's lawless sons contending,
Their ancient seat of power defending;
Where loud and long the temper'd sword
Rung on the rounded target board.
Befits it too my song should name
Wudga and Hama's warrior fame:
Strong in their brotherhood they bore
Dismay and death around,
Where routed foes in wild uproar
Or fled, or strew'd the reeking ground;

And wreathed gold, and kingly spoil,
Repaid full well their gallant toil.

So sped the bard, by kings and heroes sought,
And wide as o'er the nations still he roved,
One constant truth his long experience taught,
" Who loves his people is alone beloved."
Thus north and south where'er they roam,
The sons of song still find a home,
Speak unreproved their wants, and raise
Their grateful lay of thanks and praise.
For still the chief, who seeks to grace
By fairest fame his pride of place,
Withholds not from the sacred bard
His well-earn'd praise and high reward.
But free of hand, and large of soul,
Where'er extends his wide controul,
Unnumber'd gifts his princely love proclaim,
Unnumber'd voices raise to heaven his princely name.'—p.

If this poem be not a mere fiction, it is an honourable trib the various Gothic tribes which it mentions. It is besides lightful record of the attentions paid in those days to the min and, as our author remarks, strongly reminds the classical of the self-satisfied manner, in which 'the early bards of were accustomed to speak of themselves, their pretensions their rewards.'

The next Saxon poem which occupies the attention of o thor is entitled Beowulf, and is considered by him as one most perfect specimens of the language and versification of o cestors. It is among the manuscripts of the Cottonian li and appears to be 'the earliest composition of the heroic ki tant, in any language of modern Europe.' The manuscript i to be of the tenth century, but there seems to be a great diff of opinion as to the date of the poem. Its object is to cel the exploits of Beowulf the Dane, performed in the course warfare against

'that fierce spirit
Roaming the marches in his lonely might—
The Grendel—he that by the Fifel tribe
Fastness and fen-land held, and dark morass,
Unholy wanderer!'

and also against a dragon, which ravaged his territory, an voured his subjects. The poem is divided into forty-three c of which the editor has given us an elaborate analysis, and trical version of very considerable merit. The author ascrib composition in its present dress to the Dano-Saxon period *history, and* supposes it to be the work of one of the bards, *graced the* court, and shared the patronage of the mag

Canute.' But he contends, with the Danish antiquary, Thorkelin, hat it is a rifaccimento, or Saxon translation, of an earlier work, written originally in the Danish language. It is, upon the whole, we think, a very curious composition, and well deserves the atten-ion which both the author and the editor have bestowed upon it. Before finishing his learned and interesting notes on this poem, the abours of the author were terminated by his death. An appendix s added by the editor, consisting of materials intended by the au-hor for the work, but not finally arranged by him for publication. These consist of—I. The battle of Finsborough; II. Specimens from the Junian Cædmon; III. Specimens of minor poems from the Exeter manuscript; IV. Alfred's version of Boethius; and V. A Norman-Saxon poem on death. Upon this list of contents we shall only remark, that the authenticity of the poems attributed by Junius to Cædmon (the bard already mentioned) depends only on the fact, that we know from Bede, that the subjects treated in them, are similar to those upon which Cædmon was employed. Hence the epithet Junian, which sufficiently marks the problematical character of those compositions. Alfred's version of the poetical parts of Boethius has been too frequently printed to require any notice in these pages; and as to the minor poems selected from the Exeter manuscript, and the Norman-Saxon poem on death, we can only attribute their insertion in the Appendix to the unbounded veneration entertained by the editor for every scrap of antiquity, which his brother had collected in his leisure hours. Of the sincerity of that veneration we would be the last to entertain the slightest doubt. Nevertheless, we may be allowed to question, as a matter of taste, the propriety of the frequent eulogies which the editor bestows upon the author. The following flight of fancy, which occurs in the preface, must strike the generality of readers as bordering on the ridiculous. 'Of the merits of a work proceeding from a relative to whom he was bound by so many ties, it is not for him (the editor) to speak: and the difficulty of doing so must be increased when the "*sacra et major imajo*" of the departed is seen invested with a peculiar character of sacredness, and magnified in all its proportions, through the mists of the valley of the shadow of death!!'

Art. VII. "*Alla Giornata;*" *or, To the Day.* 3 vols. 8vo. 30*s.* London. Saunders and Otley. 1826.

The mysterious sort of title affixed to this romance, and the rumour, apparently well-founded, of its having been written by the Lady Charlotte Berry, better known, perhaps, as the beautiful and accomplished Lady Charlotte Campbell, seem to have already procured for it a considerable degree of notoriety. To the patrons and patronesses of the circulating libraries, it must have proved a complete "God-send," for it is composed precisely of those materials which fill their thirsty souls with never-ending wonder and delight. Italian banditti, monks, nuns, pilgrims, condottieri, witches, minstrels, nurses, love and slaughter, caverns, castles, sieges, battles, tempests, shipwrecks, all things in short that can darken or illumine the picture, that can impart to it terror or smiles, are to be found revelling in the hey-day of their glory in 'Alla Giornata.' The fair and noble author has squandered as much of imagination upon these three volumes, as would in more economical hands have easily given life to a hundred. Every chapter is in itself a surprising story, and might, with due management, be spun out into a separate work;—a labour which would be the less difficult, as her ladyship seems to have looked down with aristocratic disdain upon the mean artifices of connection and probability.

As the reader is doubtless on tip-toe to find out what the deuce 'Alla Giornata' signifies, we shall at once gratify his curiosity upon that point. Be it known to him then, that these ominous words are inscribed over the door-way of the Palazzo Lanfreducci, on the banks of the Arno, and that of their hidden sense there is, or rather before the existence of the present work there had been, no tradition or memorial whatsoever. "Del motto 'Alla Giornata' says Morrona," posto nel sopraornato della Porta e della catena quivi appesa, non v'e memoria nè tradizione che ne indiètri il valore. Sappiamo soltanto che dietro al Palazzo eravi la chiesa di S. Bingio delle catene di padronato della medesima famiglia Lanfreducci." Now Lady Charlotte Campbell having glanced her fine eyes upon this enigmatical inscription, and conceiving that it was suffering a most foul and unmerited hardship in remaining so long unexplained, generously undertook to throw all her own light upon it; and, behold! she hath placed it in the front of a 'romantic legend!' Despising the piouss uggestion of Morrona, as to its meaning, she has more wisely adhered to the literal interpretation of the words—'To the day,'—intending thereby, to signify the appointed day, on which her hero and heroine meet, after an absence of one month, to which the mistress capriciously condemned the lover! Thus the mystery is solved, the spell broken! Stand upright, thou drooping tower of Pisa, and rejoice! for 'the day' is no longer wrapped in night!

Of the characters introduced into this 'romantic legend,' it would be idle to attempt an enumeration; so motley a group, such a succession of actors and scenes, and such a combination of preternatural accidents, were never before perhaps compressed within so narrow a space. The time of the action is laid, we conjecture, towards the latter part of the fourteenth century; the place, within the territory of Pisa, as yet a republic, and "in dudgeon high" with her neighbour Florence. The héroine rejoices in the charming name of Ildegarda Gherardesca,—we beg her pardon—'the Gherardesca'—for as every opera singer in Italy has a "the" to her cognomen by way of distinction, why should not the cynosure of a romance? Her family are of course noble, opulent, superb in all their ways: she herself the paragon of excellence, despising as beneath her notice those things called church and state, and looking upon that vulgar union ycleped *marriage*, as a state of 'dependence' deserving only her utter 'scorn;' a mere tasteless 'sacrifice of the heart's feelings to interest,' and 'a cloak for licentiousness.' 'She turned from a contemplation of the subject on every occasion with a feeling of horror.' These rational feelings form however but the secondary part of her admirable character, for she had 'themes on which she meditated day and night—*the freedom of her country!*' She burned for 'its emancipation from the state of humiliating degradation in which she beheld it plunged,' and in order to accomplish that desirable object, she, the Gherardesca, aspired to be a second Zenobia, and to convert the mighty republic of Pisa into a *queen-dom*, over which she should rule alone.

Alas for woman! the Gherardesca's high resolves melt away like icicles before the sun, as soon as "*the* man" appears. At the very first view of Ranieri Lanfreducci, her proud heart owns the presence of the god; and she who meditated to be the ruler of Pisa, becomes herself a slave. The Lanfreducci reciprocates her passion, and various and wonderful are the interruptions, which through the three volumes mar and agitate the current of their love; miraculous the events which finally contribute to their union. Bootless were it to tell how an aged mother, given up to her rosary and crucifix, hears with indignation of her only son's attachment to a suspected heretic and a disaffected citizen; how many cunning arts were contrived, in order to dissipate the old lady's prejudices; how a certain cavalier called Montescudajo, endeavours to obtain the Gherardesca for himself, and shuts her up in a convent, and how she escapes, and how she is shipwrecked, and how she finds herself awaking out of a sleep, in the arms of Ranieri, and supported by his mother, and at length blessed in the enjoyment of that state of 'dependence,' from the bare 'contemplation' of which, at the beginning of her story 'she turned with so much horror!'

But in order to bring about such a happy consummation, Lady Charlotte Campbell thinks it necessary to the dignity and consistency of her sex, to employ a prodigious congregation of machinery, and of dramatis personæ drawn from every class of life. There is some coquetry in this, for from the very first one more than suspects how it is to terminate. When we hear a young lady rail against mankind, and almost swear—if indeed a lady can ever even *almost* do such a thing as *swear*—that she is resolved to die an old maid, we invariably look in the hymeneal corner of the next newspaper for the proclamation of her marriage, and there we as regularly find it. Lady Charlotte must have laughed in her sleeve, at the time she was penning that cruel announcement of the Gherardesca's *character*; she doubtless meant it as a lesson to her sex;

the misfortunes, the world of misery which she inflicts on her heroine, in order to chasten her ambition and nourish her heart to domestic tenderness, are decisive proofs of her intention to make the Gherardesca an example, rather to be avoided than imitated.

In truth, with all its faults of extravagance and want of probability and connection; faults which are so abundant in the third volume, as to make it almost unreadable; there are many passages in Alla Giornata replete with good sense, and full of instruction for the sex to which they are addressed.. These lessons are of the more value, when it is considered that they proceed from one, who has herself mixed in the highest circles of the world, and keenly observed their follies and their vices, still preserving her own heart unsophisticated, and *English* in every sense of the word. It is impossible that the "strenuous idleness" of "fashionable life" can have any real attractions for a lady who thus lingers over one of the happiest periods in the career of her heroine—that which preceded her first interview with Ranieri, and found her dreaming of empire, yet superintending her affairs at the seat of her ancestors at Volterra.

> ‘ While her mind was thus intent on a high, though improbable, object of attainment, her heart was engaged in the mild intercourse of friendship, and her days flowed on in an uninterrupted course of self-satisfaction and improvement. Alternation of rest and activity, of society and solitude, is perhaps the most favourable union of circumstances to strenghten the mental constitution: but if one or other of these is not attainable, there surely can be no hesitation in saying, that a life passed among scenes of nature and in contemplative repose, is far more likely to form a truly great character, than a busy life devoted to the world, where amidst all the scene of human passions, bubbling as it were in one vast cauldron, a process invariably takes place, which, if it does not wholly debase, never fails to harden the heart, and to produce an involuntary selfishness, even in the most tender and ingenuous dispositions.
>
> ‘ The world, thus adhered to, inevitably becomes our master, and is any thing but an easy master, even to those, who, possessing all its advantages, are best entitled to its smiles. There is a servility in flattering its votaries, in overlooking vice, and disregarding virtue: in levelling all the higher attributes of man's nature to mere conventional forms of custom or opinion, which is most awfully prejudicial to the real interests of the soul. The greater number of persons who compose the busy mob of fashionable life, have reached its dizzy sphere by the mere whip and spur of their own exertions: it is pitiable to think how much invaluable time is wasted by them in a race in which they are distanced by the younger, and the fairer, the more witty, and the more prosperous. It is truly melancholy for a person indifferent to this kind of distinction, or one to whom it pertains b right of birth and circumstance, and who is consequently not the slave o such exertions, to see even the naturally good and sensible, drawn into th vortex, and squandering the essence of their existence, in the same heartless pursuits with the frivolous and depraved part of mankind.
>
> ‘ *The present* period of Ildegarda's life appeared to her to be the seed *time of an* abundant and joyful harvest. Under her judicious manage

ment, the condition of the peasantry, in the immediate district around her, was ameliorated to a degree that caused the envy and ill-will of the rest of the country. Nor was this class alone the object of her care. The arts flourished beneath her palace roof, and all who had rare manuscripts to dispose of, or other matters conducive to intellectual improvement, or the revival of literature, flocked to the Gherardesca, ever sure to find in her a ready purchaser for their treasures.'—vol. i. pp. 117—120.

As an accompaniment to this philosophical passage, we shall select the observations which the author puts into the mouth of Cassini, a physician, and one of her favourite characters.

' " I will tell you," said Cassini, " this world, Signora, which you rail at, and which people have agreed to call the world, but which means in fact only a very small part of mankind among which each individual figures; this world then, as it is denominated, is a mighty pleasant good creature, believe me; but to make use of a very homely phrase, ' you cannot have more of a cat than its skin,' and the reason why people inveigh so bitterly against it, and are, as they imagine, so disgusted with it, is neither more nor less than because they expect from it what it never did, and never can bestow. No, no; we may all allow beautiful women occasionally to be captious, because all defects are pardonable in them—for a while; but whenever I hear one of my own sex finding fault with the world, I always look at him with a suspicious eye, and think, friend, thou art either fool or knave, or it may be both. Believe me, the world is a mighty pleasant creature; only do not, as I said before, expect too much from it. In the hour of peace, of prosperity and relaxation, seek the world: in moderation, taste of it as you would of a strong cordial; but lose not the remembrance that it turns bitter on the lees: drink it not to excess, or it will lead to folly, ignominy, or death. Hope nothing from the world in the hour of sorrow. Hope little even from friends: try them not too much; it is painful to find them wanting. Trust only in that world which is *not now*, but which must come to all, whether they will or not. Look at the great word written over the portal of death—Eternity; —and seek your comfort there." '—vol. i. pp. 288—280.

The Gherardesca is not quite so enthusiastic a patroness of the arts as Corinna: her passion for them, though more sober, is not however less constant or sincere. We may presume that Lady Charlotte Campbell often speaks her own sentiments under the masque of her heroine, and in this view it is pleasing to observe her giving way to the natural vein of her fine imagination. It is scarcely necessary to premise that Ildegarda Gherardesca had already *seen* Ranieri.

' Ildegarda, who was of late indifferent to her personal charms and appearance, now took pleasure in her resplendent attire, and the consciousness of her beauty. She sat for her picture and her sculptured likeness to various artists, and during the execution of these works, Ranieri delightedly watched every stroke of the chisel, every touch of the pencil. His two predominant passions were indeed happily blended; and for a lover of the arts to be a lover also, and to watch the beloved image starting into mimic life, is to enjoy all of pure felicity that can be known.

'"I love an artist's room," said Ildegarda; "I would not forego the pleasure of being allowed to come to it, to obtain admission to all the regal chambers of the great, where silk and satin vie with gold and precious stones." The room of Messer Cino, or, as he humbly called it, his "Bottega," was a place of no common interest; for besides the absolute requisites of his art, each of which presented a thousand varied combinations to elicit imagination, he had accumulated many fanciful objects of beauty and of use, all of which he declared were necessary to aid his powers of composing. His window, constructed with no research of art, was only shaded at pleasure by a large purple curtain, through whose half-faded dye the light emitted finer demi-coloured tints, than if, in the fulness of its stream, it had sent forth an overpowering brilliancy. It was the practice of Cino to paint under the natural light of day; for he said that when the difficulty could be overcome, there was a truth and force in objects thus delineated which no contrived accident of light or shade could impart. In one corner of the room, lay piled up against the wall some rich cushions of eastern manufacture, the texture and beauty of which, affording a fine back-ground to many of his pictures, rendered them not merely the indulgence of luxury, but accessories to his art.

'On tables of carved ebony were illuminated manuscripts; on others, golden plate and vases of Venice workmanship; whose beauty was enhanced by the fruit that lay on the one, and the flowers which dropped from the other. Near these sumptuous objects of taste were seen some of less costly materials, but not inferior in their beauty of form. These were the metal pitchers in common use even to this day, and the wooden dishes of the perfumed cypress wood, whose delicious odour reminds those who inhale it of all the cities of Tuscany, where its fragrance may be enjoyed at every carpenter's shop. In other corners of this apartment were placed, on high-backed wooden chairs, peasants' garments; a veil, a silken scarf, and a lute; while on some of the falling folds of the drapery, a magnificent cat, of the wild breed of the Apennines, nestled in amicable, though unusual harmony, with a couple of the picturesque dogs of the Bolognese race. Add to the objects here detailed, the queen-like beauty of Ildegarda, the visionary form of the young Rachaella, Ranieri's matchless grace, the light of his commanding forehead and reflective brow; together with the attendant page, and his characteristic mother, the nurse Radegonda; and truly the Bottega of Messer Cino comprised a rare assemblage of all that could give inspiration to the pencil.

'It was here that many delightful hours danced by unheeded. The poet Zanobi was always a welcome visitor, and it was to him no barren ground. He gathered many a myrtle wreath, and many a laurel crown, in this fascinating scene; and while he received rich treasures for his own delight, he imparted pleasure to those around him.'—vol, i. pp. 317, 318.

It is to be lamented that a fancy filled with such charming pictures as those with which Lady Charlotte occasionally embellishes her work, should have been suffered by her judgment to run riot, and waste itself in the labyrinth of incidents which are to be found in her narrative. Though similes in prose are seldom endurable, yet we had marked several in Alla Giornata, which are not only *original, but* highly poetical, and at the same time appropriate to the subject which they are intended to illustrate. Their beauty, however, depends so much on the whole train of thought, which the passages preceding and following them excite in the mind of the reader, that it would be only an injury to detach them from the frame-work in which they are so well placed. We shall substitute for them a description of Pisa, as seen on 'one of those evenings of Italian spring, when the glowing firmament sheds its early effulgence over that favoured land.'

'The deep roseate hue of the setting sun illumined the Arno like a glowing gem, and turned the meanest things it touched to beauty; the very roofs of the houses and palaces seemed broidered velvet, and the innumerable colours which tinted the walls, resembled the precious inlaid work of a rich cabinet, rather than the stains and depredations of time and weather,—such a magician is the sun of southern climes. Yet this minute detail of objects did not lessen their general effect; over this glittering brilliancy a veil of middle tone was spread, shrouding its effulgence, and uniting it by a thousand delicate reflexes with the deeper shadows. The clearness of these very shadows was a thing to wonder at apart, while the whole picture absorbed attention, as being entire and harmonious, although in its several markings distinct, detailed, and defined.

'The ancient tower which flanked the Ponte Vecchio, rose darkly against the panoply of the golden sky; yet the small Moresque arches which so gracefully support its widening brow, together with every projecting moulding and prominence in the deep-toned mass, were traced in clear and sharp outline. Beyond the tower, the eye stretched to the distant reach of the river, studded with boats, which gave a heightened value to the landscape, opposing their dark brown and orange hues to the flood of light that beamed around them, while the parting orb of day again returning, streamed over the beautiful building of St. Paolo, situate on the southern bank, and which cast its softened image in the stream. Lower down rose the fairy Spina, a mixture of Saracenic and Moresque taste, which, rich in foliage, figures and fretwork, delights the eye in despite of all the rules of architecture. Opposite to this, marble palaces shone in bright array, backed by the square towers, which reared their massive forms, the lofty and permanent monuments of family greatness. Such was the fashion of the times,—and every noble house boasted one or more of these fabrics as marks of proud distinction. Beyond them, the eye passed over the receding buildings of the town, till it reached the forked Apennines, which framed as it were this most beauteous picture.'—vol. i. pp. 324—326.

This magnificent description of the appearance of Pisa is given as a preliminary to the exhibition of the Giuoco del Ponte, a sort of mock fight, which is said to have been allowed every third year at Pisa, in order to maintain a warlike spirit among the inhabitants. As we have found reason to express an unfavourable opinion in general of the narrative part—unfortunately the greater proportion of this romance—we are glad to admit of an exception in favour of the relation of this combat, which is told, particularly the tragical conclusion of it, in a very animated style.

'The combatants flew to the charge; and it was a fearful sight to see them rising like waves above the parapets of the bridge; now heaving, then sinking, and then swelling again, as if they must overflow, and be precipitated into the waters beneath, or be crushed under the feet of advancing multitudes.

'This strife had lasted about an half hour, and the battle of the bridge had been lost and won several times by each party. Shouts or "Viva Sant' Antonio!" "Viva Santa Maria!" had alternately prevailed, when suddenly the knights were observed to suspend their efforts in order to give place to two combatants, Pafetta di Montescudajo, and Ranieri Lanfreducci, who had singled out each other from their respective ranks, and were engaged with more personal animosity than was allowed in this mimic combat, for it must be remembered that the Giuoco del Ponte was intended only to give proof of prowess and dexterity in the aggregate, nor was it lawful for single combatants to engage apart from the rest: the rank, however, of these knights, and their noble bearing, obtained for them a license and respect, that appeared for the moment to hold the multitude in a spell of silent inaction; till the conflict at length assumed a character which created a general murmur of disapprobation among the spectators, and the magistracy were on the point of interfering, when suddenly a cry of "treachery!" was uttered by one of the combatants, and Messer Ranieri, dropping his talagone, (a triangular piece of wood, the only weapon permitted in these conflicts,) closed with his adversary breast to breast, by one desperate struggle raised him in the air, and by the next cast him headlong over the battlement into the stream beneath. Cries from all voices of "Traitor! Monster!" were poured forth against Ranieri. He was surrounded and seized; but it was soon discovered he was in no state to answer the questions that were mingled with the reproaches of the multitude; or to defend himself from their threatened vengeance. Faint from loss of blood, he sunk senseless into the arms of the persons nearest to him, and a poniard, found at his feet, seemed to imply the premeditated assassination. All was now confusion and tumult, in a scene which festive joy had so late pervaded: a thousand boats that had been plying about in case of accidents, crowded to the relief of Pafetta, who was still struggling in the Arno; while the busy multitude above, hastened to bear away Ranieri, that assistance might be given him, if life was not already flown. The signal bell for assembling the company of the Misericordia tolled dolefully through Pisa; cars, litters, steeds, all crowded together, and neighing, jostling and entangled with each other, created a general confusion, the women screaming, the men declaiming in all the violence of their passion, and gesticulating with that unutterable energy of action that invests rage with magnificence. The rumour of the event spread quickly into the adjacent villages, and a stream of peasantry soon joined the townsmen, so that the multitude increased every moment. The friends of both parties were loud in calling for justice, and maintained that they were each in the right. Thus in the midst of their clamours for mutual vengeance, one voice was asking questions, while twenty drowned its vociferations by telling the tale each in his own way, and no two alike. Nevertheless, in whatever colours the partisans of Pafetta represented the affair, the moment it was ascertained how severely Ranieri Lanfreducci had been wounded, and that Pafetta had only received a few contusions, (though he narrowly escaped drowning), then the general voice was in favour of ormer. But Pafetta stood in near relationship to the Anziani, or magistrate ; and where in this earth does not might frequently over-right ?"—vol. i. pp. 336—340.

xt to the Gherardesca herself, the character who was intended e author to awaken the greatest interest in the mind of the r, is Rachaella. She is invested with all the spiritual graces nnocence of an angel. There is a long episode connected with irth and early life, from which it appears that she is the child ertain naval Englishman, named Hawkwood, who in his wan- gs over Italy became enamoured of her mother, induced her it the cloister, where she was intended by her parents for the nd to submit to a secret marriage. Rachaella is represented eriting all the religious enthusiasm of her mother's family, ts operation on her mind approaches very often to insanity. s made to pine in secret for Ranieri, and yet not to tell the of her love. Nevertheless, we find her at the end of the ro- e, joyfully married to a cousin of her own ; whom one of those erless happy chances, which the author has always at com- at a moment's notice, threw in her way. She appears and pears without any reason ; sometimes we find her under the ction of Ildegarda, sometimes whipping herself in a distant nt for sins which she never committed. Though naturally ous, as it is fitting that all young maids should be, yet we her walking about alone in the least respectable streets of and hunting out among the beggars for a sort of mounte- called Scaramuccio, or Buonajuto, who makes a conspicuous in this romance. Nay, the innocent and tender Rachaella arther, for she disguises herself as a gypsy, that she may ac- ny this Scaramuccio to the house of Montescudajo, in order y off a trick that, by terrifying, should prevent him from ac- Ranieri before the Angiani. These and other outrageous sistencies, which we might point out in the character of Ra- a, become so fatiguing, as we advance in the story, that the ight of her name becomes only a signal for some fresh ab- y.

this respect, however, she is distanced beyond all bounds by caramuccio himself, who is no other than her own brother, ho, though the inseparable companion of all the young rogues gabonds of Pisa, (among whom only he imagines he can lead of thorough independence), yet figures in one part of this ro- as a graceful cavalier, "the observed of all observers," at a given by Ildegarda. In the next moment we meet him as a again, turning his eye-balls inside out, in order to complete sguise, and it is ten to one but that in the following page, he up, under the creative hand of the author, a soldier armed, ading his companions to the combat. A more irrational com- on of *generosity and* meanness, of the sublime and the ridi- , *never before, perhaps,* entered into the imagination of man or woman, excepting always one other motley character, which occupies a distinguished part in this work. This person is called Marinella; she seems to have all the faculties of Sir Walter Scott's sybils, joined to the power of loco-motion inherent in Shakspeare's witches. To her care were Rachaella and her brother consigned in their infancy: we have already seen how the latter profited from her lessons; but of her own wild and diversified career, no pen, save that which gave her existence, can present even an outline. Her leading passion is avarice, to which she adds, hatred of all mankind, the usual quality of a sorceress. In the two first volumes she is a mere land-witch, and confines her residence to caves, and castles, and horrid huts. Stone walls, however, offer no resistance to her movements. She rides about on her broom, ad libitum, and is found without the least previous notice exactly on the spot where her presence is deemed necessary to the tale. Through the greater part of the third volume, she figures as a witch of the sea, and scuds about in a round tub, raising tempests and allaying them for the mere gratification of her wayward caprice. If we mistake not, she becomes in the end a *wind,* formidable to all men who trust themselves within the range of a certain part of the Italian coast. Such a monstrous piece of absurdity as this defies all criticism.

The only character which is really well supported out of all those which the author has called up like shadows, is that of Radegonda, the nurse. It is no small praise to say of her that she reminds the reader at once of Juliet's nurse, but without at all suggesting the idea of imitation. She is evidently copied from the life, and resembles Shakspeare's garrulous old dame only because she approaches as nearly as possible to nature. She exhibits all that vigilance of observation and acuteness in matters of the heart, for which, time out of mind, her order has been famous; and there is uniformly a mother-wit and kindliness in her remarks, which makes one fancy that he is listening to the very being whom he himself may have known in a similar relation. We must give the admonition which she offered to Rachaella, upon a subject of much more importance than ladies of Rachaella's age are usually in the habit of attributing to it.

'"Well, dear nurse, be pacified, I will soon return home; but rest yourself awhile, and let me enjoy the evening breeze, which is very refreshing."

'"Ah! well, to be sure, after such a long walk as I have had, (sitting down), a little rest is necessary. To be sure, I do not wonder that such young creatures as you should find it dull to be always reading and writing, and poring over books: I never could abide any of these things, not I. Education is terribly neglected now a-days: why, in my time, every lady knew how her table should be spread, whether to her serving-men, or to *the highest of* the state-knights and signors; and then, as for receipts, *why a thousand* was nothing to have at one's fingers' ends. Many a wonderful cure I have made, and many an excellent dinner I have cooked; and though I do not say you should cook the dinner yourself, I do say you hould see to it. Why there is not a more sure way of keeping a man's heart than by keeping a good table and an orderly house; and how do you think this is to be done without the wife's eye looks to it? Do I not know that when a knight comes in tired from war, or turmoil, or the chase, what he likes best to find is a board well spread, and next to that, a wife well dressed, to please his eyes; and then his stomach and his eyes being well recreated, you may have every thing your own way: but your husband will never be a bit the better pleased with you for knowing who reigned here and who reigned there, or what poet sung at this time, or what at that; not that I have any objection to a good, merry, or a pretty tender song now and then between whiles, only they must not come in *before* meals." '—vol. iii. pp. 258, 259.

We shall conclude our extracts from this romance with a description of a route at the Palazzo Gherardesca. It is a scene worthy of Crabbe. The loungers of St. James's, and a numerous class of antique maids, will be astonished at the severity with which they are anatomized in this passage, and hung up like so many skeletons as memorials of their pestilential race.

'The hours passed heavily till the evening came, which brought the brilliant crowd to the Palazzo Gherardesca. There were ladies attended by professed lovers, who felt no love, and knew the passion only by name; and there were ladies who had no lovers in attendance—but in whose breasts glowed the purest, brighest flame. There were patriots *de profession* likewise, who knew nothing of what they professed, and cared about it less, except inasmuch as it furthered their own petty views of interest: poets whose muse came only at the bidding of gold, or at the fragance of an Umido: painters who worked by receipt; and parasites of all descriptions. Then there were decorated corpses stalking about, (for all times and countries have of these), who seemed to have come there merely from being doomed to haunt the scene of their former pleasures by way of punishment for having passed their best days in no other pursuit than the heartless gratification of vanity. Some of those who were following the very same career, but were young in the track, looked at them with scorn; forgetting that, a few years over, they in their turn bid fair to become precisely one of the same denomination; and others again pushed past these whited sepulchres, wholly regardless of the lesson they taught, either for the present or the future: while they themselves turned the dim orbs of their rayless eyes to the long mirrors right and left, in hopes of seeing the images of that beauty they had once seen reflected there; and then the ghastly expression, between a grin and a smile, that followed the recognition of what they now were, sufficiently testified the gnawing worm within. What is more sad than this proof of the misapplication of the purposes of existence, this fruitless guest of mistaken happiness? Age is beautiful in repose; in the calm sunshine of domestic cheerfulness, and the heartfelt hilarity of social enjoyments. Age is still respectable when it sanctions and restrains by its presence the gaieties and pastimes of youth; but when, from *vacuity of mind,* or vitiated habit, it is seen frequenting, night after night, and year after year, the glaring scenes of show an sipation, it becomes a melancholy and contemptible spectacle.'—v pp. 97—99.

The passages which we have cited are, by some good fortune from two serious faults which we have frequently noted in other of this work. The first is the omission of the article *a*, or *an*, l words to which, according to every authority in the English lang one or other of these articles is indispensable. We are awar a person habituated for some time to French or Italian, i ceedingly apt to fall into this error, because in those dialect equivalents of our articles are seldom used. To this cause, r than to any affectation of the Dilettante school, we are willi impute the fair author's sins in this respect. But there is an fault, a violation of the concords between the substantive and and of the relation between the cases, which no length of resi abroad can excuse. Thus we are told (vol. i. p. 157) that representation of these mysteries *are* sanctioned,' &c. In v (p. 274) we read, 'the loss of one *whom* they believed had &c. In vol. iii. (p. 195) '*who* have we here?' Many inst of such faults as these, which any schoolboy would correct, be exhibited, if the task were not an ungracious one. We also observe upon the redundancy of epithet in which the indulges, contrary to all the rules of good style; and upon her ness for certain *pretty* expressions, which sound well, but little meaning. These are particularly observable in the p pieces which the author has copiously scattered through h lumes, and which are certainly as little entitled to the myrt any thing in the shape of verse that has lately appeared. B have done. Our principal purpose in noticing the work at a been to select from it some passages which struck us as conta unquestionable indications of a fine imagination, and of an vant and highly accomplished mind. It is much to be reg that those happy effusions are surrounded and overwhelmed mass of absurd, or insignificant, matter, which will neces prevent them from being so generally known or admired, as o wise they must have been.

ART. VIII. *Paper Currency and Corn Laws considered, separate conjointly.* 8vo. pp. 56. 2*s*. London. Longman and Co. 1

IN the last number of this journal, we gave an abstract of M cob's Report on the Trade in Corn. The pamphlet now befo considers the laws by which that trade is restricted, chiefly their effect upon the currency of this country; but the ideas writer are thrown together in so crude and desultory a ma that we have thought it more expedient to treat the subject *its general* principles, than to confine ourselves to a mere cri pon his ephemeral production. Indeed, a world of argument pon this important question has been superseded by his Majesty's te Order in Council, an extract from which will serve as an troduction to the remarks which we have to offer.

> "His Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, doth order, and s hereby ordered accordingly, that foreign oats and oat-meal, rye, pease, d beans, whether warehoused or otherwise, shall and may, from the date eof, be permitted to be entered in the ports of the United Kingdom and Isle of Man, for home consumption, upon payment of duties not ex- ding 2*s.* per quarter of oats; 2*s.* 2*d.* per bole of oatmeal; and 3*s.* 6*d.* r quarter of rye, pease, and beans. The order to continue from the date reof (September 1), till forty days after the next meeting of Parliament, t is, till the 24th of December,) unless Parliament shall previously pro- de otherwise."—*Order in Council, Sept.* 1.

That the laws which regulate the importation of corn, and rough it, the prices of all commodities in these kingdoms, are at riance with the spirit of the age, and the principles upon which gislation in general, has, during the period of their operation, en conducted, is strong *primâ facie* evidence against them; for every other branch of the code, whether civil, criminal, or com- ercial, the object has been simplicity of structure and uniformity f operation; while in the Corn Laws, the object appears to have een, or rather, in effect, it is, diametrically opposite. We take it r granted, that there is no need of going into any lengthened rgument to prove that, taking the whole of the agriculturists, a rop must always be beneficial for them in proportion to its abundance in quantity and its excellence in quality. Any other hypothesis would at a single step land us in the most palpable absurdity, by proving also, that bad soil is preferable to good, and that a slovenly farmer with clumsy instruments, must really be more successful than a man of skill, whose implements and modes of ulture are all of the best description. No person can be the advocate of doctrines so very ridiculous as these; but these doctrines are the unavoidable consequences of that system which keeps the ports shut in good years, and opens them in bad; and therefore, ither the Corn Laws should be constant in their operation, or they an answer no good purpose even to those for whose benefit they re intended. If they do give any relief to the agriculturist, (and hat we shall inquire into by and by), they give it to him only so ong as he does not need it; and the moment that it would be of se to him it is withdrawn. Conduct of this kind obviously akes a man worse than if he were at all times let alone; for as he prohibitory prices are rated in the statute book, it is not too uch to say, that the ports must be shut for four years out of very five—indeed, we might say, nine years out of every ten. ow, folks regulate the whole of their habits and expenditure by he majority of their *years; and,* therefore, upon the assumption hat *the Corn Laws are a protection,* the habits and expenditure of the proprietors and cultivators of the soil must always be ducted as to take up the whole of that protection. In the have no reason to presume that they will have a greater te to accumulate savings against the evil day, than any other the people; and practically, we see that their so accumul not the fact. No doubt there have been improvements modes of living among the agriculturists, and every body o and feeling must rejoice at those improvements; but that th culturists are not farther advanced than those classes to w protection is given, is true; and if the protecting prices cause of those improvements, nothing can be more unjus wantonly cruel, than to withdraw this protection at the ve when circumstances, over which they have no control, pla in a worse situation than their fellow-citizens.

It may happen, and it frequently does happen, that a scarcity is advantageous to some of the agriculturists; t though the general crop may be deficient, there are alway in the more favoured situations, that have comparatively go vests. But at whose expense do these make their profits? the expense of the purchasers of grain? No, not a penny is at the expense of those whose crops have failed, who mu the little they have to market in order to provide for thei and who must, in all probability, become buyers and not during the greater part of the year. Take the reports of sent crop, (true or false, they make the same for the arg wheat they say is an average, while the inferior grain (c instance) is very deficient. Suppose no importation h allowed, how would the grower of oats have been b without the grower of wheat, who, by hypothesis, d need it, partaking equally, or rather more largely in the The consumption of oats would have been less; there b hypothesis, less to consume: but the money would not ha paid for the diminished quantity of oats, because wheat wo been used, in part at least, for the deficiency of oats; t money paid for this would have been deducted from that paid for oats, and thus the advantage (even supposing it would not have gone to the man who was most in war Conceding, therefore, that the prohibition is a protectio agriculturist; that it does enable him to get more, no minal currency, but of absolute value for his produce prohibition, is really of no use, unless it be made to ris prices at home rise, and even then it would protect onl who were, from other causes, comparatively independent tection; and this, too, upon the hypothesis most flatterin agriculturist,—namely, that he can, both *de jure* and *de j* gulate, not the nominal, but the real price of grain, and thr *of all other* commodities, just as he pleases, and without a *ence to the* rest of society.

not be, however; and when the agriculturist proceeds
he himself can do, without reference to the rest of
comes within the same category with the man, who
ing that a horse was a horse, and forgetting the other
ces, expected that he should get the same price for his
that another man did for his living hunter. So far
riculturist being in a condition to dictate to the pur-
is produce what they are to give him, the very circum-
is going to the legislature for protection is a proof that
t the rest of society are the real umpires in the matter
d that, while he lifts the lever at one end, they lift it
r more powerful hands at the other, so as to leave the
consequently, the burden, inclining his way. He can get
his produce than the consumers of that produce can
ive him; and without any allusion to that superior ta-
tivity upon their part, which is his real plea for protec-
happens to throw upon them the burden of a single
ich otherwise they would not have had to bear, to that
as a matter of necessity, diminishes his own return.
in, either the Corn Laws must be a dead letter, or the
ich they do—the burden that they impose, must fall as
n the agriculturist as upon any body else.

ing to grant, however, that they do good to the agricul-
t is, that they impose upon the other classes of the
rden in which the agriculturist has no share; (and we
just in order to leave no loop-hole from which they may
d); it still follows that, while they are so regulated as
rd protection to the favoured class when it is most
neither are they adapted to the necessities of the pur-
grain. Had this been the case, their operation should
regulated, not by the state of the crops, but by the
de; because upon that depends the capacity of the
; and even a skilful tyrant is too wise to seek plunder
is none.

od at which the Corn Laws were placed upon the absurd
a prohibition up to a certain price, and that too as de-
by the agriculturists themselves beginning to suffer, and
g the ports; while it more forcibly exposes their absur-
vs some light upon the cause. It happened at the close
ng and a very expensive war—a war, in which the un-
d supplies that were required for the British armaments,
nsequently high rates at which they were obtained, had
price of grain, the rents of farms, and the whole sys-
xpenditure of the agricultural interest, in a forced and
state. The war had been most advantageous to the
ring the currency of those leases, which had been entered
t any reference to it; and as those leases expired, both
d proprietors made their arrangements for a continuation

of the same unnatural returns. Thus the lands were let, and
landlords were living, as if the war prices had been to last for e
But, when the peace came, they found that, out of the whole gol
harvest, the farmer had only reserved high rent, and the landl
expensive habits. The farmer could not afford to pay, in pe
the same sum that he had paid during the war, and as the landl
had founded his arrangements upon the idea of receiving the
sum, he was not able, at least he was not willing, to take less.
landed interest had the majority of votes in both Houses; they
been foremost among those who had offered, (it was but an off
their lives and fortunes for the purpose of carrying on the war;
the people had been so exclusively occupied with politics,
they had not attended to much in political economy, other t
the 'sayings' of theorists; and as these were both partial and d
matical, they tended to throw small light upon the principl
legislation. Owing to the emergency of the case, and the combi
operation of these causes, the Corn Laws were enacted at a pe
when there was not upon the part of the legislature, either m
time or much capacity for examining the matter, with that cal
ness and caution which its importance requires. But though th
may be excuses, as far as such a piece of legislation can be excu
for the original passing of the Corn Laws; they are no pleas
the continuation of those Laws after their inefficiency and co
quent absurdity are shewn. Accordingly, we do not find that
liberal part of the administration in either house of parliam
defend the Corn Laws, upon the convenient plea of 'general
pediency.' They uniformly admit, and as observants and ho
men, they cannot help admitting, that both in theory and in pr
tice those laws are bad; and so they tolerate them only on acco
of the time not being convenient. This is a sorry plea, and q
unworthy of the men that have done so much, or at least begun
much for the reformation of the musty and antiquated parts of o
code; and the more manly course would unquestionably be to thro
down the gauntlet at once, and set about the reformation in earnes

If one could bring oneself to so very delightful a faith, after
many frustrated hopes, one would be inclined to place some co
fidence in the order in council which we have quoted. That is
least a greater stretch of power than it would be to put the wh
influence of the cabinet in requisition, for the purpose of carryi
a bill of total repeal of the prohibition through the senate, a
subjecting Corn to merely such an *ad valorem* duty as would
fair as compared with that in other branches of trade. This,
sides, being the manly course, and the one which would be b
for the whole country, agriculturists and all, is the one which m
sooner or later be adopted. We do therefore think that as mi
ters will have to go to parliament, for what they have already do
they had much better go the whole length at once, and thus s
both a debate and a chastisement. If, too, they would take

upon those broad and general principles, which they have
n that they can use so well in other instances, and which
have again and again hinted at in this, the chance is that
agriculturists would see their true interest in the matter, and
the opposition would vanish as a matter of course. Nor
d this, we are apt to think, be very difficult in the accomplish-
t. There are only two propositions which require to be de-
strated to the satisfaction of the agriculturists, and the thing
ld be done. First, that the present system of the Corn Laws
t only absurd and unjust in principle, but actually hurtful to
farmer in practice; and secondly, that no modification could
evised that would make a prohibitory law either more just or
e efficient.

he theoretical inefficiency of the present system of Corn Laws
be established from the very few positions that have been laid
n in this article. They operate or exist only when they are not
ted by the agriculturist; and when he would derive any benefit
a them, they, from their very nature, become a dead letter. Nor
here much difficulty about the practical, and, with many, the
t convincing demonstration; neither farmers nor landlords have
spered by their operation. In former times, the duty upon
ign grain was high, and that high duty was imposed upon the
urd theory that nations are natural enemies, and that a nation
orting Corn could be starved during war; but still, high as
se duties were, and absurd as was the cause of their imposi-
n, there was no absolute prohibition up to a given point, the
ne as is the principle of these modern enactments. The new
, however, did not deliver the agriculturists from any misery to
ich they were subjected under the old one; for all classes of
m have, since the enactment, been just as much embarrassed
compared with the rest of society, they were before. They
y have kept up the price of grain; but they have not so kept it
as that the profits of other tradesmen have been low in proportion
those of the farmer. No. Notwithstanding the salutary influence
the law, there have, during the whole of its operation, been re-
tions of rents, or ruined farmers and distresses, and lands out of
tivation. Practice says that those laws have done the agricul-
ist no good, and theory affirms that such a result could not
sonably be expected: upon what ground, then, shall they be
ended?

hall it be upon the second proposition, that they can be made
ter? unfortunately for these advocates, the same demonstration
lies here as in the other case. In all ordinary years, the British
iculturist has a complete monopoly; the command of the mar-
without rival: and what more could the legislature give him?
re than an absolute monopoly it cannot well afford him; unless
ould either both enforce a price beyond which grain shall not
sold, and *enable the purchaser* to pay that price, or forbid the

use of the plough and the spade, every where, except upon the lands of its favoured protegès. A much simpler and an equally efficient plan would be to pass an act, declaring and commanding that every shilling which went into an agricultural pocket, should there be forthwith converted into a sovereign.' Nor would even this avail much, unless parliament could at the same time conjure it back to its original value, before he to whom the alchymic farmer paid it away, could lay it out in a new purchase; and if this were to be the case, agricultural gold would soon be at as great a discount as the unquarried riches of the Andes.

The fact is, that there are certain occupations into which mind (and that is, after all, the thing which forms the true strength of a nation), enters more largely than into others; and these, though they may be subject to violent fluctuations, are really the ones that get the better. The general history of the world shews, that the nation of whose staple commodities labour has furnished the greater portion, and nature the less, have ever had the advantage in the market; and even among the classes of any one nation, the same argument will hold. Upon this principle, the inhabitants of a land exporting grain, or cattle, are always poor and wretched, compared with those who export manufactured articles. Carthage and Venice, and the States of Holland and England, have in turn been the treasurers of the land and the queens of the sea: not because they surpassed Egypt, or Poland, in the abundance of their harvests; but because of their superior skill in the arts, and dexterity in commerce. At this moment, Ireland exports far more provisions than England, and our farmers and proprietors of land are alarmed, lest the introduction of the grain of Poland and Russia into this country should transfer our wealth and our enjoyments across the German sea; but we all know the want and the woe in which Ireland is plunged, and the report of Mr. Jacob gives any thing but a flattering account of "the garner of Europe." The fact with regard to the countries does not need any reasoning to confirm it; and if it be true of the countries, it cannot well be otherwise of the classes of the same community. When the foundation of the wealth of England was in the raw produce of her soil, she could not have borne in any five hundred years the expenses which she bore in the twenty years from 1795 to 1815; and that she was enabled to bear those expenses, and to rise to wealth and influence under their pressure, has been owing not to the fertility of her soil, but to the talents and the industry of her people.

That the agriculturists are entitled to that share of protection, to which every one contributing to the wealth of the country, and assisting in bearing the burdens of the state, is entitled, in the ratio of their usefulness, no one will deny; but, in fact, as well as in proverb, "the world is to the willing and the worthy," and they who are entitled to it will always get their share. Nor can any enactment get them more than that share. The agriculturists have this: they have, not in so many words indeed, but by the 'egitimate deduction, admitted that they are unable to cope he other classes: the power of legislating has been in their ; they have used it; and what has it done for them? Why, ot even the most exclusive statute that they were able to has been of any advantage to them.

though it did them no good, it is by no means so clear that not done harm to the rest of the country. It has, in fact, rther than this: harm to the rest of the country was what lculated upon; but it is certain, that whatever harm has been s been shared with them, and if, without the restriction, they orse off than other people, the very same reason leads us to at more than their relative share of the evil of that restric- s fallen upon them.

present opening of the ports has thrown some light upon the of the evil. It was found that there was no very great ac- tion of grain in the countries from which importation was h dreaded, and it was also found that the crop there is com- ely as deficient as in this country; and yet the effect n a reduction of, say, twenty-five per cent. in the price of in admitted, together with a demand for our goods to cover ole amount. The effect of the restriction, therefore, could een nothing, as respected the country at home, but an in- of the circulating medium; and, as it respected foreign es, a diminution of our exports,—the keeping of a certain considerable) portion of our industry out of the general of the world. As regarded the country at home, the first e effects brought insecurity; and as regarded our situation other countries, both of them were productive of loss. If operation of the restrictions, a commodity which, but for ould have sold for fifteen shillings (and the event shews is is no exaggeration of their effect) was raised to twenty, s neither more nor less than a diminution of the current (whether in paper or in gold) to fifteen shillings. Had een no foreign trade, the only effect of this would have been er the currency one fourth more, if metallic; and probably rth more increase, if paper; but we had foreign trade, and e, though the superiority of our manufactures prevented us eling the full effects of the evil, yet there was a constant y to export gold rather than manufactures. In recent years d, from before the beginning of the restrictive system— l was got rid of quickly enough in another way—the pay- ' armies, and subsidies, and loans; but still, whenever an at- ras made to keep a metallic circulation in the country, the preciation which was begun during the war, and kept in n by the corn laws, always shewed itself, and produced em- nents *to a greater or a less* amount. This was an evil which *d-holders felt as severely* as any other class of the c munity. Indeed they felt it a good deal more, for, like the pu debt, a large portion of their engagements had been incurred in depreciated currency, and the costs of these engagements contin to absorb the same amount of their rents, after they had been obli to make deductions to the farmer, and while the continued op tion of the corn laws forced them to lay out the remainder at depreciated rate.

Here again it is doubtful whether the land-holders have not compared with the rest of the people, come in for a greater sl of the hardship of their own law; and thus, without any thin hard to be understood as reasoning, or so difficult to be felt as triotism, it seems that upon the most obvious calculation of i rest, the proprietors of the soil are the most deeply intereste the speedy and final repeal of that law which, in every vie which it can be placed, appears to be the climax of folly.

There remains only one other plea, and that is—the taxes agriculture; but as every tax that is fairly and honestly collec falls equally upon the whole industry of the country, wherev may be imposed, and as taxes upon the soil can be better levied most others, we do not see that there is any force in the argum

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ART. IX. *The Characters of Theophrastus; translated from Greek, and illustrated by Physiognomical Sketches. To whic subjoined the Greek Text, with Notes and Hints on the Individual rieties of Human Nature.* By Francis Howell. pp. 280. Lo Taylor.

IT is doubtless to be attributed to the spirited though highly phrastical translation of La Bruyere, that "The Characte Theophrastus" have long held a higher station in France than have obtained, or are perhaps likely to obtain, in England. Bruyere has, to a certain degree, modernized them; he has be enriched them with a powerful and brilliant eloquence, a knowledge of mankind such as none of his successors have riva The discovery of additional chapters in the manuscript depo in the Vatican, afforded Dr. Coray a pretext for printing a literal French translation of the whole work in 1799; but th it is allowed to be more faithful, yet it is certainly less entertai and instructive than the version of La Bruyere. It is a fact w mentioning, that Coray, in a fit of that enthusiasm which was so prevalent in France, dedicated his composition to "the Greeks of the Ionian sea," and urged them to resume the stu their ancient language, preparatory to their emancipation fron Turkish sceptre!

The translation now before us is unquestionably the best t to be found in our language. The liberties taken with the are few and trivial; and the sense of the writer is generally ren not only with accuracy, but with as much eloquence as the n of the work would permit. It seems to us, however, to hav a great mistake on the part of the translator, (who appears under a fictitious name, and is we understand a retired artist), to have considered the sketches of Theophrastus in a physiognomical point of view. We use the epithet in its popular acceptation, which supposes a certain relation between countenance and individual character. Theophrastus utters not a single expression, from which it could be inferred, that he intended to institute any sort of comparison between the inward and the outward man. His only object was to enumerate the overt acts by which certain pests of society, such as the Dissembler, the Parasite, the Busybody, the Detractor, and so forth, generally betrayed their dispositions. He looked to their conduct, not to their faces, for an index to the heart; and he sets down specific symptoms, consisting either of habits of conversation, or action, by which their real characters may be detected. It would appear that Theophrastus had intended to describe also the virtuous ornaments of mankind, whom he had known in the course of his experience, but no such work has come down to us, and it is not even known whether he ever executed it.

The small engravings of heads which the translator has added, with a view of illustrating the text, are therefore entirely out of place. Although the designs are really of no common order, yet it is obvious, that their application to the characteristics of the Greek writer must be entirely fanciful. Nothing can be more fallacious than an abstract head, sketched out with a view to express an adulator or a ruffian in general. No two persons will agree in their impressions as to the vraisemblance of such an imaginary creation, nor indeed is it possible that they should, since vice or virtue is the offspring not of combinations of nerves or muscles, but of the secret dispositions of the heart, which may be veiled under every form or colour of countenance that nature has, in her wonderful love of variety, ever yet bestowed upon mankind.

Theophrastus confined himself to more certain grounds of observation, taken from facts which came within his own experience; and it is curious to remark, how little the twenty-one centuries, which have elapsed since he wrote, have added to our knowledge of mankind. Allowing only for certain differences of national manners, his descriptions of the avaricious or garrulous being of his day, contain almost every thing that can be said of similar characters in our own time. His sketch of a fop for instance, which by the way the translator has strangely incorporated with a chapter devoted to 'The Plausible,' is an exact full-length likeness of a modern dandy.

> 'He is distinguished by his trimly-dressed hair,—his white teeth,—the frequent change of his dress, and his excessive use of perfumes. He saunters about the stalls in the Exchange; lounges in the Gymnasium while the youth are engaged in their exercises; and at the Theatre he pushes up as near as he *can to the* seat of the Prætors. It is his affectation to *appear to be making purchases*—not for himself, but for his friends at

Byzantium, or elsewhere:—he is sending a present of Spartan dogs to Cyzicus; or the honey of Hymettus to Rhodes: nor does he suffer his neighbours to be ignorant of all this munificence. His house abounds with rarities:—he is skilful in training apes and monkeys;—he keeps Sicilian doves;—he cannot play at dice unless they are carved from the finest buck's-horn;—he displays curiously-turned crewets;—his walking stick is a twisted Spartan staff: his rooms are hung with the figured tapestry of Persia;—he has a court always prepared for wrestling; and adjoining to it a billiard room: hither he is wont to invite those whom he may meet in his rambles,—philosophers, sophists, prize-fighters, or musicians; and here they find accommodations for exercising their various arts. All this he does, that when he enters the hall one of the spectators may say to another, 'That is the master of the Palæstria.'—pp. 20, 21.

We have only to substitute our Bond-street bazaars, horse-races, pugilistic schools, and theatres, for the lounging places of antiquity mentioned in this sketch, and it might be taken for the composition of yesterday. The changes produced in the conduct of men by the influence of the Christian religion, are indeed incalculable—speaking of course of those men in whose ears religion is not a mere sound that never reaches the heart, or appals the passions. But still the uniformity of the race is preserved, for whatever may be the extent of power possessed by Christianity over the minds of men, they have still the same propensities to resist, the same weaknesses to subdue. Superstition still exists with us, (and more generally too than certain divines imagine), as it did among the ancient Greeks; it reveals itself, perhaps, under a different form of expression, on account of the difference in our manners, and it is not so openly acknowledged, because it is too much at variance with our religion and with our improved knowledge of natural history. But the original feeling in no respect differs from that of the generations which have preceded us, and even the modes in which it is still exhibited, are as nearly as possible analogous to the practice of antiquity.

'The superstitious man having washed his hands in the sacred fount, and being well sprinkled with holy water from the temple, takes a leaf of laurel in his mouth, and walks about with it all the day. If a weasel cross his path, he will not proceed until some one has gone before him; or until he has thrown three stones across the way. If he sees a serpent in the house, he builds a chapel on the spot. When he passes the consecrated stones, placed where three ways meet, he is careful to pour oil from his crewet upon them:—then, falling upon his knees, he worships, and retires. A mouse, perchance, has gnawed a hole in a flour-sack:—away he goes to the seer to know what it behoves him to do: and if he is simply answered,—"Send it to the cobbler to be patched;"—he views the business in a more serious light; and running home, he devotes the sack, as an article no more to be used. He is occupied in frequent purifications of his house: saying that it has been invaded by Hecate. If in his *walks an owl flies* past, he is horror struck; and exclaims, "Thus comes *the divine Minerva.*" He is careful not to tread upon a tomb,—to approach a corpse, or to visit a woman in her confinement; saying, that it is profitable for him to avoid every pollution. On the fourth and seventh days of the month, he directs mulled wine to be prepared for the family; and going himself to purchase myrtles and frankincense, he returns and spends the day in crowning the statues of Mercury and Venus. As often as he has a dream he runs to the interpreter, the soothsayer, or the augur, to inquire what god or goddess he ought to propitiate. Before he is initiated into the mysteries he attends to receive instruction every month, accompanied by his wife, or by the nurse and his children.

'Whenever he passes a cross-way he bathes his head. For the benefit of a special purification, he invites the priestesses to his house; who, while he stands reverently in the midst of them, bear about him an onion, or a little dog. If he encounters a lunatic or a man in a fit, he shudders horrifically, and spits in his bosom.'—pp. 50—52.

These characteristic descriptions, besides the true reflection which they give us of our nature, exhibit here and there little touches of costume and manners, which historians and poets have necessarily overlooked. They also make us more familiarly acquainted, through individual specimens, with the state of society, such as it was in the time of Theophrastus. We shall extract as a proof of this, only one other sketch, that of 'The Ostentatious.' Doubtless, many persons who read this description, will be able to find a living likeness for it within the circle of their own acquaintance.

'The absurd vanity of the purse-proud man leads him to make as many false pretensions to wealth, as the veriest knave who lives by seeming to be what he is not. A boaster of this sort frequents the Exchange, and, while he gathers strangers around him, talks of the rich cargoes which he pretends to have upon the seas: then he tells what loans he has abroad; and what is the amount of interest upon them. Or you may see him stalking along the road, while he lolls on the arm of a choice companion, whom he informs, that he was one of those who served in the expedition into Asia under Alexander; and that, in the spoil which fell to his share, there were many costly vessels, studded with gems. This leads him to talk of eastern magnificence; and he stoutly contends, that the artificers of Asia are incomparably superior to those of Europe. He pretends to have received letters from Antipater, stating that the victorious king had just returned to Macedonia. He declares that, although he possesses the costly license for exporting timber, he has forborne to make use of it; lest he should give occasion to the malicious remarks of some who would envy him his privilege. In a company of strangers he recounts, that, during the late scarcity he expended more than five talents in corn, to be distributed among the poorer citizens; and doubting whether he may not have under-rated the sum, he requests one of the company to assist him in going through a calculation, by making a list of those who were the objects of his munificence, and the relief afforded to each; when, pretending to name above six hundred persons, the result proves that, instead of five, he must actually have expended not less then ten talents on the occasion. Nor does *he include* in *this* computation the maintenance of his *galleys, nor sundry disbursements* consequent upon the gratuitous discharge of public business. He goes to the stalls where the finest horses are exposed for sale; and pretends to bid for them: or, at the shop of the robe-maker, he requests a cloak to be shown to him of the value of two talents: and then takes occasion to reprove his attendant for not being furnished with gold. He lives in a hired house; yet he assures his visitor, ignorant of his affairs, that he inherited the house from his father; but that, finding it too small for the entertainment of his friends, he intends to sell it.'—pp. 66—68.

The number of these characters which have come down to us from Theophrastus, amounts to thirty, each distinguished by some infirmity or vice. The more we consider them the more we are struck with the uniformity which subsists between human nature, as that philosopher observed it, and as it is still to be seen. It is true, that the same uniformity of character pervades all the inferior races of animals. The lion, the elephant, the horse and the dog, the eagle and the vulture, the dove and the nightingale, of the first years of the world, differ in nothing, that we can discover, from those which we behold in the present day. But while they have remained stationary in the characters originally stamped upon them, how astonishing has been the improvement of man in all that respects the enjoyment of life? Yet, like them, his *nature* remains unchanged; his heart is the asylum of the same passions, that have continued since his fall to debase or exalt his kind, and so it will be as long as he shall inhabit the earth. So wonderful a unity of system in the reproduction of all living things, can surely proceed only from an omnipotent mind, operating according to laws, which have a relation to a future purpose worthy of so vast and at the same time so harmonious a design!

The translation is followed by the original Greek text, which, like the whole work, is beautifully and accurately printed. We have also a considerable body of notes at the end of the volume, which evince much sound sense and close reasoning on the boasted sciences of physiognomy and phrenology. The author seems to be of opinion that the modern theories of Gall and Spurzheim are extravagant, and not altogether harmless, yet he contends that there are some hints in Lavater's system worth pursuing, provided a great body of facts could be brought to bear upon them.

NOTICES.

Art. X.—*The Tré Giuli. Translated from the Italian of G. B. Casti. With a Memoir of the Author, and some account of his other Works.* 12mo. pp. 203. 7*s*. 6*d*. London. Hatchard. 1826.

This is a translation of one of the least objectionable and most amusing works of a writer, who has acquired an infamous celebrity by the general *depravity of his* writings. Casti was born in 1720, but there is no authentic *account of his* birthplace, of his origin, or his earliest years. He w ated at the collegiate seminary of Montefiascone, and made such l progress there in the belles lettres, that at the age of sixteen he was en a professor. He next obtained a small canonry in the church, but not appear to have received any of the orders of priesthood. He after, however, assumed the title of Abbate, and in 1762, published is first work the succession of sonnets, which are translated in the ne before us. Most of his subsequent productions, particularly his elle, are unfit to be read by any person of common delicacy, or even spoken of. He died in 1804.

ıe translator appears to us to exaggerate, as indeed is generally the upon such occasions, the merit of his original. It is, however, upon vhole, a droll and eccentric composition. The object of the poet is to ess in each of his sonnets, the various feelings which afflict him, in equence of a debt which he incurred to a merciless creditor, by borng from him trè Guili (three groats). These feelings he frequently 's out in a ludicrous strain, sometimes determining to expatriate him- sometimes to put an end to his life, sometimes to turn hermit, sooner pay this debt: the mirth of the thing consisting in the disproportion 'een the sum and the ingenuity and perseverance of his efforts to avoid ming it. He then relates how he contracted this enormous "dead ht."—

'I never shall be able to forget
The memorable day, to me that bore
Such bitter sorrows, when my Creditor
Advanced me those Tré Giuli I owe him yet:
Three times them slow he from his purse drew out,
Within himself them counting o'er and o'er,
And thrice returned them in, the while for more
Than half an hour he made me wait in doubt.
Whether or not he gave, I cannot say;
For grief and rage so much my mind possest,
It took my faculty of sight away:
I can but say that then all peace and rest
Abandoned me, and from that hour I may
Date all my woes up to the present day.

'The verdant hills, the cool umbrageous vale,
The dance and song of laughter-loving youth,
The brook that falls with bounding leap beneath,
And makes sweet music in its noisy fall,—
The bird that spreads his pinion to the gale,
The whispering breeze that speaks in softest breath,—
At times, Oh Dun! with calm delights these sooth
My mind, till thou com'st back to chase them all.
Thou marr'st my every joy; nor for one day
My thoughts awhile can wander far from thee,
But they return from whence they did but stray;
So that the constant thought o' th' Giuli Tré
Has made itself so natural to me
As now almost to necessary be.'—pp. 35, 36.

e then reasons with his creditor on the uselessness of dunning him, and laments that, as of old among the Jews, there is not a periodical extinction of debt.—

‘ Tell me, good Creditor! what is the use
To ask me for those Giuli Trè in vain?
And still importunate, tho' I refuse,
To storm and fuss like any crow or crane?
Then, prithee, now have done: nor longer thus
Keep asking me, with loss of time and pain,
Seeing that till now to neither one of us
Thy asking has availed to either's gain:
Thy importun'ties do no good to me;
Since, long as e'er thou wilt, keep asking still,
Thy asking ne'er the more my purse will fill;
Nor on the other hand doth profit thee,
Since thy entreaties ne'er will work upon
To make me give thee money when I've none.

‘ I recollect to have in some Rabbi read,
Whom certainly you never did peruse,
That (tho' abolished since, wherefore—not said)
In ancient times a custom was in use
In all of their twelve tribes among the Jews—
After a certain space of years had sped,
Prohibiting, upon whate'er excuse,
To talk of debts until that time unpaid.
Why have we not that glorious Jubilee?
Why should not still that practice be the case,
And in our times and rituals take place?
Then what delightful hope would spring for me—
That on this great solemnity's next date
The Giuli Trè's affair would terminate!'—pp. 48, 49.

We shall only add two other stanzas.

‘ Oh my Chrysophilus! from some time past
Till now the land gives gradually worse crops;
And blight, drought, hail, combine themselves to blast
And disappoint th' afflicted farmer's hopes:
The autient oaks no longer shed their mast;
The vine no longer now produces grapes;
And enmity of envious nations fast
Enfeeble trade, and cramp in various shapes:
The aged granny by his faith doth swear—
“ That formerly were never times like now;
And to its end the world is drawing near:”
All persons now impending danger shun;
Now every creature weeps and wails,—yet thou
For those Trè Giuli has the heart to dun!

“ That ‘ Charity begins at home” is true:
And we are bound, ere others we relieve,
Towards our own necessities to give;
In which the law of Nature we pursue.

In duty, then, and to myself 'tis due
  To mind myself ere thee or aught alive:
  And every animal does so who'd thrive;
  As equity and justice have in view:
When I shall have provided for myself,
  If any overplus of cash there be,
  My dear Chrysophilus! I'll give it thee:
But, if thou waitest my superfluous pelf,—
  So scanty that superfluous is—I doubt it
  Will be much best to think no more about it.'—pp. 72, 73.

ust be at once manifest to any one who has ever perused the Italian that this translation affords but a meagre idea of its drollery. In ginal, a great portion of the humour depends upon the peculiar con- on of the verse, it being written throughout in verse; that is to say, ine, contrary to the usual practice of Italian poetry, ending with a f which the last syllable is accented. For this defect, indeed, the tor is not accountable, as no version whatever could do justice to ludicrous style. He has done as much as could well be expected , if he has succeeded, as we think he has done, in enabling the nglish reader to form a general perception of the pleasantry of the poem.

XI.—*Autobiography. A collection of the most instructive and sing Lives ever published, written by the Parties themselves.* pp. 3s. 6d. London. Hunt and Clarke. 1826.

dea which gave birth to this collection, seems to have been taken at of Constable's Miscellany, a work which, we hope, will not be ely abandoned; though, from the circumstances of the times it has long deferred. Cheap literature, provided only that it be instruc- d calculated to encourage those who are most likely to take advan- f it, in the paths of industry and morality, cannot but prove of able advantage to the community.

life of Colley Cibber, which occupies the whole of this first volume, ulated indeed rather to amuse than to instruct; but it forms in itself urate and entertaining a history of the stage from the year 1660, o 1739, and the name of Cibber is besides so imperishably embalm- he Dunciad, that we know not if the publishers could have made a udicious commencement, considering the plan upon which they had ined to proceed.

y promise in their prospectus ' to collect into one consecutive publi- , genuine materials for a diversified study of the human character, cting the most curious and interesting autobiographical memoirs tant.' They have an ample field, as the number is considerable of uished statesmen, soldiers, historians, philosophers, and artists, who itten their own lives; and an economical collection of all these can fail to prove eminently popular. We have only to express an hope e publishers, or rather their editor, will be careful in his selection, at he will not defile it by the introduction of any of those obscene rs, which, however gratifying to the tastes of the depraved orders of society, will never, we venture to predict, meet with the patronage of the industrious classes for whom, we presume, the compilation is principally intended. We say thus much in the spirit of good will, because we think that it would be of incalculable advantage to replace, by well-written and amusing works, the inferior and debasing literature with which desperate men have been for some time in the habit of tempting the less opulent orders. They have, we are happy to observe, in no instance, succeeded in acquiring the object of their base speculations, and we have little doubt that a well-conducted series of publications, like the present one, would drive those vicious adventurers altogether out of the field.

We must add, that the volume is neatly printed, and remarkably cheap. The head of Colley Cibber is, however, wretchedly engraved. In this respect, the work will bear no comparison to the plates in the first volume of Constable's Miscellany.

ART. XII. *Hints to the Young Jamaica Sugar Planter.* By Robert Hibbert, jun. Esq. 12mo. pp. 89. London. Underwood.

MR. HIBBERT has conferred a very valuable benefit upon those young men who are destined for Jamaica, by presenting them with the intelligent and useful 'hints' which they will find in this little tract. It is a manual which those who are interested in the success of such youths cannot place in their hands too soon, as there is scarcely any part of the duties which they may be called upon to perform, concerning which it does not afford concise but sufficient instructions.

Mr. Hibbert recommends that the youth intended for Jamaica, should leave England when he is about seventeen or eighteen years of age, as if he be much older, the probability is, that his mind will remain too much wedded to his native country to bear the changes and privations of his new situation. Obedience to his overseer is indispensable in a country where so much depends on subordination. As to his outfit, he may use in Jamaica the same clothes which he would wear in England, but he must provide himself with such a stock of flannel waistcoats and drawers, as would enable him to put on both clean every day, as they prevent those checks to perspiration which in warm climates are so fatal. During the voyage he must abstain from fermented liquors, and lower his habit by taking a pint of sea-water twice a week. After his arrival he should avoid excessive fatigue, great exposure to the sun, and especially the perilous enjoyment of thorough draughts of air when greatly heated. Above all, he should be strictly temperate, not only as to health, but also as to morals.

After these general precepts, the author enters upon the detail of the duties which the overseer and his subordinate assistants have to perform in the management of the estates entrusted to their care. His remarks upon the negro character are, we fear, too fully borne out by experience.—

'Whoever has once seen a negro must notice his extraordinary difference from all other men; his thick lips, wide nose, woolly hair, and black skin, all mark him as a distinct race of man; and the observations of the anatomist, as detailed in Mr. Charles White's publication* as to the for-

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* White "On the Gradation of Man," &c.

ion of the skull, the chin, the arms, the legs, the feet, and as to the
ure and effluvia of the skin, tend to confirm such a distinction. I ad-
the Mosaic account of the creation, and have no wish to set up any
ry of my own, or to sanction any of the vague conjectures, to which
natural phenomenon has given rise. I merely take the fact as I find
nd leave to others to reason on it; and I mention it now only to ob-
e objection to my belief, that the negro and the European are as *dis-*
t in mind as in body: there is no reason in nature why such mental
rence should not exist, and experience convinces us of a slowness of
llect and an obstinacy in the negro, which no want of civilization can
lain. You see in the children no playful fancy, no arch tricks, so fre-
nt in English boys and girls; nor is there to be found one solitary in-
ce of a negro man conspicuous for his mental powers. Mr. Burke
ribed the negroes long ago as a stubborn and intractable race; and
Jefferson in his notes on Virginia says, " Never yet could I find that
ack negro had uttered a thought above the level of a plain narration,
r could I see even an elementary trait of painting and sculpture," al-
gh, he adds, the Indians, with less advantages, had shewn surprising
ks of genius and of oratory. Considerable allowance is undoubtedly
e made for a state of slavery as unfavourable to the exertion of intel-
; but as I remember the time when the importation of negroes was
strained, I have had large opportunities of observing those, who, not
ng been born slaves, may be held as favourable specimens of the na-
negro character, and I never found any symptoms of strong intellect
ngst the best educated; and it is to be understood, that amongst the
ve Africans, there are some tribes, chiefly Mahometan, who are not
itute of education. It is no small confirmation of my opinion, that no
ized independent state has ever been known in central or western
ca, yet there are good historical accounts of that country above two
sand years old. Mr. Lawrence, professor of anatomy, also observes,
is lectures lately printed, " Regarding the negro faculties, the abolition-
have erred in denying a natural inferiority, so clearly evinced by the
curring evidences of anatomical structure and experience." '—pp. 5—7.
his intellectual inferiority, however, at least to the extent insisted upon
Mr. Hibbert, is manifestly exaggerated. From Denham and Clap-
ton's discoveries in Africa, it appears, that there are tribes of peo-
in that country, particularly those of the Felutahs, who possess as much
kness of intelligence, as much bravery and firmness of character as
opeans. The degradation of the negro race in Jamaica, in the other
st Indian Islands, and in those states of America in which slavery is
wed, is one of the most certain and painful circumstances of their pro-
ted dependence. As matters stand, however, the advice which Mr.
bert founds upon the doctrine here inculcated, is as humane as it is
and politic.—

These opinions may be repugnant to some minds, but as I hope my
ng colonist is intelligent, and able to bear the recital of the whole
h, I think it best to put him in possession of it at once, instead of mis-
ling him by a false delicacy, which in the event he will himself detect;
ed, a consciousness of this superiority of understanding ought to have
eat and beneficial effect, for it ought to teach him the greatest pa-

tience and forbearance towards the slaves, not to expect too much from them, nor to rely too much on them, to pardon many excesses, and to make many allowances which might be unreasonable to an equal. He will thereby particularly avoid making sport of them, or wantonly wounding their feelings. I fully believe that the blacks have met with much unmerited vexation from new-comers, especially from ladies, merely from the want of a proper estimate of their abilities: with warm hearts, and zeal to improve their supposed to be afflicted brethren, these new-comers have been eager to teach and excite their slaves, as if they were English cottagers; but finding much apathy, pertinacity, and at best a slowness to imbibe instruction, they have attributed to obstinacy and perverseness, what in fact was only a natural deficiency, and have often resented with disgust, and sometimes punished, what they could only have subdued by patient repetition.'—pp. 7, 8.

The author thus enforces the necessity of paying the closest attention to the habits and wants of the negroes. His instructions for encouraging the negro population, are also very minute, though we confess, that in reading them, however useful they may be under the actual circumstances of Jamaica, we felt something of that repugnance to which Mr. Hibbert alludes. He next proceeds to describe a sugar-work, and to point out the best method for managing it and rendering it productive; but as these details can be interesting only to those who are engaged in such concerns, we must refer for them to the work itself, which we expect is marked by great intelligence and experience, and by a humane feeling for the negroes, without any desire to injure the fair prospect of their owners.

ART. XIII. *Worcester Field; or the Cavalier. A Poem, in four Cantos, with Historical Notes.* By Agnes Strickland. 18mo. pp. 163. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

MRS. Strickland appears to be a most strenuous jacobite. We believe, however, that at the present day, when there is no Pretender, her political bias, instead of being looked upon as treasonable, will, on the contrary, be considered as a proof of ultra-loyalty. Thus do principles, as well as notions, undergo the most surprising vicissitudes in the course of ages.

The leading events of this poem are supposed to have taken place a few days before the battle of Worcester. The hero is a "Cavalier," named De Lacy, who, of course, is paired with a heroine—an angel, blessed with the usual perfections of beauty, intelligence, and grace. Their loves, the incidents of the civil war which occasionally separated and restored them, and descriptions of the ravages committed in the neighbourhood of Worcester by the Parliamentary troops, form the main burden of the four cantos into which the composition is divided.

We need hardly say, that it is written upon the model of Sir Walter Scott's poetical romances. His measure, his introductions to each canto, his intermixture of songs, are all closely copied. But the spirit of his muse is, we fear, not to be discovered in any part of the imitation. The following lines make but a very humble approach towards his octo-syllabic *strains*:

'And now a band of armed men
Are rising from the open glen,
The soldiers of the Parliament,
For foragė round the country sent.'—p. 6.

ıe way, this word 'Parliament,' is a most intractable one for verse. In another passage we find it equally detrimental to Mrs. nd's poetic fame.

'He waited but the rising day
To march again to battle fray,
Stern Bevil's junction to prevent,
With forces of the Parliament.'—p. 26.

Strickland's lines are not, however, uniformly such near neigh- prose as those which we have here quoted. The commencement rst canto is in a very different style, and is pleasing for the images e which it collects together.

'The summer sun is sinking low,
The heavens with softer lustre glow
In his retiring beam;
In fainter shadows die away
The brilliant tints of closing day,
Reflected in the stream;
And gilded by his parting ray,
De Mowbray's ancient castle lay,
With all its feudal turrets grey,
The empress of the scene:
Frowning above the chrystal tide,
And rising with baronial pride,
From woods of waving green;
Though hastening now to fast decay,
Its fading glories pass away
Before the spoiler Time!
Though yielding to his ruthless power,
Each tottering hall, and crumbling tower,
May raise in evening's silent hour
Full many a thought sublime.
The breeze with softer murmur sighed
O'er Worcester's towers and Severn's tide,
With mild caressing sway;
So light its breath it scarcely gave
The ripened corn to bow and wave,
Or whisp'ring leaves to play:
The sultry day was near its close,
And nature seemed in calm repose
To bless the lovely hour;
And all was now so sweet and still,
As if no trouble, woe, or ill,
In such a scene had power.
But why uncut that harvest fair,
That wont beneath the peasant's care,
So long e'er this to yield?

Alas! a wild rebellious foe
Will lay the smiling promise low
  That crowns each fertile field.
And slow the farmer's step is seen
On fallow brown, or meadow green,
As musing on the painful scene
  Of labour spent in vain;
And sad, and deep, and heavily,
Is heard his oft repeated sigh,
While glances his desponding eye
  On upland and on plain;
As fling the mournful reaper bands
The useless sickles from their hands,
  And gaze bewildered round:
And close behind, the female train
With hopeless clamours fill the plain,
  In wild and wailing sound!'—pp. 1—4.

There is really here and there a good deal of animation in the v and a picturesque effect in the descriptions of scenery, which in som gree justify the attempt made by the fair author to produce a 'po four cantos.' But we need not add, that these passages are rare a very limited excellence, and that they are by no means sufficient to re the production from that poetical sin, unhappily too common in our d of mediocrity. In the historical notes, with which, according to establ custom, Mrs. Strickland has illustrated her cantos, there is a curio song, entitled, " A Merry Song on the Duke of York's late glorious tory at Tolbay." It is a very simple, and at the same time, spirited racter, and appears to have been first printed in 1680, in the Norfol Suffolk Garland.

' " One day, as I was sitting still
Upon the brow of Dunwich hill,
  And looking on the ocean,
By chance I saw De Ruyter's fleet
With royal James's squadron meet;
In sooth it was a noble treat,
  To see that brave commotion.
I cannot stay to name the names
Of all the ships that fought with James,
  Their number or their tonnage;
But this I say, the noble host
Right gallantly did takes its post,
And cover'd all the hollow coast
  From Walberswyck to Dunwich.
The French, who should have join'd the Duke,
Full far astern did lag and look,
  Although their hulls were lighter;
But nobly fac'd the Duke of York,
Though some may wink and some may talk,
Right stoutly did his vessel stalk,
  To buffet with De Ruyter.

Well might you hear their guns, I guess,
From Sizewell-gap to Easton-mess;
  The show was rare and sightly—
They batter'd without let or stay
Until the evening of that day:
'Twas then the Dutchmen ran away—
  The Duke had beat them tightly.
Of all the battles gained at sea,
This was the rarest victory
  Since Philip's grand Armada;
I will not name the rebel Blake,
He fought for cursed Cromwell's sake,
And yet was forced three days to take
  To quell the Dutch bravado.
So, now we've seen them take to flight,
This way and that, where'er they might,
  To windward or to leeward—
Here's to King Charles, and here's to James,
And here's to all the Captains' names,
And here's to all the Suffolk dames,
  And here's to the House of Stuart."'

XIV.—*Keeper's Travels in search of his Master.*—Fourteenth edi-
, enlarged by the Author. 12mo. pp. 374. London. Baldwin,
dock, and Joy. 1826.

wn that we have some doubts of the accuracy of the announcement
title page, that the present is the *fourteenth* edition of this little
We are aware that it has been profusely eulogized by some of our
nporaries; but after perusing it with some attention, we find ourselves
loss to discover the very exalted degree of merit which has been
ed to it. Its object is undoubtedly a humane one, to deprecate the
t and cruelty with which animals, particularly the domestic ones, are
equently treated; but the mode in which the work is executed, is
calculated, one should think, to attain for it that great popularity,
it seems to claim. The first four or five chapters, which are written
style sufficiently simple and playful to attract the curiosity of school
detail the early life and adventures of a dog named Keeper, who
lost his master in the bustle of a market town, sets out in search of
The idea was not an unhappy one which suggested to the author
e might mix up with the personal history of the errant dog, a good
f useful instruction, and that, by a little management in the details,
sson might be so blended with the narrative, as to infuse itself with-
ny formality of appearance into the mind of the youthful reader.
is manifestly the plan upon which the author commenced his work,
efore he gets through the first ten chapters, he seems to have forgot-
eeper and his story altogether, and the remaining fifteen chapters are
y taken up with solemn discussions, carried on in a high-flown and
sophical style, upon a variety of subjects connected with animals in
al. If the work was intended for schoolboys, as we presume it was,
ght to have been carried through upon its original plan, as there is
e youth in fifty who would feel the least interest in those discus-

sions, or indeed be able to comprehend them. If desired to get through them, he would now begin to ask, "But what is become all this time of Keeper? Poor Keeper, it is him only that I care about." And then he would endeavour to cut out the dog's story, from the fine woof through which it faintly meanders; and all the author's lectures upon Field Sports, Town Sports, Eastern Tenderness, Cruel Sports, Mahomet's Doves, and Hindoo Fables,—nay, his portfolios and albums,—would be passed over with ineffable disdain. Nor, in escaping from these parts of the work, would the youth suffer any severe loss, for from one of the chapters he would learn that, if he were to become a clergyman, he might without any injury to his sacred calling, hunt with all the squires of the country, provided only that he should not go out in *scarlet*. He would be saved also from several of the author's compositions in verse, which are certainly the very last specimens in the world that we should think of presenting to a youth as models of poetry.

Art. XV. *The Votive Wreath, and other Poems.* By Mrs. Parminter, 8vo. pp. 176. 10*s*. London. Hatchard and Son. 1826.

Criticism is disarmed at once by the apology with which the authoress introduces this volume to her readers, and solicits that patronage for it which is so necessary to one struggling under the pressure of a sudden and expected reverse of fortune. We are glad to see so considerable a list of subscribers, at the head of which are the Princess Augusta Sophia, and the Duchesses of Gloucester and Kent; and, on the score of benevolence, we would recommend the writer of these poems to those who have it in their power to render her substantial assistance. We know no more efficient mode of pointing out her claims, than by citing the following verses, addressed to her husband 'on the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage.'

'Again the welcome smile of grateful love
Has blest this happy day;—Time, who had laid
His icy fingers on our outward forms,
Has not yet chill'd affection's glow within,
Proof against Winter's snow, and Age's frost.
E'er since the day, when in the sacred Fane,
We plighted faith and love, my thoughts have turn'd
To thee as to a centre: spring of all
My earthly happiness.—But well I ween,
Though willing duty never droop'd her wing,
The tenor of her path has yet been mark'd
With many imperfections; still my heart
Has ever been at home, undeviate
In truth and love to thee.—Affection's fount,
Diverging into streams of parent love
Flows copious, but those parted streams return,
Confluent again to thee their native source:
And while my constant prayers ascend to Heaven,
For life, for health, for happiness to thee,
I bless the hand divine that made us one;
Conjoin'd in love, in faith, in holy hope,
Helpmates on earth, and candidates for Heaven.'—pp. 158.

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RT. I. *On Facility of Intercourse.* 8vo. pp. 111. London. 1826.
[Printed for private circulation only].

' we were to commence our observations on this extraordinary
ımphlet, by a bare enumeration of the objects which its very in-
:nious author (Mr. Vallance) proposes to accomplish, there is
ıt, perhaps, one reader in a hundred who would think them worth
moment's attention. At the present period, particularly, when so
eat and so just a reaction is taking place in the public mind,
ainst every proposition that is in the least degree connected with
joint-stock speculation; were we to state at once the nature of
r. Vallance's project, we should run the risk of not only ex-
sing it to derision, and of subjecting its originator to the impu-
tion of insanity, but probably of being ourselves set down among
e most visionary and the most credulous of mankind.

Instead, therefore, of prematurely letting the reader into the secret
this design for the facilitation of intercourse, it may not, per-
ıps, be altogether irrelevant to our purpose, to request that he
ill have the goodness to recollect, that there was a period of time,
ıd that not more than seventy, or at most eighty years ago, when
ıe internal trade of this country was carried on chiefly by means
' pack horses. The roads were then in so wretched state, that
'en a waggon was seldom seen upon them, and it can hardly be
ɔubted, that, if some of the good folk of that day were now to
art from their graves, and behold the velocity with which thou-
ınds of light and gay vehicles, laden inside and outside with
ıssengers, are whirled over hills and dales, which had not then
'en a footway through them, they would either break out into
controllable laughter at what they would term our folly, or rush
ıck to their tombs overcome with terror.

But what would be their feelings of amazement, what the mea-
re of their incredulity, were they to be told that canals pervaded
e country in all directions, exhibiting channels of navigable
ater exceeding in the sum total of their length, according to
upin, the enormous amount of three thousand miles? That
rnpike roads connect the most distant extremities of our island
closely, as to render journies to them not half so tedious or

fatiguing as what, in their day, might well be called "a pilgrimage to Canterbury"? That there are rail-roads, upon which chains of several laden waggons are moved by a single team of horses, which, when *they* lived, was scarcely sufficient to move one; nay, that upon some of these rail-roads, waggons are moved without the assistance of even a single horse, by an engine, the work of the hand of man, and endowed by his skill with loco-motive power? That numberless cities and towns in England, and elsewhere, are illuminated at night by a gas? What would they say, were they informed of the miracles wrought in our manufactories by the steam engine, and desired to look at those creatures of its mighty strength, which, under the guidance of a single hand, force their way through the most formidable of the elements, against all the opposition of its tides, and even of the winds to which it is itself a slave? What would they say, we ask again, if all these modern wonders were pointed out to them? They would not believe in one of them. They would, one and all, cry out that such things were ridiculous, and that even their own eyes were not to be depended upon, if they conveyed from without ideas of human skill, activity, and majesty of enterprize, so infinitely above what *they* and their fathers had been accustomed to.

In the same manner, were we to suppose for an instant, that a mode of conveyance could be brought into common use, by which a given number of individuals might, with perfect ease to themselves, be transported over a distance of one hundred miles within a *single hour*, we should be told that the mere conception was so chimerical, so inconsistent with all our ideas of the motion of vehicles, and in short, altogether so wild and foolish, that it ought to be treated by any reasonable man with instant contempt. Shall we confess, that when such a project was first mentioned to us, we laughed so immoderately, that a friend was under the necessity of tying his pocket handkerchief round our ribs, to preserve them in any thing like their natural form and position? But when the topic was renewed, and some little light was thrown upon the mode in which a conveyance of such extraordinary rapidity was to be effected, the laugh subsided by degrees, and gave way to that sober mood, which, if it be less pleasant, is at least better adapted to a fair examination of the philosophical principles upon which Mr. Vallance has founded his invention.

There is no person, it may be presumed, so little acquainted with the nature of the atmosphere in which we live, as not to know that, like water, it seeks universally an equilibrium. In other words, and to use a familiar way of putting it, if we can by any process deprive, for instance, a small room of all the air it contains, and then open a portion of the window, there will be *instantly* an influx of air from without, which will not cease until the *quantity* previously removed from the room is wholly replaced, and *its atmosphere* restored to an equilibrium with the atmosphere which externally surrounds it. A similar operation will take place in proportion, according to the quantity of air that is removed from the apartment. That is to say, it is not at all necessary to produce a complete vacuum within, in order to introduce a portion of the external atmosphere; for, to whatever degree, be it ever so slight, the air is removed from the apartment, to the same degree will be the influx of air from without, as soon as it is admitted, until the equilibrium be perfectly re-established. Thus it is easily comprehended, that a diminution of air in one quarter, produced either by ignition or exhaustion, will cause the adjoining atmosphere, if we may use such an expression, to rush towards that quarter, until it be in the same condition *as to air,* as the place whence the fresh supply proceeds. This simple principle being clearly understood, all the details become matters of demonstration which a child may comprehend.

Putting aside the idea of a common square apartment, let us now suppose that a cylinder is constructed, about ten feet in diameter, and three hundred feet in length, of materials sufficiently compact and strong for the purposes to which it is to be applied. Iron of course is the best material to employ on such an occasion, but it may be composed of brick, well cemented and cased with composition; within this cylinder a vehicle may be erected, capable of bearing for example ten or twenty passengers, its wheels being so regulated as to move with the greatest facility, in the same manner as those which are fitted to rail-ways. To one end of this vehicle a screen may be attached, occupying the whole, or nearly the whole, circumference of the cylinder. The vehicle then being placed near one extremity of the cylinder, and the passengers being seated between that extremity and the screen, it is obvious from what we have said, that if the portion of the cylinder between the screen and the more distant extremity of the cylinder be deprived by pumps, or by any other process, of its air, the external air, if admitted by the extremity at which the passengers are situated, will rush towards that part of the cylinder which has been wholly or partially evacuated. But in its progress it will encounter the screen of the vehicle, and urge it forward together with the vehicle attached to it to the farther extremity of the cylinder, provided that the vehicle and all that it bears, be as to weight, in due proportion to the diminution of resistance produced on one side, and to the motive power of the air admitted on the other. We use the phrase "diminution of resistance," in preference to that of "a vacuum," as, in fact, it more properly expresses the difference necessary to be produced in the air, between that end of the cylinder which is to be reached, and that whence the passengers are supposed to start, than any other phrase which we could employ. Upon this point it is essential that the reader should be fully aware of Mr. Vallance's reasoning.

'*It is well known, he observes,* that air will rush into a vacuum at the rate of nearly a thousand miles an hour. Now, though it is no more expected we should be conveyed at any such rate as that, than it is intended we should be placed in a vacuum; yet are, both this almost inconceivable velocity, and what is generally expressed by the term "vacuum," so connected with the subject of consideration, that it becomes unavoidable to advert to them, injurious as they must prove, and strongly as they will array our preconceived notions and prejudices against the proposition.

'It cannot be denied, (waiving the consideration of expense), that we have the power of laying down a line of cast-iron cylinders for any distance we please; and though it may not be in our power so to connect these cylinders as to render the joints perfectly air-tight against a vacuum; yet, it will be seen, that with reference to the purpose here contemplated, every joint may be made practically "air-tight." Equally certain as it therefore becomes, that we have the power of extending our cylinder at pleasure, is it, that the power of making and working any number of air-pumps, will enable us to exhaust from, and consequently cause air to rush through this line of cylinder, at rates so vastly exceeding any at which we now travel, that our preconceived notions and prejudices cause us to look on the proposition, as both impossible and absurd.'—pp. 27, 28.

It must be obvious, upon the least consideration given to the subject, that in proportion as the density of the air before the vehicle is reduced by exhaustion, will the power of the air behind it to impel it forward become greater, and hence we may obtain a velocity of movement as rapid as we can possibly desire. The screen is to the vehicle, as a sail to a ship—it receives the force of the current; and though the wheels of the carriage, and the sides of the cylinder may counteract that force in some degree by friction, yet this resistance becomes so immaterial, that it would be superfluous to discuss it. If it be true, that 'air will rush into a vacuum at the rate of nearly a thousand miles an hour,' as every person acquainted with pneumatics will admit to be the case, it follows, that even without producing a degree of exhaustion approaching to a vacuum, we may acquire a velocity of one hundred miles an hour, and at the same time overwhelm every sort of resistance that friction can offer.

'Supposing a line of large pipes or cylinders, such as have been adverted to, were laid down and connected, it may be conceived, that a channel (a rail-way in effect) on which a vehicle might run, could be fixed on the inside of them.

'By the effects produced on different rail-roads, it is proved, that a power which will raise one pound perpendicularly, will move 100lbs. horizontally at the same rate; and on a rail-way of Mr. H. R. Palmer's invention, it may at any time be seen, that the same power will produce the same effect on above 300lbs. Assuming that a parallel can be effected between the supposed cylinder and vehicle and Mr. Palmer's rail-way, any power which can be caused to operate on the vehicle, would *move three hundred* times as much over level ground.'—pp. 25, 26.

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'Exhausting from the cylinder to a degree that should cause a barometer to stand at 20, when one exposed to the atmosphere stood at "very dry," would give a pressure of above five pounds (5. 33.) per square inch; which pressure would operate to push the vehicle it might be intended to move, along inside the cylinder.

'The area of the cylinder is (say) 100 square feet, (or) 14,400 square inches; hence, if a pressure of 5.33lbs. were applied to each of these 14,400 square inches, it would move 76,752lbs.

'At about whatever rate, therefore, air can be exhausted from the cylinder, would 76,752lbs. be carried forward, even were the cylinder fixed *vertically*, and the 76,752lbs. to be raised perpendicularly.

'A power that will raise one pound perpendicularly, will draw 300lbs. *horizontally* on Palmer's rail-way. The pressure acting on the area of the (*horizontal*) cylinder would therefore move 23,056,600lbs. (10,279 tons); an amount so vast, that there never might be occasion for exhaustion, to one-tenth the degree necessary to produce that difference of density between the air on the inside (of) the cylinder and the atmosphere which should cause it.'—p. 37.

We now take it to be clear, that it is possible by the means already stated, to move a vehicle with almost any necessary weight upon it inside a cylinder properly constructed, and furnished with air-pumps capable of exhausting it to any degree that may be deemed necessary. It is, we presume, equally manifest, that a degree of unexampled velocity may be attained by the application of atmospheric air as it is here proposed. There are, however, several objections still to be overcome, which will occur to every person, and especially to those who are the least conversant with scientific subjects. In the first place, they will urge, how is it possible to construct a cylinder of any considerable length, say for instance, from London to Brighton, which shall be through its whole extent sufficiently air-tight, so as to exclude the atmospheric air from that part of the cylinder which is exhausted? The answer to this objection is obvious, from what has been already said. It is not necessary that the cylinder should be perfectly air-tight, unless the greatest possible vacuum be required, which is not the case, nor at all like it. A difference in the density of the air in the cylinder, which would be scarcely, if at all, perceptible to the sense, would be more than sufficient to produce a motive power for every practical purpose which we wish to accomplish.

Next comes the second objection—"How could the human frame sustain the effects of such an extraordinary velocity as that of one hundred miles an hour?" To this it may be answered, that those who object to travel one hundred miles an hour, may be accommodated with a rate of fifty or twenty, or ten, if they like it better; for the degree of velocity depends on the degree of exhaustion, which may be regulated with the nicest precision. But those who make this objection, forget that horse-jockies very frequently ride at the rate of forty miles an hour, and that too against the *resistance of the* atmospheric air, without feeling any inconvenience whatever as respects the rapidity of their movements. Air balloons have been known to travel at the rate of seventy, one hundred, and even as high as one hundred and forty miles an hour, without producing any sensible inconvenience to the individuals wafted in them. In fact, rapidity of motion, if it be free from perils, such as those which attend coaches drawn by horses, and balloons themselves, afford rather a delightful than an uneasy feeling to the human frame. Any body must be convinced of this who has ever been in a swing, which may be made to move at a rate of fifty, or even a hundred miles an hour, and still increase, rather than diminish, the pleasurable sensation which the motion creates. Besides, it must be remembered, that the movements here described, are made *against* the pressure of the atmosphere, whereas, in the cylinder, the pressure of the stronger atmosphere against the weaker is in favour of the traveller, for he breathes the former while it impels him. It necessarily accompanies him through the whole of his journey, otherwise he cannot be moved. Moreover, as the atmosphere which moves him, is necessarily stronger than any that can exist in any other part of the cylinder, he cannot possibly feel in any degree that atmospheric resistance which the equestrian or the aeronaut encounters. In short, he would be placed in the situation of a pedestrian, who on a windy day has the pleasure to find the wind at his back. It not only helps him onward, but saves him from the great delay and inconvenience which he would experience if the wind were right against him.

" But the *vacuum!* How, they say, could we live in a vacuum? Bless us, we could not breathe a moment in it!" Who says they must? Unless they desire to travel at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, there is no necessity for a vacuum, even were it possible to produce one. Yet supposing a vacuum created in front of the screen of the vehicle, how could that prove inconvenient to a person seated *behind* the screen, where, by the hypothesis, there must be an atmosphere in order to impel the machine. Let us hear, however, what our ingenious author has to say on these points.

> ‘ One of the circumstances which at first strikes us as fatal to the proposition, is the inability to respire, which we all feel we should be liable to, if conveyed rapidly *through* the air. A moment's reflection will, however, enable us to see at once, that this objection has no application whatever to the case. It is not proposed that we shall be conveyed rapidly *through* the air; but that we shall cause air, which we have first set in rapid motion, *to convey us along with it, as fast as itself goes:* a state of things so different from going through, or against, and meeting the air, that our supposed objection does not apply to the case.
>
> ‘ Stating facts will, however, be the best way of settling this question; and for this purpose, the experience of our aeronauts is referred to. Much *as they have sometimes* been inconvenienced from the rarity of the air, at

the height to which they have ascended, yet have we never heard them complain of being unable to breathe freely, owing to the velocity with which they were carried along over the earth's surface. And why? Because *that which was the cause of motion went with them.*

'In Dr. Gregory's "Mathematics for Practical Men," it is stated, that 'the velocity of eighty miles per hour, is that by which the aeronaut Garnerin was carried in his balloon from Ranelagh to Colchester, in 1802;" and that "in Mr. Green's aerial voyage from Leeds, in September, 1823, he travelled forty-three miles in eighteen minutes, although his balloon rose to the height of more than 4000 yards," which is at the rate of one hundred and forty miles an hour.

'"I had not," says Lunardi, in his account of the first ascent ever made in England, "the slightest sense of motion from the machine. I knew not whether I went swiftly or slowly, whether it ascended or descended, whether it was agitated or tranquil; but by the appearance or disappearance of objects on the earth."

'Rapidly, therefore, as they may move, yet do they feel as in a calm. Now exactly similar, in point of respiration, will be the feelings of those who may be conveyed in the proposed cylinder. The air being the cause of motion, must go, *at least*, equally fast as it drove them, and necessarily be wherever they were. Let the rate of motion, therefore, be what it might, the feeling of those who experienced it, must prove that of being in a perfect calm.

'Nor are the objections we at first conceive relative to the effect which pumping air from the cylinder, and producing what only the word vacuum (inapplicable as it really is) will enable us to convey the idea of, at all more tenable. The degree to which air would be exhausted from the cylinder, might scarcely ever be sufficient to sink a barometer two inches lower than one exposed to the atmosphere stood at; so that even were we exposed to it, no inconvenience would be felt. But we never shall be exposed to it, any more than those who witness the cruel experiment of putting a mouse under the receiver of an air-pump, and then exhausting it, are exposed to what the little animal suffers. Between those who *see*, and the poor creature which *feels*, the effect of the apparatus, is the side of the receiver. And between the part of the cylinder in which the exhaustion, or rather the difference of density is, and the passengers in the vehicle, would be the *end* (or *screen*) of the vehicle; so that though *close to them* would be an atmosphere rarer than (we will suppose) it might prove pleasant to be in, yet would the atmosphere *they actually were in* be the same as that of the air at large. No inconvenience, therefore, can be experienced in this particular.'—pp. 28—30.

But, it may be asked, how can a cylinder of any considerable length, say of fifty or a hundred miles, be sufficiently exhausted for any practical purpose? Simply by disposing at proper intervals, which may be easily ascertained by experiment, an adequate number of air-pumps. And here we may observe, that air-pumps may be constructed of any diameter necessary for the purpose, and that they may be worked by steam engines. But there are several other methods, Mr. Vallance states, of exhausting the cylinder, *independently* of air-pumps. He particularly refers to the principle of exhaustion lately brought into use by Mr. Brown's vacuum engine.

'Those who have seen this machine, he observes, know that the exhaustion it produces will support a column of mercury equal to three-fourths of that of the barometer. Now it is in our power to construct apparatus on this principle, which should exhaust one hundred thousand, two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, or any other number of cubic feet per minute, to a degree that would support twenty-two inches of mercury. A vessel exhausted to that degree will, if brought into communication with another that is ten times as large, exhaust it to a degree that it will support two inches of mercury. An apparatus on Mr. Brown's principle, therefore, which should produce the necessary variation of density in ten miles of cylinder per minute, would be of easy arrangement; and objections, on the score of exhaustion, fall, therefore, at once to the ground.'—pp. 50, 51.

It may be thought too, that it would be difficult to construct wheels which would revolve with so great a velocity as that contemplated by Mr. Vallance. It is well known, however, as he states, that 'there are machines, the peripheries of parts of which are made to move with a velocity of between one and two miles a minute. There are others, parts of which revolve to the extent of some thousand of times per minute. But the execution of none of the centres, or bearings, of these machines, is superior (nor, indeed, equal) to the accuracy with which wheels and axles can be adapted to each other, on Mr. Collinge's principle.'—p. 36.

We have already alluded to the mode in which the cylinder might be constructed. It might undoubtedly be formed of cast iron, though putting the enormous expense of such a material out of the question, it would in other respects be attended with considerable inconvenience. The tunnel now in progress under the Thames points out the description of material most suitable to the purpose, viz. brick and cement; and as it would stretch over the surface of the country, and, except in a mountainous district, seldom enter an excavation, it might be so arranged as that every part of it should be easily accessible for the purposes of repair. This material would also facilitate the formation of stages at every point of the road, where they might be required, for the purpose of taking up or setting down parcels or passengers. For it need hardly be added, that a vehicle moved by air, might be stopped in its career by throwing out a grappling iron, or a thousand other modes, which would enable the machine "to lay to," as it were, as long and as frequently as it might be found expedient. Nor would variations in the level of the surface over which the cylinder should pass, unless they were very considerable, offer any obstacles to the velocity of the vehicle within. The density of the air before the carriage might be reduced so low on the ascents of hills, as to permit the air behind it to force it over them, provided they were not too steep or lofty; difficulties which night in most cases be avoided. Windows inserted in the top of he cylinder, at proper intervals, would afford it abundance of light uring the day; and at night the vehicle might be illuminated by as.

Undoubtedly, this mode of travelling is not that which would be elected by persons who rove from home only with a view to leasure. The cylinder would deprive them entirely of the delights rising from change of air, and the beauties of landscape. But in ompensation for these privations it affords advantages, which in a ommercial island like our own, would be incalculable. It is in he first place attended with certainty: it is free from the inconve-ience of bad roads, and as the vehicle cannot be upset, another ery serious peril is avoided. Then let the weather be what it ay, snow, rain, storm, or excessive heat, the traveller is safely heltered from it within the cylinder. The inconvenience of night-ravelling might also be guarded against by those who do not like t; and to crown all, there is a rate of expedition, which would allow man to rise in Edinburgh, breakfast in London, lunch in Cornwall, and return to dine in Edinburgh, all within the same day, f he wishes to make the experiment. It would certainly be something new for one to hear, on calling at a friend's house in London, that Miss so and so had only just stepped out to see the chain-pier at Brighton, but that she would return presently; or that the fish one was eating at dinner at the Union, had only been caught an hour ago at Ramsgate. Equally novel would it be to bring Liverpool and Hull, Portsmouth and Plymouth, as it were, within the circle of the two-penny post, and "to speed a sigh" from John-o'Groat's to the Land's End, at least twice or thrice within the twenty-four hours. But after all it would be but a nine days' wonder. Who is now surprised at seeing the blaze which repairs at night in our streets the absence of day? Who is such a cockney as to wonder at a steam-boat? Or where is the man that would consign himself to the penalties of everlasting derision, by asking whether the power-looms were *alive!* As for ourselves, our motto is *nil admirari*. One cannot afford nerves for such emotions as wonder creates, in an age like this, when every day makes some extraordinary and important addition to the circle of our knowledge.

There are several details connected with Mr. Vallance's invention, into which we deem it unnecessary to enter. Such are those of the expenditure which it would require in the first instance to put it into operation; and the rate at which goods and passengers might be conveyed through his cylinder. Upon this point, we shall only remark, that he proposes to carry both at a much less expense, all things considered, than they can be conveyed by any existing mode, whether by land or water. He has appended to his pamphlet a very ingenious project for forming an almost instantaneous *telegraphic* method of communication, between those equi-distant parts of the cylinder, at which the air-pumps should be fixed; but these, and many other minor questions, we have no room to discuss.

It is but justice to the very ingenious projector to add, that he has resisted every application for bringing forward his invention as a matter of speculation on the joint-stock exchange. It is, indeed, a plan of too great magnitude to be carried into execution by any other means than those which should be supplied by an extensive association; but we have not heard, as yet, that any prospectus for such a company has been published. The plan was presented to our notice at Brighton, where Mr. Vallance has erected a cylinder of wood of one hundred and fifty feet in length, for the purpose of proving his principle. This cylinder we have seen, together with the vehicle inside it, as well as the air-pumps for exhaustion. But though the machinery was not in a state of sufficient forwardness to allow of our witnessing its actual operation, yet the principle upon which it is constructed is so simple and obvious, that its practicability can scarcely admit of a reasonable doubt. We have only to add, that although the pamphlet, whose title stands at the head of this article, has been printed for private circulation only, Mr. Vallance has given us his permission to make such use of it as we might think fit. We have, therefore, set its principal points before the reader, and he must now judge of it for himself.

Art. II. *Dr. Jamieson's New Work. The Dictionary of Mechanical Science, with many hundred Engravings.* By Alexander Jamieson, LLD. [Knowledge Arts Manufacture Genius]. In (about) 100 parts, at 6*d*. Caxton Press. Henry Fisher, Printer to his Majesty.

If ever title was an inducement to the reading of a book,—if ever title was a guarantee against quackery and imposition, such, assuredly, should be the charm and the security of that which we have here transcribed. It is 'Dr. Jamieson's *new* work.' From which one would infer, that the author had worked out his degree with the literature of a Johnson, or the science of a Barrow; it is *his* work,—as much as to say, it is not copied, or compiled, or even, (according to the gentler phrase), improved, from the works of others; and it is his *new* work,—as much as to say, that the learned Doctor had not even copied any of his former gifts to the world of wisdom. Then, as to the quality of the book itself: It is '*The* Dictionary of Mechanical Science.' Not "*a* Dictionary"—one of the million—like those about which Messrs. Mawman and Teg battle; but '*the* Dictionary'—"The Utility of Utilities," as the Moslem sage called the first Encyclopædia,—the book, and the only book, in which mechanical science is set forth in a clear, *proper, and* profitable manner. Furthermore, '*many* hundred *engravings*' are given along with it; and lest there should be any mistake about the profession of the Doctor, his express degree is et down,—he is an LLD.!

One part of the title puzzled us not a little. It consists of these our words: 'knowledge arts manufactures genius.' How are we o understand this sentence? Are we to infer from it, that the new' work conveys a 'knowledge' of the 'arts,' whereby to 'manufacture' 'genius?' If so, they are very useful arts, certainly, s every man who needs it may henceforth either fabricate genius or himself, or buy it ready made of the manufacturer, Dr. Jamieson.

But, to be serious, these "number books" belong to a numerous class, which form the very plague-spot of our literature, whether we consider the materials of which they are composed, the manner in which they are "got up," or the mode by which they are foisted upon the ignorant and unthinking. It is, perhaps, not going too far to say, that the deterioration of the scientific literature of this country, which has so decidedly taken place within the last thirty years, (more especially in what used to be called the useful part of it), has been more owing to them than to all other causes put together. Look at the catalogues, examine the books, and (leaving out improvements in the practical arts) where is there a work of science of which writers on the other side of 1800 would not have been ashamed? Even when the men of the olden time collected, they improved and corrected, and what was not their own in original idea, they made their own in language and by illustration. Long preparation was demanded before the author ventured to think of a book; and then he had much labour and study before he gave it to the public: but now, we have bricklayers' labourers throwing down the hod, or (as in the case of "*the* Dictionary") a carpenter leaving the saw and the plane to rust, and becoming the author of as many books as Avicenna himself.

The public can read only a certain quantity; and as the books which, like the number ones, are "stolen ready made," can be produced cheaper than those which are the result of study, the pedlars in those goods are enabled to drive the honest manufacturers from the field. Gangs of the most impudent, and by consequence the most unprincipled, adventurers, that can be procured, are organized all over the country. These are called "canvassers." They beset the doors of the rich, and fasten upon the poor, and compel them (in some instances actually by threats) to purchase their numbers. They have temptations, too, for all palates; and though the titles, at least, of all the books that appear in the catalogues, be without any other fault than that they are in general lies and impositions, yet there are beneath them works of another stamp. In the course of our rustications, we have often been in the habit of probing the foul ulcer of a canvasser's wallet; and we have found the most obscene, the most immoral, and the most blasphemous trash, covered over by a family Bible, the Pilgrim's Progre and the grand campaign for Mansoul between Shaddai and D bolus.

It is possible that this pollution may not emanate from the sa manufacturers that put forth the books of which the hawk are the ostensible venders; but still, without the large profits whi those number books yield, the other and more directly infam part of the burden would not pay the costs. The number pu lishers are, therefore, the cause of more mental corruption being c culated over the country, than any other class of men whatev and though their own books were fairly what they pretend to be, t practice would still be a public nuisance.

But the books themselves are bad, both in a mercantile a literary point of view; they cost the purchasers twice as much they would pay for good books from the regular trade. This easily demonstrated. The number publishers are at very great e pense for bills and catalogues; they give their books to the ca vassers at less than half price; and yet they make fortunes m rapidly, and more abundantly, than the regular booksellers. C to mind those who have followed this trade for any length of tin either in London, or in the country, and see whether the man w parts with his trash at half the money which his agent swind the people out of, does not gain more than he who encourages r ability, and promotes the diffusion of knowledge.

Is it that the world has become foolish; and that in proporti as knowledge has been diffused, the people have become fond nonsense, and exposed to dupery? Partly so, and partly n If the dissemination of knowledge were, in all cases, real, no e would, or could, ensue; but even in this matter the imperfecti of every thing dependent upon man, or connected with him, is monstrated: and the dissemination of a spurious knowledge, whi being lighter than the true, is the *amari aliquid*, which poiso the water of life here. The mere faculties of reading and writi are not in themselves knowledge, any more than the mere faculty speech: and, in consequence of the early age at which folks now forced to enter upon active business, and the little leisure th they have for thought and deliberate reflection, either before th period or after it, it may very fairly be questioned, whether t extension of real knowledge has borne any proportion to the increa of that which is spurious.

Now it is a very uniform law of human nature, that the mo imperfect any quality or faculty, whether natural or acquired, the more vain is the owner of it. The male who in shape com nearest to the crab, is the most vain of his person, the most care in decorating, and the most forward in displaying it; and wh the elegant woman is plain even to carelessness, the fright, (if a *female can* be frightful), has herself curtained round with all t dyes of the peacock. It is much the same with acquired qualities; and thus, they who are in possession of the mere name of knowledge, are always more vain of it than they who are endowed with the reality. The mere reader, who reads but does not understand, must have a book, and as he is no judge of the value of that book, he is duped by the cunning of the canvasser, just as the hypochondriac, whose morbid mind makes him fancy that his body is afflicted with all sorts of diseases, swallows the useless or pernicious nostrums of the medical quacks. In the one case, too, as in the other, the quack prowls about; and as he has none of the pride of actual superiority or worth, the whole of his attention is devoted to the means by which he may cheat the simple, and impose upon the credulous.

The trash which this empirical system puts into circulation, costs the public more, as has been said, than they would pay for really good books from the honest and honourable tradesman. But it costs the manufacturer less both in money and talent. The only thing which the number-man wants, is a title which shall impose upon the ignorant; and having obtained that, he gets some literary drudge, who, with a pair of scissars, cuts half a dozen pages from this work, and half a dozen from that, without any other consideration than that they shall make the quantity of printing which is required. A very striking instance of this occurred in a melange not long since put together, purporting to be a work upon geography. Every body who knows any thing of geography, knows that there are two towns of the name of Boston, one in Lincolnshire, and the other in America; and every author, except a number-book author, knows that the American war began, and the battle of Bunker's Hill was fought, not very far off from the latter Boston. Well, just to disguise the plunder of Brookes or Walker, by a little artful transposition, the compiler ships off the English Boston to America, and imports the American one, Bunker's Hill and all, for the benefit of the people of England! And yet is this work, like *the* Dictionary of Mechanical Science, hawked about over the whole country. Need we wonder that the little education which the working classes receive, should not confer upon them those wholesome advantages which knowledge ought to bestow? Or need we inquire what it is that nine-tenths of the really scientific talent---of that talent which could, and, if its bread were not thus profanely cast to the dogs, would produce something useful and original, is left to pine in neglect, and hide its valuable labours in its humble grave?

Let any one of the respectable publishers be asked what he would offer for a work on science? Unless the author had otherwise obtained a name that would sell it, even the most liberal of them would not give for the result of ten years of the most intense and best directed study, the price of the paper upon which it was written. The invariable answer is, that such things are a mere

ART. III. *The Report made to his Majesty by the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Practice of Chancery.* 8vo. pp. 164. London. Murray. 1826.

"—— All men know the proceedings of the court to be plain and familiar.

"The plaintiff prefers his bill, and the defendant is to make his answer within eight days after his appearance; unless upon oath made of his age or incompetency, there be obtained a commission to take his answer in the country, or he appear and make oath that he cannot answer without perusal of writings, or conferences with persons remaining in a remote place, when he hath liberty till the next term following to answer. This once made and returned, the plaintiff may instantly reply thereunto, and the defendant, being served with process *ad rejungendum*, must either rejoyne or lose the benefit of rejoining within other eight days, and then examine witnesses, either by commission or in court; which being published, the cause is at a hearing.

"This may be performed in most cases within two or three terms, and within five at the utmost, be the adverse party never so perverse or refractory.

"'*How then cometh it to pass, that this honourable court should be traduced as it is, and have so many foule aspersions thrown upon it, as to be termed a dilatory court, where a suit will last longer than a* SUIT OF PERPETUANZA, *or a* SUIT OF BUFFE, *into which the poor suitors, coming like a flock of sheep to a bush for shelter, are there more wet than they were in the open field;* AND YET THE BUSH WILL NOT PART WITHOUT A FLEECE, AND OUT OF WHICH THEY GO WITH THE SAME NOATE THEY CAME IN, PITTIFULLY COMPLAINING; *and such other vile reproaches?*'"*

WHEN, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, "a poor clerk of the chancery" asked, in his simplicity, this question of the lord keeper of his day, he little thought that two hundred years were to elapse before it would be answered. From the fall of Lord Bacon, to the present time, *chancery* has been a sort of byword, importing delay, perplexity, and chicane; and "*abire in malam rem*," has been the phrase jocularly employed by judges, when they dismissed their suitors at law, and told them the only mode left for seeking relief, was, to go into a court "of equity." Yet, with the exception of two faint and abortive efforts, one by the commons during the usurpation, and the other by Lord Somers, in the beginning of the last century, the parliament and the nation have been content with loud complaints, perpetually answered by assurances, either that there were no just reasons for dissatisfaction, or that occasional delay, expense, vexation, and individual ruin, were a cheap price for the blessings of English justice.

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* *The abuses* and remedies of Chancery, by Mr. George Norburie, and *presented unto the* lord keeper. Harl. MSS. No. 4265. Published in *Hargrave's Law T* [illegible] 425.

But we are fallen upon times, in which the public are contracting a growing habit of prying into grievous abuses, however enveloped in mystery, fostered by inveterate prejudice, or even upheld by power. The fate of this very question of abuses in Chancery, and the changes it has undergone within the last four years, signally demonstrate the impossibility of now maintaining, in this country, by any appeals to the wisdom of antiquity, or any denouncements of the dangers of innovation, institutions that work general mischief. When an inquiry into those abuses was first formally proposed, it was deemed by some, little better than an attack upon the frame of the British constitution; and by the more moderate opponents of all interference with the proper province of the chancellor, it was either derided as an impracticable project of needless amendment, or treated as one of the common manœuvres of party warfare. In the very highest quarter there seemed to be a soreness upon every attempt to probe the seat of the imputed disorders, which boded no good for the endeavours at a cure. Yet against every opposition, whether from a sluggish reluctance, or an avowed hostility to innovation, the public have succeeded in laying bare that absurd, perplexed, inconsistent, but most elaborate system of procedure, by which, under the semblance of provisions to secure justice, even in spite of law, the laws have been made the instruments of grievous and intolerable oppression.

The exposure is, in itself, an important triumph. It may be imperfect; the amendment to which it leads may be tardy; but defective jurisprudence can never be maintained but by the ignorance of the community subjected to its miseries. The extent and complexity of the system of equitable jurisdiction in this country, its connection with the whole frame of our judicial polity, and the many and powerful interests engaged in its support, must make the remedy of its abuses the work of time; but the impulse once given, amendment must go forward, and must be hastened, in proportion as the mischiefs are more fully and extensively known. This publicity, unfortunately, is not always easily effected, even when there are not, and cannot be, any means of purposed concealment. It is one of the causes which, in all nations, have prevented the amendments in absurd and barbarous systems of jurisprudence, from keeping pace with the other improvements of society, that the language of the law is a jargon unknown to the public. In no country has this bar to sound improvement operated more powerfully than in England. "The common laws of England," says Sir Matthew Hale, "are more particular than other laws, and this, though it renders them more numerous, less methodical, *and takes up longer* time for their study, yet it recompenseth with greater advantages."*—Whatever be the "advantages" of multiplicity and minuteness in the rules of law, certain it is, that they have at least their alloy in the corresponding extent and complexity of its nomenclature. This will be felt even in the reading of the report, the title of which is prefixed to this article, although some pains seem to have been taken to make it intelligible to an ordinary reader.

This document is divided into three parts. The first, (styled by way of distinction, the report), contains a statement of the changes which the commissioners deem it expedient to make in the practice of the court of Chancery, with occasional references, not always the clearest, to the present system of procedure, and very brief discussions of certain proposed amendments, which they have not thought proper at present to advise. The second division consists of a series of propositions, in all one hundred and eighty-eight, in which the new regulations are formally set forth in technical language. And the third part is an explanatory paper drawn up by Mr. Beames, one of the commissioners, elucidating with some minuteness, though not with any tedious detail, the use of the proposed rules, by more particular references to the present practice of the court than were given in the first division. A large appendix is annexed, containing the evidence taken before the commission, with some official documents, illustrative of the existing practice and recent proceedings of the court.

Taking the report and the evidence together, we think the first impression arising from a perusal of them, must be astonishment, that in a country where the business of government has been for much more than a century so well understood as in England, such a system could have been tolerated for ten years with the best of judges. The next sentiment must certainly be, a very agreeable surprise, that a commission composed exclusively of lawyers, three-fourths of them judges, masters, or practitioners in the court, of which they were to investigate the abuses, should have given to the world an exposure of those abuses so full, minute, and unsparing. It augurs well for the future improvement of our legal polity, that whether from a sudden and miraculous conversion, or from an inability to withstand the force of opinion in a public, who have long since learned to think for themselves, lawyers are resigning their title to the old reproach against their tribe, and are ceasing to be the worst reformers of the law.

The unlearned reader, however, has some reason to complain of the manner in which the subject is unfolded in this report. It is desultory and immethodical. The whole tale is not told in any one of its three divisions; and it is only by taking the entire to pieces, and putting these together in a new arrangement, that any very clear view can be obtained from it of the present course of procedure in Chancery. Some important parts of the practice intended to be changed, appear to us to be left wholly unnoticed, though the amendments proposed as to these parts are stated with sufficient clearness. This is a material omission; and may give occasion to a charge, which we really believe would be unmerited, that the commissioners wrote their report, not so much for the use of the public, who might grow captious on perusing a plain tale of the abuses of the law; but to inform a profession, inclined to deal gently with the defects of a favourite art, of the changes which its teachers were at length resolved to introduce—but to introduce as smoothly and quietly as might be—into its rules of practice.

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* Preface to Roll's Abridgment.

The chief objections to the present system of procedure in Chancery, may be classed, generally, under the following heads: the intervals allowed by the rules and practice of the court between the successive stages of the suit; the manner in which evidence is taken; the delays in giving judgment, when the cause is ripe for decision; and the quantity of writing permitted, or required, in the proceedings.

Nothing can be more "plain and familiar," (to repeat the phrase used by the Chancery clerke in the time of James I.), than an equity suit in its general outline. The plaintiff states his complaint to the judge in a petition, called a bill, in which he also demands of his adversary an admission of the case made in his complaint, or a discovery of matter calculated to support it. The defendant, unless he can stop the plaintiff *in limine*, (which does not very often happen), makes his defence in a written paper, called an answer. If the answer does not deny any matter set forth in the bill, the parties submit their case to the court, and obtain its judgment, called a decree, upon a perusal of the bill and answer. If any matter of fact is disputed in the answer, written replies, given on oath to written interrogatories, are submitted, with such documents, (*i. e.* deeds, &c.), as may be necessary, to the court; and a decree is then pronounced upon the case as disclosed in all these writings. This decree may, or may not, be final. Usually, something is required to be done with respect to the property in dispute; this the court directs to be done when it pronounces its decree; and when what is thus directed has been performed, the whole case is brought again before the court, and is closed by a decree of final adjudication.

The court is assisted by officers, called masters, whose duties are partly judicial, partly ministerial; and who sit in their chambers at stated times to dispatch such business as is committed to them, whether by the directions, or according to the practice, of the court. By these officers, or under their superintendence, those things are done which the court directs to be performed in the interval between the intermediate and the final decree. And in this case, and *in the other numerous* instances in which the services of *the masters are required,* during the progress of a cause, they cer

tify what they have done to the court in written papers,
reports.

The judge in a court of equity has the power of decidin
on the fact and on the law. Sometimes, according to his
tion, he sends a question of law for the opinion of the other j
and a question of fact to be tried by a jury.

This scheme of procedure is, in its general design, not ill
to the purposes of justice. The power, wielded by the cou
directed by the plaintiff, of compelling, at the outset, a dis
of such facts as are in the cognizance of the defendant, is a
tion against fraud, without which, or something analagou
in the administration of the best laws, society would be pre
perpetual alternations of ruined folly and successful knavery
union, in the same person, of jurisdictions, as to the law and t
saves the suitors from the misapprehensions and the clash
opinion, that are constantly occurring where these jurisdicti
divided, and is accompanied by no danger in a judicature oc
from its very nature as a tribunal for settling the rights
perty only, with questions that can rarely tempt the passio
play. And the practice of suspending a final determination
every right which each party claims, in the subject of the s
be fully adjusted, is well adapted for effecting the two great
of civil jurisprudence—the fixing of present rights, and t
vention of future litigation.

But the true test of an engine's use, is the working of t
chinery. No instruments were ever more perverted from their
and destined purpose, than the rules and orders framed for t
conduct of a suit through Chancery. Some of them, indee
as if constructed with the express design of marring what th
fess to aid. The first step in the cause is, to bring the de
before the court. A piece of written parchment, called a
subpœna, is served upon him, enjoining his attendance on a
day. If he does not appear, another writ, called an attac
issues, by which the sheriff is directed to arrest the defenda
the defendant cannot be found, another writ, (differing bu
in effect, from the last), called an attachment with proclam
goes against him; and if this also be ineffectual, another
parchment is obtained, called by the formidable name of
mission of rebellion, but, as far as its immediate purpose
garded, differing from the two last-mentioned writs only, i
directed to four persons specially named, instead of being ad
to the sheriff. If the defendant be not arrested on this proc
court sends a serjeant at arms to look for him; and if the s
cannot find him, then, at length, his property (if he have
seized. All this tedious process, (which is attended with consi
expense, and in the case of a defendant residing a certain d
from town, with many weeks, and it may be many months,'
is employed to compel the defendant to appear in court, by

By a curtesy, which prevails among solicitors, and officers called clerks in court, this indulgence is extended to all cases, and the *dedimus* (which is sometimes not sued out at all) is, when employed, postponed to a future stage of the cause. By this course the defendant, in the case supposed, gains about five months. At the end of that time, if he does not choose to deliver his answer, he may obtain a farther indulgence, and get what is termed, most aptly, an *order of course* for six weeks delay. When that time expires, he may obtain another order of course for a farther delay of a month. This brings the cause, begun in June, to the end of the following January. The defendant may then obtain a third order, for three weeks farther time; but this is coupled with conditions which it would not be quite convenient to submit to, and therefore it is rarely taken. Still, however, the defendant has a resource. His answer, if he secretes himself, can be enforced only by the long process, beginning with an attachment, and ending with sequestration, which we before described as necessary to compel an appearance; and at the end of this process, and not before, the bill, if an answer be not necessary, may be taken *pro confesso;* that is, a decree may be had by the plaintiff without farther proceedings. But, before this can be done, the defendant, having harassed his adversary for nearly the full revolving year, may put in his answer, and commence active warfare on *purging his contempt*—an apt and elegant phrase of the court, which signifies paying the costs of the process rendered necessary by his indolence, his perverseness, or his knavery.

Let us now suppose that on some part of this process, and after the orders for time, the defendant is taken into custody. It may be imagined that the court, having him within its immediate power, will instantly compel him to do justice to an honest suitor, by putting in his answer to the plaintiff's bill. That, however, would be a course too direct and simple for Chancery. The practice invariably followed, is better suited for a farce, exhibited to burlesque the administration of the laws, than for maintaining the dignity and decorum of a grave court of justice. First, the defendant is brought into court by a writ of *habeas corpus,* from the Fleet, (the court's proper prison), and is admonished of his contempt,—*i. e.* is told that he is rebelling against the authority of the court, and outraging the laws of his country. The admonition ends by gently assigning him a day to put in his answer, and he is remanded to prison. If he disobeys, he is again brought before the court, by an *alias habeas corpus;* again admonished; again desired to answer on a certain day; and again sent back to the Fleet. If he continues contumacious, the court stoops to a third performance in this humiliating mockery of justice, on a *pluries habeas corpus;* and if it is a third time set at nought by its prisoner, actually submits to a *fourth* insult of the same kind, before it orders the bill to be taken *pro confesso,* and gives the plaintiff his decree!—We had almost forgotten to mention that the court (as if seeking solace in the various names of these successive degradations) adds a word to its classic phraseology, and calls the last writ—an *alias pluries habeas corpus.*

To relieve the suitor from these vexatious delays, and the court from this needless self-abasement, the commissioners advise, that the orders of course for farther time to answer, shall be abolished; that in all cases the defendant shall have two months to answer, and no more; that, in the process against the defendant (with a view to a decree *pro confesso*) for contempt in not putting in an answer, in cases where the defendant is *not* taken into custody, the *attachment with proclamations* and *commission of rebellion,* shall be abolished; and that when the defendant *is* in custody, the two last writs of the series—the *pluries habeas* and the *alias pluries habeas*—shall be laid aside. In both these methods of process for contempt, the commissioners might have safely gone farther, without trenching too much upon that tenderness which the court, at this stage of the suit, has ever shewn to unwilling defendants.

Hitherto we have found the whole hardship arising from this court's easy nature, to bear upon the plaintiff. The defendant is treated, until he puts in his answer, with all the soft indulgence of a parent to a spoiled and petted child. But no sooner has he done what the court exacts, with so much clemency to disobedience, than he finds the tables suddenly turned upon him; the plaintiff now becomes the favourite; and the fondness of the court for the new object of its passion, becomes ten times more intense than its partiality for the old one. Not only are the intervals much longer during which the plaintiff is permitted to slumber in the suit, but, for the most part, during the periods allotted for his repose, he is not, like the defendant, required to come with those decent apologies, called *orders of course,* to ask for successive prolongations of indulgence. His, as we shall see, are wholesale favours.

When the answer is put in, the plaintiff may make various objections to it. This is done by means of allegations in writing, called *exceptions,* delivered to an officer called a clerk in court, (who is retained to act for the defendant), by another clerk in court, who is retained for the plaintiff. Regularly this should be done within eight days after the term in which the answer was put in, or within the first eight days of the term following the filing of the answer, if it was filed in vacation. But the plaintiff (though in this instance he is put to the trouble of getting an order of course) *may* give in his exceptions at any time within two terms after the expiration of the regular period, or within the vacation following those two terms.—The court is choice in its latin; it calls this proceeding—filing exceptions *nunc pro tunc.* A delay is thus secured, varying in length from five to ten months.

These exceptions are to be referred to a master. We shall spare ourselves and our readers a detail of the alternate manœuvres which may be practised at this stage of the proceedings, to gain time. We shall suppose the master's report obtained, deciding that the answer was faultless. The plaintiff, perhaps, deems it hopeless to except (as he may) to the report; but he is still anxious for delay. The court allows him to rest for three whole terms, and the following vacation. The defendant, in the fourth term, seems at length to have a remedy. He may move the court to dismiss the bill, if the plaintiff has taken no effectual step in the interval. But the plaintiff may have anticipated his opponent; for he may have procured, unknown to the defendant, an order to amend his bill, (which signifies, permission to alter as much, or as little, as he pleases), and by the production of this latent order, the motion to dismiss the bill is defeated. He may then delay amendment until a special order of the court is obtained, to compel him to that measure, or oblige him to abandon the suit; but by the simple process of altering his bill—it may be in some part wholly immaterial—he gains an unconditional and unquestionable privilege of resting on his oars for three terms, and a vacation more. When that time is elapsed, his bill becomes again subject to dismissal; but still he has the means of disappointing his adversary; for, having waited till the twelfth hour, he may sue out a replication, (a proceeding employed for putting in issue the matters of fact disputed between the parties), and again has an indisputable right of suspending all operations in the suit, for three more terms, and the subsequent vacation. But this is not all. If, at the end of that time, the defendant moves the court to dismiss the bill, the plaintiff may still prevent the suit from dropping, by *undertaking*, through his counsel, *to speed his cause.* The unlearned reader will hardly believe that this actually means—*doing nothing for one whole term, and a vacation following.* The bill cannot even then be dismissed without another motion formally made in court by the defendant's counsel; and this too the plaintiff may successfully resist, *by an undertaking to speed his cause with effect,* that is, by entering into certain peremptory rules to produce witnesses and proceed in other requisites of the cause, *in the ensuing term, and the term after!* The plaintiff may thus keep alive his suit for upwards of thirteen terms, or considerably more than three years, without taking one efficient step, or violating a single rule of practice in the court of Chancery.

We shall not attempt to describe the ruinous consequences to defendants of this power, in a cruel, vindictive, fraudulent, or capricious suitor, to lock them for years within the chains of a suit in Chancery, before they can obtain even a preliminary trial. One real case is worth a thousand imagined ones; and we shall therefore make no apology for the length of the following extract from he evidence of a witness who has given much valuable information. He is speaking of the abuses which arise from the almost unrestricted privilege of amending bills.

'With respect to the immediate proposition, or question, I beg to refer o two or three cases; one of those cases is *Noel* v. *Latham*, which was a bill by a subsequent equitable incumbrancer against a prior incumbrancer of a West India estate, to redeem: that bill was filed on the 3rd of February, 1820, (and I think the dates will be important). On the 15th of June, 1820, an answer and disclaimer by one defendant was filed, and on the 24th of the same June, the answer of the material defendant was filed. The plaintiff, on the 16th August, 1820, took exceptions to the answer. I submitted to the exceptions. On the 8th of December I had prepared the draft of the answer, and it went to a very considerable length, the accounts being very voluminous. I wrote a letter to the plaintiffs' solicitor, on that day, and offered him an inspection of the accounts and papers, and to deliver him a copy to save the expense; but it was insisted that my client should answer the exceptions; and, on the 20th of that month, I filed an answer of 466 folios, which contained the account. In Michaelmas term, 1821, the plaintiffs replied. On the 10th April, 1823, I served the plaintiffs with a notice of motion to dismiss for want of prosecution. On the 11th, (the following day), and without notice, the plaintiffs applied by petition at the Rolls, and obtained an order for liberty to withdraw his replication, and amend, on payment of 20*s*. costs, that being the day before my motion would have been made under my notice to dismiss, so that I could not make my motion on the 12th, because of the order so obtained at the Rolls. The following day was a Sunday. On the next day (being the 14th) I gave the plaintiffs notice of an intended motion to discharge the order of the 11th, and that the bill might be dismissed, The motion to discharge the order was depending in court until July, and there being no chance of its being heard, the counsel agreed among themselves that the plaintiff should amend before the then next term, under the order of the 11th of April. In November, the plaintiffs amended under that order, and filed a new engrossment, containing 175 folios, for a copy of which the defendants paid 10*l*. 4*s*. 2*d*., and they were entitled to receive from the plaintiffs 20*s*. for costs: by that amendment the plaintiffs struck out the plaintiff, whom they had applied before for special leave to strike out, thus leaving the defendant subject to this suit, and to another by the party whose name they struck out, that person having a similar equity to redeem with themselves.

'*Q*. Did the amendment relate only to the striking out of that party?

A. No; introducing some light matter, but so as to render a fresh engrossment necessary. Upon that I gave notice of a motion that the amended bill might be taken off the file, and that the order of the 11th April, 1823, should be discharged, and that the original bill should be dismissed, with costs. On the 26th March, 1824, the motion was before the court, as it had been on two or three preceding days; and the defendants, upon that occasion, offered to the plaintiffs, in court, a decree according to the prayer of the original bill to redeem; but this was refused, and my Lord Chancellor, therefore, made the order, as prayed, to dismiss the bill, and ordering the new engrossment to be taken off the file. My clients were kept in a a judge and jury, in a court of law, could not be obtained from oral ex minations in the court of Chancery, inasmuch as such examinations co not be taken in the presence of the judge who is to decide the cause. cases of much doubt upon the facts, resort must still be had to the trial issues before a jury, which course is now taken in all such cases wh that mode of trial is properly required.

'If we could feel satisfied that the increase of delay and expense, wh would probably follow from having open and public examinations condu ed by counsel, could lead to any material saving of either, in the ultin decision of a cause, we should be inclined to recommend the experime but we do not think that this would be the case.

'The result of the evidence, and of the experience of those amongs who have had much practice in a court of equity, leads us to be sati that the instances are very rare, in which there is even any suspicic ultimate injustice, in consequence of the existing mode of taking evide

'The number of cases depending upon testimony so nicely balan that, after examining the evidence produced, with all its bearings, the science of the court cannot be satisfied without the assistance of a is small, in proportion to the whole mass of cases submitted to the c of Chancery; and this is evidently owing to the power, peculiar to co of equity, of compelling the defendant to answer, upon his oath, to e statement which the plaintiff thinks fit to make in his bill. It may als noticed, as an advantage belonging to the practice which we are now sidering, that it preserves and records the evidence which is thus tal pp. 13, 14.

We shall not notice the various contrivances for delay, wl may be employed between the period allotted for collecting evidence and the actual hearing of the cause. The commiss ers have, perhaps, provided against these contrivances witl much care as can well be administered in paper regulations. the grand cause of complaint, the besetting pest of Chancer *the difficulty of obtaining judgment when all is ready for trial decision*—this must still continue, though every suggestion in report were carried into instant and effective operation. Perl it could not have been reasonably expected, that on this pc although it was the most important part of the subject assig for their investigation, the commissioners should have been ha inquirers. One of two things must be the fact;—either the Cl cellor is an inefficient judge, or he is overburthened with busin The dilemma was a hard one, but it was impossible to escap Taking it at its gentler side, the commissioners, had they gone the question in detail, must have reported on the absolute neces of most amply abridging the power of the chief person in their c body, and the supreme ruler of the profession of which they were members. It was, however, impossible to be wholly sil upon a growing mischief, that has excited universal dissatisfact in the public, and has at last forced itself upon the attention of legislature. The commissioners have therefore noticed the sub in their report, and in a manner sufficiently curious. Little nothing is said of delays solely attributable to the court; but in beginning of the Report they state, with hardly any comment, the overwhelming multitude of duties annexed to the office of Chancellor; and they conclude by advising, somewhat in the way of postscript to the whole, a reduction of those duties, which, both in the smallness of the abridgment proposed, and in the nature of the labours withdrawn from this great officer, is perfectly ludicrous. The following is their detail of the Chancellor's avocations:

'One great source of the extension of the jurisdiction of courts of equity has been, the invention of new modes of disposing of property, particularly in the forms of trusts, and the ingenuity of fraudulent contrivances; to which may be added, the power of disposition of all property by will; the vast increase of personal property, which may be disposed of by deed or by will; or distributable according to law, upon intestacy; the difficulty of obtaining complete justice, under the forms of the common law, against persons accountable for property to others, as executors or administrators, or as trustees or agents; or as partners in trade, or joint owners of property; or in a vast variety of other ways in which parties may become so accountable; the demand of justice, for the specific execution of contracts of various descriptions; and the complication of interests, arising from intricate transactions, for which the course of the common law, in the simplicity of its proceedings, can give no adequate remedy.

'But, exclusive of the matters properly belonging to the court of Chancery as a court of equity, the legislature has, from time to time, by the provisions of several acts of parliament, public and private, thrown upon the court a considerable load of business, which it was supposed might be most conveniently administered there. The legislature has also intrusted to the Lord Chancellor the whole conduct of the vast and difficult jurisdiction exercised under the bankrupt laws. In this business, the Vice Chancellor is now enabled to give assistance; and a portion of it is necessarily also devolved, by special orders for the purpose, upon the masters in Chancery, and the other officers of the court.

'Commissions to inquire of lunacy issue from the Chancery, as an office, and the Lord Chancellor has therefore a very extensive and difficult jurisdiction, in the issuing and in superintending the executions of commissions of lunacy. The care and custody of the persons and property of those who are found lunatic, by inquisition, has been usually also intrusted by the Crown to the Lord Chancellor; and in the exercise of this duty the officers of the court of Chancery, as a court of equity, have been made ancillary; and much of the time of the masters in Chancery, and other officers of the court, as well as of the Lord Chancellor, is thus frequently occupied.

'Besides these duties, the Lord Chancellor is greatly occupied as speaker in the house of Lords;—by the duty which he has to discharge, n the advice he is required to offer to his Majesty with respect to condemned criminals, when their cases are reported by the Recorder of London;—by the various claims upon his time in matters of state, and maters referred to him by the Secretary of State;—by occasional attendance when required, at meetings of the council;—by the duty of carefully examining treaties, *conventions*, charters, commissions, letters patent, grants, *and all the numerous instruments* which pass the Great Seal, for the

> legality of the provisions of which, and the accuracy of their contents, according to the warrants upon which they are founded, he is responsible; —by calls upon his attention to much that relates to the administration of justice by others; and by such judicial business, and other business of his office, as is transacted by him, but not in court.
>
> ‘ During some years, the Lord Chancellor has been required to attend the judicial business of the house of Lords, three mornings, and latterly two mornings, in the week: and during the last two years, the Lord Chancellor, and the Master of the Rolls, as deputy speaker of the house of Lords, have been required to devote five mornings in each week between them, to attendance on judicial business in the same high tribunal; a measure of great benefit to the suitors in that house, but which has produced, and must produce, great delay in the business of the Chancery suitor.’—pp. 4, 5.

To relieve the chief judge in equity, borne down by the weight of his multifarious employments, what, will it be guessed, is proposed?—To put the Vice Chancellor upon a footing with the Master of the Rolls, who is *not* overburthened with business;—to establish a new set of commissioners in bankruptcy, whose chief occupation in effect will be, the preparing of cases for being argued before the Lord Chancellor;—to ease the Chancellor from the trouble which is now and then given him by applications for the ordinary writs of *habeas corpus*;—to empower the courts of common law to grant commissions for examining witnesses resident abroad, touching matters in suit depending before these courts;—and—(it must not be forgotten in the enumeration)—to withdraw from the High Court of Chancery, and transfer to the court of Exchequer, the jurisdiction arising under the acts of parliament for benefit of friendly societies! This is the sum of the relief proposed for a public officer, any one department of whose duties, as an equity judge, as the president of the court of appellate jurisdiction, or as a member of the cabinet and the chief law adviser of the crown, is enough fully to occupy the highest intellect at the most vigorous period of life; but which, united, it is utterly impossible that any one man can possess bodily and mental strength to perform in an adequate manner.

A great part of the Report is occupied with regulations for proceedings before the Masters, and for those official departments connected with the court, in which such drafts and copies of writings are made out, as are not executed by the solicitors. The grievances complained of in the progress of the cause from the first to the final hearing, arise, not so much from the badness or the abuse of rules, as from the want, in a great measure, of any regulations at all. The two great evils are, the slowness with which the directions of the court, and the necessary arrangements consequent upon them, are carried into execution, and the prodigious waste of writing, entailing enormous expense, required before the cause can be taken out of that dead pool of Chancery, the ter's office. The latter is, indeed, in a great degree the cause e former. The quantity of time, labour, and consequently of ey, squandered on useless penmanship, is equally disgraceful to ourt and the profession. The commissioners have given their ial care to the proceedings in the Master's office; and they advised that some unnecessary copy-work shall be wholly laid , and that some, of the large quantity still to be allowed, shall rtailed.

e cause of delay in the business before the Masters has been, hese officers do not possess, or if they do, that they decline ercise, the power of compelling the parties to use reasonable tch. Another cause of tardiness has been, the difficulty ex- nced by persons, interested in the proceedings, but not parties cause, in endeavouring to discover the exact progress made, he impediment thus offered to proper applications to the for redress. And even a party to the suit is often destitute means of proving satisfactorily the misconduct of a dilatory ent, from the intricacy and mystery that prevail in these of the proceedings. The commissioners, among other sugges- advise two simple remedies. One is, that each Master shall a book, always ready for reference, in which he shall note all the directions which he gives, and all the business done him; and another proposition directs, that these officers, duties, as we before observed, are of a mixed kind, partly al, and partly ministerial, shall have the power of forcing rd the proceedings, by either taking the conduct of the bu- to be done out of the hands of the defaulting party, and itting it to his adversary,—or by proceeding *ex parte*,—that the desire of one party in the absence of the other. The sense of these suggestions is obvious. A court of justice d in some sort resemble a panopticon. The judge who pre- ought to have the means of knowing, at a moment's warning, any stage of a cause, what necessary steps have been taken itted during its progress. If misconduct cannot be ascer- and punished without delay, it must perpetually recur, ver rules are invented to prohibit or control it. And it is y manifest, that the inferior ministers of justice, without aid the judge must sit powerless on the bench, should have s co-extensive with the duties which they are to perform.

have here endeavoured to give a general view of the scheme provement detailed by the commissioners. It is in the very of a plan, whose merits must depend on the minuteness of rangements, that its fitness for the purpose designed can be nperfectly judged from the most careful abstract. We have ed to notice the propositions made on some most impor- eads of amendment,---the suggestions for securing a more nt body of officers in the court,---the enlargement of the ction of the court on petitions, by which, in some cases, where the construction of an instrument is the only point in question, the rights of claimants may be determined without the expense of a formal suit by bill;—the proposal to relieve defendants from the absurd technicalities that now prevail in the rules respecting pleas and demurrers, which are sometimes productive of the grossest injustice;---the expression of an opinion, (which will probably be taken as a declaration of the law upon this subject), that the court may give a decree as to a part of a trust, without requiring the whole trust to be committed to its management. These, and a multitude of miscellaneous suggestions, can only be learned from a perusal of the Report. We wish it were more extensively read than we fear it has been, or will be. There is not an individual in the community that is not deeply interested in its contents; for who is there so exalted, or so humble, that he may not be whirled into that fearful eddy of prolonged and perplexed litigation, which spreads its circles to the remotest bounds of the kingdom? But the language of the law has its own peculiar horrors for ordinary readers; and the Report is, in many parts, rather too technical. We regret this the more, because we think it would be easy to throw the substance of it into a popular form; and considering the noise which "Abuses in Chancery" have made among the public, we really are surprised that this has not yet been done.

Yet, we consider this Report,---if, as is generally believed, it is to be followed up by practical measures founded upon it,—as a great experiment in English jurisprudence. We verily believe, that the proposed regulations will do the best that *can* be done with the court of Chancery, if it is to maintain its existence. If the experiment fails,---if these alterations do not make the old house safe and commodious, it *must* be taken down. Further attempts at mere amendment would be idle. The whole system of equitable jurisdiction must be rebuilt from its foundations. But even though the operation of these changes shall produce a judicature perfect in its routine of procedure, improvement cannot stop here. The doctrines of the court need scrutiny, as well as its practice. It has been long the fashion among lawyers to extol that code of equity which, it has been said, was begun by Lord Nottingham, and completed by Lord Hardwicke. It is, unquestionably, a stupendous work, whether we consider the industry, or the intellect required for its erection. But it should never be forgotten, that it was planned and framed to supply the defects, or aid the weakness of existing tribunals; and that what may deserve our admiration when viewed in the light of an adjunct to imperfect laws, may itself fall miserably short of perfection. Besides, things have greatly changed since the time of Lord Hardwicke. The legal world was then beginning to deplore, very seriously, the *rising flood* of Law Reports, which has since deluged the profession, and is every year gaining fresh and increasing additions to its

me. These reports form so much the largest part of our code
ivil jurisprudence, that the statutes are universally the dustiest
least handled tomes of a lawyer's library. If correct defini-
be, as it assuredly is, the first requisite of good laws, we are
y year receding, instead of advancing, in that science which
e all others it concerns a highly civilized and commercial
on to cultivate and improve. It is not to be denied, that each
essive series of reported decisions adds to the vagueness and
ertainty of the law. Reports are not now what they were in
ier times, nor are they published with the same objects. The
reporters, usually lawyers of profound erudition (at least in
r own science) took down, for their own use, the substance of
arkable decisions, and the substance only. They understood
subject fully, and they expressed the doctrine briefly. They
no view to profitable publication, for law-bookselling was not
a separate and thriving trade. But the reporters of recent
es have been usually young and inexperienced members of the
fession, who devoted themselves, during their early and less
loyed years, to a pursuit which they followed not for dis-
sing legal lore to others, but for securing profit to themselves.
cannot pursue this subject farther; but whoever has had need or
osity to compare a pithy passage of Coke, of Saunders, of
re Williams, or of Vernon, with a page on some corresponding
ject in *any* modern report; and who considers, likewise, that
n successive volume of these productions makes some impor-
addition or qualification of the law, will feel the force of the
wing lines, written more than a century and a half ago, by
of the most honoured sages of the science. "But yet further,
ength of time and continuance lawes have so multiplied and
wn to that excessive variety, that there is a necessity of reduc-
of them, or otherwise, it is not manageable; as we have be-
observed, touching the Roman lawes, which in a tract of 1300
s grew to 2000 great volumes. And the reason is, because
age for the purpose received from the last a body of lawes,
they add more, and transmit the whole to the next age; and
add to what they had received, and transmit the whole stock
e next age. *Thus as the rolling of a snow-ball, it increases in*
in every age, till it becomes utterly unmanageable. And
e it is, that even in the lawes of England we have so many
ties of forms for conveyances, feoffments, fines, release, con-
ation, grant, attornment, common recovery, deeds enrolled,
because the use coming in at several times, every age did re-
somewhat of what was past, and added somewhat of its own,
so carried over the whole product to the quotient. And this
uces mistakes. A man, perchance, useth one sort of convey-
, where he should have used another. *It breeds uncertainty*
contradiction of opinion, and that begets suits and expence. It

*must necessarily cause ignorance in the professors and profession itself; because the volumes of the law are not to be easily mastered.**

ART. IV. *Some Account of the Life and Writings of John Milton, derived principally from Documents in his Majesty's State Paper Office, now first published.* By the Rev. H. J. Todd. 8vo. pp. 455. London. 1826.

THE calm and dignified self-respect with which Milton delineated his own character and vocation, in his *Areopagitica*, was an anticipation of that justice, which the universal consent of mankind would eventually bestow upon the sacred poet of England. "I am among the free and ingenuous sort of such, as evidently were born for study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end but the service of God and truth, and perhaps, that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those, whose published labours advance the good of mankind." It is in this point of view, that we may now, one and all, regard the author of *Paradise Lost*, and of the *Iconoclastes*. The principle, which Lord Lyttleton says, is a rule with the English, that "they see no good in a man, whose politics they dislike," applies no longer to the second glorious name of our literature. The bitter hatred which Johnson bore to the personal character and political conduct of the republican, has, after the lapse of half a century, wholly lost its sting. We no longer regard Milton's adoption of that public cause to which he devoted all the energies of his splendid intellect, and all the graces of his consummate learning, as the result of "a native violence of temper, and a hatred of all whom he was required to obey." We look upon him, whatever may be our difference of opinion as to some of the objects for which he strove, as one walking through life, with a mind wholly set apart and dedicated to "the serious and hearty love of truth;" undertaking his great design, to "leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die," with "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge;" and whether "in the troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes," or, "in the quiet and still air of delightful studies," going "right onward" in that constant anticipation of his posthumous glory, which enabled him to say, as he did to Decolati, that he was "meditating an immortality of fame." It is in this spirit that the world, and more especially his own countrymen, are now willing to receive every new illustration of Milton's life and character; and, with a kindred feeling, we hail the publication of Mr. Todd's volume. It is a valuable contribution of some most curious materials, to our pre-ious stock of knowledge regarding Milton ; and as such, deserves n "attentive and minute consideration."

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* Considerations touching the Amendment or Alteration of Laws. By Lord Chief-Justice Hale. Published in Hargrave's Law Tracts. p. 249.

We need scarcely apprise our readers, that Mr. Todd has acquired considerable reputation, by his very judicious edition of *Milton's Poetical Works.* To two impressions of that book, he prefixed a brief life of the Poet, drawn from authentic sources. A third edition being called for, Mr. Todd has greatly enlarged his former biography ; and he has had the opportunity of access to some very important MSS., which have been discovered in that great storehouse of documentary history the State Paper Office. These papers, for an inspection of which, we have also been indebted to the politeness of Mr. Lemon, the accurate and indefatigable deputy-keeper, are in themselves so exceedingly curious, that Mr. Todd has very properly published the biography into which they are interwoven, in a separate volume.

It may be well that he should describe in his own words, the nature and extent of the literary treasures which he has collected.

> 'It occurred some time since to the deputy keeper of the state papers, Robert Lemon, Esq., that as the official life of Milton was known only as to the fact of his having been Latin secretary to the Council of State during the usurpation, an investigation of the *Orders of Council* might discover new facts relating to the secretary. His searches were repaid with ample success. And his extracts from the *Council Books* were transmitted to me, with the kind approbation of the Right Hon. Mr. Secretary Peel, early in 1825. These books, from which so much curious information is derived, contain the daily transactions of the executive government in England from February 1648—9 to September 1658, in uninterrupted succession; and are particularly valuable from the dissolution of the Long Parliament 1653 to the death of Cromwell, as, during the greater part of that period, the Council of State combined the executive and legislative functions of government; and these *Order Books,* Mr. Lemon adds, are the authentic, but hitherto unknown records of their proceedings. But besides these, in the same office there exist other documents, entitled *Royalists' Composition Papers.* They comprehend, Mr. Lemon says, two distinct series; the first consisting of petitions of royalists to the commissioners for sequestration, of the orders of those commissioners respecting the sequestration of estates, of the reports of their subordinate officers, and of the correspondence with sub-commissioners and other agents in every part of the kingdom: The second series exhibits the original particulars of property and estates, for which royalists were permitted to compound on the payment of a fine. These papers are peculiarly valuable in illustrating the family history as well as the various property of individuals, throughout the kingdom, during the time of the great rebellion. Of these, by the continued industry and accurate attention of Mr. Lemon, no less than one hundred and sixty-seven folio volumes had been recovered and arranged, when (in 1825 also) he transmitted to me from this invaluable collection, the sequestration-papers relating to Mr. Powell, the father of Milton's first wife, in which Milton himself is particularly concerned; and to Sir Christopher Milton, the brother of the poet. Other papers and letters, from the same office, alike unknown

> till now, and of the greatest service to the biography of Milton, have since, at various times, been sent to me by this gentleman; empowered as he was at all times so to do, from the very first exertion of his kindness, by the permission of Mr. Secretary Peel: to whom, and to Mr. Under-Secretary Hobhouse, I acknowledge the greatest obligations, as well as to Mr. Lemon; and to whose friendly and condescending instrumentality the publick is indebted for what is now told of the poet, of his family, and of some of his works, which never was before in print.'—Preface, pp. iii—vi.

The singular circumstances attending Milton's first marriage have been so often repeated, that we should scarcely be excused for again travelling over the same ground, were it not to introduce the curious illustrations of his domestic history, which have been found in the public records of the Commonwealth. It has been narrated by all his biographers, that in 1643, being in his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a gentleman who resided at Forest Hill, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire. Philip, his nephew, relates, as a matter of wonder, that after an absence from London for a month, of which absence no one knew the cause, his uncle returned with a wife. It appears, however, that Milton's connexion with the father of his wife had commenced as early as 1627; and that Mr. Powell, the whole course of whose life was sufficiently unfortunate, had been long placed in the painful relation of a debtor to his future son-in-law. The papers in question lead to the conjecture, that Milton's hasty marriage was one of passion on his part, and of convenience on the side of his wife and her friends. Mr. Powell was, at that period, an embarrassed, though not a ruined, man;—and he was, perhaps, enabled to discharge, or postpone, a large debt, by bestowing his daughter upon an importunate creditor. In a few weeks after this precipitate marriage, Milton's wife left him, and returned to her father's house. This desertion has been imputed, by some, to the different political and religious principles which prevailed in Milton's family, and in that of the lady whom he had married; and by others to her impatience of his simple and philosophical mode of life. The extraordinary notions of the doctrine of divorce, which Milton promulgated, on the subject of his own domestic misfortunes, are well known. The course of the civil wars had, however, elevated the fortunes of the poet, and depressed those of the family of his wife; and in two years she returned to his house, after a somewhat theatrical interview with the offended husband. The reconciliation was consonant with the notions which Milton always entertained of a supposed inferiority of the female sex; and the very act of repentance, by which his wife prepared the way for her forgiveness, was received by him with that loftiness of pity, which could not allow him to reject a suit preferred with such deep humility. Mr. Powell was soon driven from his home, and despoiled of his property; and he sought an asylum with his then powerful son-in-law. The measure of his sorrows being full, he died in 1646.

being, as these documents shew, "in debt" 1500*l.*; having "lost by the wars" 3000*l.*; and leaving a widow, with a "scanty subsistence for herself and nine children," and with a litigated suit, which was not terminated till 1653. Mr. Powell's family left the roof of Milton in consequence of his death. The composition and sequestration papers present a remarkable picture of the private miseries which ever accompany a state of civil war; and, we say it with sincere pain, they do not exhibit the great poet, whose virtues were of the sterner kind, as very solicitous to relieve their calamities. The papers relating to Mr. Powell's "delinquency," would be interesting in themselves, if not taken in connexion with the history of Milton; and we therefore extract the petition of the widow, which shews, in a remarkable manner, how justice was abused "upon misrepresentation:"—

'"To the Right Honorable the Commissioners for Breach of Articles.

'"The Humble Petition of Ann Powell, Widow, Relict of Richard Powell of Forrest Hill in the Countie of Oxon, Esq.

'"Humblie sheweth,

'"That your Petitioner's late Husband was comprised within the Articles of Oxford, and ought to have received the benefit thereof, as appears by His Excellencie's Certificate hereunto annexed.

'"That your said Petitioner's Husband by the said articles was to have the benefit of his reall and personall estate, for sixe moneths after the rendition of the said citie, and to enjoy the same for the future, soe as he made his addresses to the Committee at Gouldsmiths' Hall, to compound for the same within that tyme. That your Petitioner's said Husband accordingly in August, one thousand sixe hundred fortie sixe, petitioned the said Honorable Committee, and in his Particular inserted for tymber and wood fower hundred pounds, but, before he could perfect the same, dyed.

'"That the Honorable House of Parliament, upon some misinformation, not taking notice of the said Articles, did, in July one thousand sixe hundred fortie six, order the said wood to severall uses, which was thereupon, togeither with the rest of his goods and moveables, seized and carried away by the sequestrators to the Committee for Oxon, contrary to the said Articles.

'"That your Petitioner, as Executrix to her said Husband, is now sued in severall Courts of Justice at Westminster for manie debts due to diverse persons, and is noe waie able eyther to satisfie the same, or provide a scanty subsistence for herselfe and nine children.

'"She therefore humblie praies, that shee maie reape that favour which the said Articles doe afford her, by restoringe to her the said tymber and wood, and other her goods so taken away, or the value thereof.

'"And your Petitioner shall praie, &c.

'"ANNE POWELL."'

pp. 73, 74.

The safe conduct given to Mr. Powell, by Sir Thomas Fairfax, upon the surrender of Oxford, is a singular document:—

'"Sir Thomas Fairfax, knight, general of the forces raised by the Parliament.

y I should not receive the said remainder of my said debt, dam-
d costs of suite.

(*Signed*) '" John Milton. { Jur: coram Com^{ris}. 28°. *Feb.* 1650.
(*Signed*) '" E. Winslow.'"

dorsed, " Milton John Esq. 4°. Martii 1650. Fine 130*l*."'
pp. 86,87.

inful to trace, in these papers, that the mother of Milton's
" scanty subsistence," petitioned for her thirds, out of
which her son-in-law succeeded in obtaining ; and that he
er claim with a pertinacity which, even by his cotempo-
s thought to be something beyond strict justice :—

he Hono^{ble}. Commissioners for Composicons. &c.
humble peticon. of Anne Powell, Widow, &c.
weth;
t your petitioner brought a considerable porcon. to her sd. hus-
was worth to him 3000*l*, yet through the carelessness of her
d relying upon her husband's good will therein, hee haveing had
es in his estate, by reason of the warrs, and otherwise, your peti-
noe joynture made unto her, nor hath any thing at all left her,
hirdes, w^{ch} is due by lawe, for the maintenance of herself and
lren; haveing sustained 1000*l* in their personall estate's losse,
mmittees in y^{e} county, contrary to the Articles of Oxon. Shee
bly prayes your Honors will please, *being the fine is now agreed
d by M^{r}. Milton for the said estate, that shee may continue the
f her thirdes, as formerly,* w^{ch} she humbly conceaves, had not
en paid, as aforesaid, yet your Honors would not have abridged
ioner of her thirdes, in this case, for the maintenance of herselfe
children.

'" And she shall pray, &c.

Apr. 1651. (*Signed*) '" Anne Powell."'
pet^{r}. left to the law.." '

this petition observations or notes are then made, as follow.'

y^{e} law shee (Mrs. Powell) might recover her thirdes, without
t she is so extreame poore, she hath not wherewithal to prose-
besides, *M^{r}. Milton is a harsh and cholericke man, and mar-
Powells daughter, who would be undone, if any such course
n ag^{t}. him by M^{rs}. Powell: he having turned away his wife
for a long space, upon* some other occasion.*
note ensuing Mr. Milton writ, whereof this is a copy.
ough I have compounded for my extent, and shal be so much
in receiving my debt, yet at the request of M^{rs}. Powell, in regard
sent necessitys, I am contented, as farr as belongs to my consent
er the 3^{ds} of what I receive from that estate, if the Com^{rs}. shall
it, that what I allow her, may not be reckoned upon my ac-

---

ad of *some other occasion,* there had been written *a small occa-*
h *is crossed through* with the pen.

> (*Indorsed*). ' " *The estute is wholly extended, and a saving as to the* 3^{d}. *prayed, but not granted; We cannot therefore allow the* 3^{ds} *to the petitioner.*" '—pp. 88--90.

The unfortunate woman in vain continued to petition for her small pittance, " to preserve her and her children from starving." Her son-in-law held the estate, and her dower was denied. It is, perhaps, to be deplored that these documents have seen the light; but let us hope, in charity, that this great man, in thus appearing to share the frailties of common minds, might have had some secret justification which we cannot now discover; and that his virtues, though of a stern and severe character, were not mixed with any alloy of rapacity and oppression.

The introduction of Milton to the office of Latin secretary, and the nature of his employment, is distinctly shewn in the order of council which Mr. Lemon has discovered; and from these it is quite manifest, that he filled a situation of great trust and importance, and that his counsels were eagerly resorted to, during the whole period of Cromwell's administration—a period when the dignity of England was asserted and maintained with the most uncompromising firmness. We shall quote as sparingly as we can from these extracts; but we apprehend that we cannot greatly overvalue their interest, as they admit us to a complete view, as far as it reaches, of the internal machinery of one of the most singular governments that ever held the world in awe.

The extracts from the council books, which Mr. Todd has published, begin within six weeks after the death of Charles I.; and they shew that Milton was solicited by the committee for foreign affairs, to accept the office, upon which he afterwards bestowed such an extraordinary lustre:—

> ' " 1648-9. March 13. Ordered, that Mr. Whitelocke, Sir Henry Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Mr. Martyn, Mr. Lisle, or any two of them, be appointed a committee to consider what alliances the Crowne hath formerly had with Forreigne States, and what those States are; and whether it will be fit to continue those allyances, or with how many of the said States; and how farr they should be continued, and upon what grounds; and in what manner applications and addresses should be made for the said continuance.
>
> ' " That it be referred to the same committee *to speake with Mr. Milton, to know whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Forreigne Tongues;* and to report to the Councell.
>
> ' " 1648-9. March 15. Ordered, *that Mr. John Milton be employed as Secretary for Forreigne Tongues to this Councell;* and that he have the same salarie, which Mr. Weckherlyn formerly had for the same service.' "—pp. 107, 108.

Within a week after his appointment, we find Milton entering upon his duties; and it is curious to observe, that his official labours were not confined to the correspondence of England with foreign states, but that his abilities and learning were at once pressed into those controversies, in which he was so long engaged; and that he was instructed to defend the proceedings of the Commonwealth, in whatever quarter it was successfully attacked:—

'" 1648-9. March 22. Ordered, that the letters, now read, to be sent to Hamburgh, in behalf of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers, be approved; and that they be translated into Latine, by Mr. Milton.

'" 1649. March 26. Ordered, that the letters, now brought in by Mr. Milton to the Senate of Hamburgh, be approved; and that Mr. Isaac Lee, Deputy of the Company of Merchant-Adventurers there, shall be appointed agent for the delivering of them.

'" 1649. March 26. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon a paper lately printed, called *Old and New Chains.*

'" 1649. March 28. Ordered, that Mr. Milton be appointed to make some observations upon the complication of interest which is now amongst the several designers against the peace of the Commonwealth, and that it be made ready to be printed with the papers out of Ireland, which the House hath ordered to be printed.

'" 1649. May 18. Ordered, that the French letters, given in to the House by the Dutch ambassador, be translated by Mr. Milton; and the rest of the letters, now in the House, be sent for and translated."'—pp. 108—110.

In the November following his appointment, we find that Mr. Milton was directed to be accommodated with "lodgings at Whitehall;" and in the subsequent year, it was ordered that "Mr. Milton should have a warrant to the trustees and contractors for the sale of the king's goods, for the furnishing of his lodging, at Whitehall, with some hangings." From these apartments he was, however, removed in 1651, by order of a parliamentary committee for Whitehall; and the foreign council seems, in vain, to have endeavoured to secure him this advantage. From an entry in the council books, in 1655, it appears that Milton's yearly salary was two hundred and eighty-eight pounds, eighteen shillings, and sixpence, at 15*s.* 10½*d.* per diem; and that it was then reduced, probably on account of his blindness, which required a division of his duty, to "one hundred and fiftie pounds per annum, to be paid to him during his life, out of his Highness's exchequer." In 1659, Milton and Andrew Marvell each received a yearly sum of 200*l.*

In the latter months of 1649, Salmasius published his "Defensio Regia." The importance of the subject, the reputation of the author, and the peculiar circumstances under which the book was composed, (Salmasius being employed by the exiled heir of the British throne), attracted the attention of all Europe to the publication. The introduction of the work into England, appears to have been viewed with extraordinary alarm by the Council.

' " 1649. Nov. 29. Ordered, that a letter be written to the Commissioners of the Customes to desire them to give order, that a very strict search may be made of such ships as come from the Netherlands for certaine scandalous bookes, which are there printed, against the government of this Commonwealth, entituled *Defensio Regia,* and which are designed to be sent over hither; and to desire them, that if any of them upon search shall be found, that they may be sent up to the Councill of State, without suffering any of them to be otherwise disposed of upon any pretence whatsoever.

' " That a warrant be directed to the Master and Wardens of the Company of Stationers, to the purpose aforesaid.

' " That the like letter be directed to Mr. Thomas Bendish, an officer in the port of Yarmouth, to take care of searching for the abovesaid booke, which is expected to come out of Holland." '---pp. 111, 112.

The government of Cromwell found, what all governments must find, that it is not a very easy affair to stop the circulation of books by proclamation and edict;—and the council therefore more wisely applied themselves to a refutation of the arguments of Salmasius, rather than to a suppression of his work. On the 8th January, 1649—50, we find the following pithy order:—

" ' That Mr. Milton doe prepare something in answer to the book of Salmasius, and when he hath done it bring it to the council." This memorable " something," the Defensio Populi, appears to have been completed about the close of the year in which it was commenced. The following entry bears date December 23, 1650:—

" ' Ordered, that Mr. Milton doe print the treatise which he hath written, in answer to a late book, written by Salmasius, against the proceedings of this commonwealth." '

It was first asserted by Ireland, and subsequently by other biographers, that Milton received a thousand pounds from the republican government, for his vindication of their proceedings. Milton, in his *Defensio Secunda,* denies that he had received any pecuniary reward for this service. The entry in the council books on this subject is exceedingly curious, as it shews that Milton was only directed to receive the thanks of the council; but, that an order for a grant of money had been previously entered and obliterated. It is highly probable that Milton himself, anticipating the advantage his reputation would gain by a denial that he had defended the commonwealth for pecuniary reward, refused the meditated donation. The government might have had benefits to bestow, even more substantial than a direct payment. We give the passage relating to this in Mr. Todd's words:

' " 1651. June 18. Ordered, that thanks be given to Mr. Milton on the behalfe of the Commonwealth for his good services done in writing an answer to the booke of Salmasius, written against the proceedings of the Commonwealth of England." But all this is crossed over, and nearly *three lines* following are obliterated, in which, the accurate Mr. Lemon says, *a grant of money* was made to Milton. But after the cancelled passage, the regular entry thus follows: "The Councell takeing notice of the manie good services performed by Mr. John Milton, their Secretarie for Forreigne Languages, to this State and Commonwealth, *particularie for his booke in vindication of the Parliament, and people of England, against the calumnies and invectives of Salmasius*, have thought fitt to declare their resentment and good acceptance of the same; and *that the thanks of the Councell bee returned to Mr. Mylton, and their sense represented in that behalfe*."'—pp. 127, 128.

It is singular, that in these memorials no command or request is found, respecting the answer which Milton produced about the same time to the Icôn Basilikè. In 1651, we find an order in council for Mr. Durie to translate the Iconoclastes into French, and for "Mr. Thurloe to consider of a fit reward" for him;—also, that the translation being printed, should be "transported into France custom-free." Of any reward for Milton himself we find no mention; so that the imputation of being "a mercenary Iconoclast," is probably as unjust as many of the other calumnies which party-violence fastened upon the illustrious champion of the commonwealth.

Tracing the course of Milton's public life, from the documents which Mr. Todd has now, for the first time, presented to the literary world; we find him in 1649, examining the papers of 'the Mercurius Pragmaticus,' and reporting upon them to the council. In 1650, he was appointed to arrange the printing of a book by Mr. Thomas Waring, containing several examinations "of the bloody massacre in Ireland." In the same year he was instructed to receive all "publique papers belonging to the commonwealth." About this time he took the following oath, with two other officers. "I, being nominated by this council to be——for the year to come, doe promise in the sight of God, that through his grace I will be faithful in the performance of the trust committed unto me, and not reveal or disclose any thing, in whole or in part, directly or indirectly, that shall be debated or resolved upon in the council, without the command, direction, or allowance of the parliament or council." The credential letter from Richard Bradshaw to the senate of Hamburgh, was prepared by Milton, in March of this year; and in June he was ordered "to peruse the examinations taken by the army, concerning the insurrections in Essex, and to take heads of the same." In the same month, it was ordered "that the declaration of the parliament against the Dutch be translated into Latin, by Mr. Milton." In August, he was appointed with others, "to view and to inventorie all the records, writings, and papers whatsoever, belonging to the assembly of the synod." In March, 1651, it was ordered "that the letters that are to be sent to the ambassador of Spain, shall be sent unto him by Mr. Milton;"—and in May he was directed to translate other papers for the *Spanish ambassador*. From June to December of this year, no entry regarding Milton occurs in the council-book. He was then suffering under the near approach of total blindness; but he still exercised the duties of his station, with the assistance of his nephew, John Phillips, whom he was permitted to employ as his clerk.

In the year 1652, we find his pen most actively employed in carrying on the correspondence of England with foreign states; addressing letters to the Duke of Tuscany, the Queen of Sweden, the King of Denmark, and to the Spanish, Danish, and Portuguese ambassadors. He appears, in truth, to have executed a great many of the functions which are now discharged by the secretary of state for foreign affairs; and how ably he executed these high duties, his matchless Latin letters, of which a new edition and translation would be highly acceptable, abundantly shew.

Of the nature of his public employment in 1653, when he had become totally blind, and onwards to the Restoration, we shall copy Mr. Todd's account :—

'The year 1653, presents him not by name, in the orders of the Council-Book, employed as in the preceding years; though, towards the close of it, he is retained in office with undiminished reward. And therefore in the following transactions, till October, we may conclude, that to him the letters were still sent for a Latin translation; a task, in which he would be assisted by his younger nephew. But to employment of this description, Mr. Philip Meadowes is also, in October, expressly delegated; when the official labours of Milton, no doubt, were lightened, but still occasionally required.'

'Perhaps it was in 1653 that Milton lost his first wife; and that to this circumstance may be imputed the diminution of official reference to him in that year.'

'From this time, (October, 1654) Dr. Sumner says, "it is presumed that Milton ceased to be employed in publick business, as his name does not again occur in the Books of the Council of State, which continue in uninterrupted succession till the 2d of September, 1658, the day preceding the death of Cromwell." The reduction too of Milton's salary from nearly three hundred pounds to half that sum, "must have been intended," it has also been urged, "*as a retiring pension in consideration of past services;* as is evident from the appointment of a successor, (Mr. Meadowes,) at a reduced salary, to discharge the duties of his office." I venture to think, however, that Milton still retained the name and the divided duty of the secretaryship. We have proof, that long after the date of April 1655, his matchless pen was officially required, and was ready. Witness his elegant and feeling letters written in the name of the Protector throughout that year, and the three following. And if such splendid evidence of his talents thus publickly employed had been wanting, he is also found, after the death of Oliver, remunerated for his services, which then had been divided with those of Andrew Marvell, as before they had been with those of Philip Meadowes, not with the reduced sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, but with that of two hundred. Hence the letters also, in 1658 and 1659, written in the name of the Protector Richard. To him likewise had been sent the articles of the Swedish Treaty, as Whitlock informs us, in 1656, in order to a Latin translation of them; when, it is curious to observe the sequel, the Swedish Ambassador said, "that it seemed strange to him there should be *none but a blind man* capable of putting a few articles in Latine. The employment of Mr. Milton was excused to him, because several other servants of the Council, fit for the employment, were then absent." In the year too of his supposed retirement, (1655,) he produced the Manifesto of Oliver, declaring the reasons of the war with Spain, a performance rightly adjudged to him, Dr. Newton has observed, both on account of the peculiar elegance of the style, and because it was his province to write such things as Latin Secretary.'

In 1657, Andrew Marvell was associated with Milton, in his office of Latin secretary. As early as 1653, Milton appears to have attempted to introduce his friend to the notice of the government. The following letter to Bradshawe, in behalf of Marvell, has been also found in the State Paper Office, and is now first published:

'"My Lord,

'"But that it would be an interruption to y^{e} publick, wherein yo^{r} studies are perpetually employed, I should now and then venture to supply this my enforced absence wth a line or two, though it were my onely busines, and that would be noe slight one, to make my due acknowledgments of y^{r} many favours; w^{ch} I both doe at this time, and ever shall: and have this farder, w^{ch} I thought my parte to let you know of, that there will be wth you to-morrow, upon some occasion of busines, a Gentleman whose name is Mr. *Marvile*; a man whom both by report, and y^{e} converse I have had wth him, of singular desert for y^{e} State to make use of; who alsoe offers himselfe if y^{ere} be any imployment for him. His father was y^{e} Minister of Hull, and he hath spent foure yeares abroad in Holland, France, Italy, and Spaine, to very good purpose, as I believe, and y^{e} gaineing of those four languages; besides he is a scholler, and well read in y^{e} Latin and Greek authors; and noe doubt of approved conversation, for he com's now lately out of y^{e} house of y^{e} Lord Fairefax, who was Generall, where he was intrusted to give some instructions in y^{e} Languages to y^{e} Lady his Daughter. If upon y^{e} death of Mr. *Wakerley*, y^{e} Councell shall thinke y^{t} I shall need any assistance in y^{e} performance of my place (though for my p^{t} I find noe incumbrances of that w^{ch} belongs to me, except it be in point of attendance at conferences wth Ambassadors, w^{ch} I must confesse, in my Condition, I am not fit for,) it would be hard for them to find a Man soe fit every way for y^{t} purpose as this Gentleman, one who I beleeve in a short time would be able to doe them as good service as Mr. Ascan. This, my Lord, I write sinceerely, without any other end than to performe my dūtey to y^{e} Publick, in helping them to an able servant; laying aside those jealosies, and that emulation, w^{ch} mine owne condition might suggest to me, by bringing in such a coadjutor; and remaine

'" My Lord,
'" Yo$^{r.}$ most obliged, and
'" Faithfull Servant,
'"JOHN MILTON. } Feb. y$^{e.}$ 21, 1652."

pp. 163, 164.

The more recent discoveries of the State Paper Office have enabled Mr. Todd, in the volume before us, to supply some striking evidence as to the authenticity of Milton's Treatise on Theology. Dr. Sumner, in his preface to his admirable translation, has furnished a very satisfactory view of all the particulars which bore upon the obscure history of that work; but he was unable, from the want of documents, which have since been discovered, to trace the manuscript to the possession of the secretaries of state after the Restoration, and thence deduce its slumber of a century and a half in the State Paper Office. We apprehend that all the doubts which might have arisen from any defect in the chain of evidence, are now set at rest; and as the subject is altogether an interesting matter of inquiry, we shall recapitulate, as briefly as we can, the facts, as they stand at present, of this singular addition to the "Curiosities of Literature."

In the year 1823, Mr. Lemon discovered in the State Paper Office the manuscript "De Doctrinâ Christianâ," as well as a complete manuscript copy of Milton's Latin letters, differing considerably from the published edition. The first hundred and ninety six pages of the Theological Treatise, and the whole of the State Letters were unquestionably in the same hand-writing. The two manuscripts were loosely wrapped in several sheets of printed paper, which were *proof sheets of a Horace, printed by Daniel Elzevir.* The whole was inclosed in a cover, directed "to Mr. Skinner, merchant."

In 1676, two years after the death of Milton, his State Letters were surreptitiously published in London, without any bookseller's name being affixed to them. This proceeding appears to have given considerable uneasiness to the government. A Mr. Daniel Skinner, most probably a nephew of Cyriack Skinner, transmitted a declaration on the subject to the authorities in England, and in the State Paper Office is found the following attestation:

'"That Mr. Pitts, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard, to the best of my remembrance, about 4 or 5 months agoe, told me he had mett withall and bought some of Mr. Milton's papers, and that if I would procure an agreement betwixt him and Elseviere at Amsterdam, (to whose care I had long before committed *the true perfect copy of the State Letters to be printed,*) he would communicate them to my perusall; if I would not, he would proceed his own way, and make the best advantage of 'em: soe that, in all probability, I not procuring Elseviere's concurrence with him, *and 'tis impossible it should be otherwise*, Mr. Pitts has been the man, by whose means *this late imperfect surreptitious copy has been publisht.*

'"I attest this to be truth.

'"*Oct.* 18, 1676. (*Signed*) "Dan. Skinner."

p. 348.

We have had the advantage of comparing this document with the copy of the Theological Treatise, and the Latin letters; and there cannot be a doubt that the first part of the Treatise, and the whole of the letters, are transcribed by the persons who wrote and signed the above declaration.

Daniel Skinner was educated at Wesminster school, which he left in 1670; and was admitted a senior fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1674. He then went abroad; and one of his objects appears to have been to arrange with some foreign printer for the publication of Milton's posthumous work, obnoxious as it must have been to the authorities in England. He offered the work, with the State Letters, to Daniel Elzevir. The course which the negotiation took will be best described by the wary printer himself, in his letter on the subject to Sir Joseph Wilkinson, the secretary of state, of which the following is a translation.

'"Sir, About a year ago I agreed with Mr. Skinner, to print Milton's Letters and another Treatise on Theology; but having received the manuscripts, and finding them to contain many things which I considered more proper to be suppressed than divulged, I determined not to print either the one or the other. I wrote on this subject to Mr. Skinner at Cambridge; but as he has not been there lately, my letter did not reach him for sometime: whereupon he came to this city, and was overjoyed to find that I had not begun to print the said Treatises, and has taken away his manuscripts.

'" He told me you have been informed, Sir, that I was going to print the whole of Milton's works together. I protest to you, that I never had such a thought; and I should abhor printing the Treatises he has written in defence of such a wicked and abominable cause: besides, it would ill become the son of him who first printed Salmasii Defensio Regia, and who would have laid down his life to have saved the late King of glorious memory, to print a book so detested by all loyal men. I beg to inform you, Sir, that Mr. Skinner expressed the greatest pleasure that I had not begun the printing of those works; and told me, that in case the said book had been commenced, it was his intention to have bought up all the copies, in order to suppress them; and that he had determined to dispose of those manuscripts in such a manner, as that they should never again appear. And I may assure you, Sir, that I will be answerable to you for the decided resolution I have taken in not making use of them myself, particularly since he had the honour of speaking to you, and that you informed him you should be displeased if those manuscripts should appear: and as he expects his promotion by your means, there can be no doubt that he will keep his word.

'"I cannot, Sir, conclude this letter without expressing my acknowledgements for the kindness you shewed me when I was in London, and I should be happy to have an opportunity of serving you on any occasion, which would testify with how much respect,

'" I remain, Sir, your most humble
'" and most obedient servant,
'" *Amsterdam,* '" DANIEL ELSEVIER.
'"*Nov.* 20, 1676.

" P. S. I forgot to mention, Sir, that neither Mr. Skinner nor myself have had any concern in what has been lately published of the said Milton's; and that I *never heard of it,* till Mr. Skinner mentioned it to me *here. He had indeed written* to me before, that a certain bookseller of *London had obtained* some letters from some person who had purloined them from the late Milton; but neither he nor myself have any connexion with that impression, of which I request you would be assured."—pp. 351, 352.

Daniel Skinner still kept possession of his treasures, without returning to England; but the secretary was not long in devising means to render him more solicitous for his own interests, than for the advancement of civil and religious liberty, by the publication of the manuscripts of his illustrious relative. In the February following the date of the letter of Elzevir, Dr. Isaac Barrow, master of Trinity, forwarded to Skinner a peremptory order, which is also preserved in the State Paper Office. It was to this effect:

> ' "To repair immediately to the College; no further allowance to discontinue being granted to you: this you are to doe upon penalty of y^e^ Statute, which is expulsion from y^e^ College if you disobey. We do also warn you, *that if you shall publish any writing mischievous to y^e^ Church or State*, you will thence incurre a forfeiture of your interest here. I hope God will give you y^e^ wisdom and grace to take warning,"—p. 297.

The letter was delivered by an agent of the English government, and the young man yielded a tardy and reluctant obedience. He returned to England; and we hear no more of him, till his appointment, in 1679, to a major-fellowship of his college. He had, unquestionably, in the interval, surrendered his manuscripts to the authorities who required them; and they appear from the proof-sheets, to have been exactly in the condition in which they were when Elzevir gave up their custody. We have only to close this statement by observing, that Daniel Skinner was certainly only the transcriber of a portion of the *Theological Treatise* from the original copy; and his early age forbids the conjecture, that he was one of those whom Milton employed to write to his dictation. He appears to have executed the labour of transcription carelessly enough, for Dr. Sumner states, that "the mistakes, especially in the references to the quotations, are in the proportion of fourteen to one, as compared with those in the remaining three-fifths of the work."

In going through Mr. Todd's volume, we have, for obvious reasons, confined our notice as strictly as possibly to such parts of the life and character of Milton, as have received new illustrations from the documents which Mr. Todd has now first had the advantage of using. The whole of the book is, however, a very valuable compilation of all the authentic materials which Mr. Todd's own researches, and the labours of other biographers, have accumulated on the subject of Milton. The writer before us, in his preface, claims the merit alone of 'fidelity' and of 'an unadorned narration.' We cannot, therefore, with propriety object, that the work is one which cannot be designated by the term "amusing;" and that the facts might have been thrown into a more popular and inviting shape. Mr. Todd has done what he proposed to himself, and he has done it so far well.

The strongest impression of the character of Milton, which an attentive perusal of Mr. Todd's life has produced in us, is, a deep admiration of his unwearied industry. The *necessary* indolence of genius, which has so long been canted in the world, has received a hundred refutations from less illustrious names than that of Milton. But there was, perhaps, never a parallel instance of a mind so essentially contemplative, and raised by its tastes and habits of thought, to an almost awful elevation above the common occurrences of life, applying itself so energetically to a faithful discharge of its ordinary duties. Dedicating himself to poetry from an early age, revelling in all the elegances of polite letters, devotedly loving, as he himself says, "a calm and pleasing solitariness," his first vocation was to one of the most anti-poetical of professions, that of a schoolmaster. Engaging himself with the same enthusiasm, in what he honestly thought the cause of his country, for twenty years of his life he was engaged, either in perpetual controversy, or in the application of his high talents and earning to the service of the state, under somewhat disagreeable ask-masters. His blindness at length took him out of the range f active duties; but even in that calamity, he did "not bate one t of heart," but with the same unwearied spirit, went on to acmplish his designs "of highest hope, and hardest attempting." he execution of his noble poems, under such disabilities, was ork enough for a life; but Milton's self-devotion was not so tisfied. His *Treatise on Theology* is another monument of that iron industry" which age and misfortune could not subdue; and e circumstances under which such a work was produced, are, deed, sufficiently unpropitious, almost to warrant some sceptism as to its authenticity. But, a doubt like this is quickly dislled, by the evidence before us of his unyielding application. uch an example is, indeed, encouraging to all those exertions by hich mankind is benefited. When we behold the author of *aradise Lost*, descending from the elevated region of his own oughts, to translate verbose and tedious State Papers, and comile dictionaries and systems of logic, the drudgeries of life may e endured by those of inferior endowments without complaint; nd as the employments into which men are thrown, are rarely ch, as in every particular, would be their choice, the example of ilton may teach them, that there is no occupation, not dishoourable in itself, which is incapable of being made tolerable, and ven pleasant, by the great reward of all human actions, the conciousness of performing a duty.

ART. V. 1. *The Amulet ; or Christian and Literary Remembran*
12mo. pp. 414. 12*s*. London. Baynes and Son. For 182
2. *Forget-me-not; a Christmas and New Year's Present, for* 1
12mo. pp. 416. 12*s*. London. Ackermann.

As the present year hastens towards its conclusion, we are ca upon betimes to look forward to that which is to come, by the nouncement of those annual publications, several of which l recently done so much honour to this country. The encour ment which they have so signally received from the public, be not in itself a proof of established taste, at least affords strongest grounds for expecting, that through their instrument we may witness, in due season, a very general diffusion of a for those arts and those graces of literature, which tend so m to embellish and dignify our existence. In such of these vol as have already passed under our notice, we have been hap find a strict attention to morals, combined with a desire to c vate all the kindly feelings of the heart. In some of them, p cularly in the *Literary Souvenir*, we have recognised a to romance, which, set off as it has been by poetry of a very order, can have no other possible tendency, than to purify imagination and the heart. Though the class is so novel i in our literary annals, yet it is pleasing to observe, how much succeeding year adds in the way of perfection. From alman these publications have risen by degrees to "Remembranc "Pocket Books," and "Repositories of Fugitive Poetry." S of them may now take a conspicuous place among the best cellaneous works in our language, even if we leave out of our the exquisite engravings by which they are adorned.

The two first (in order of appearance) of these heralds o new year, now lie before us; and we cannot but acknowledge in point of literary excellence, and especially with respect t embellishments, the *Amulet* exhibits a decided progressive provement, and cannot fail to be at least as acceptable as its p cessors, to that portion of the public, for whose use it is pr pally intended.

We need hardly say, that its object is to blend religious ins tion with literary amusement. It would be an ungracious to inquire, whether the publishers have been actuated solely desire for propagating moral knowledge, in sending forth a vo of this description. When we see so much industry lavished i the diffusion of works of a contrary tendency, it would hardl consistent to object, that even religion should sometimes be r subservient to the purposes of trade. With the immediate in tions of the publishers, we have, therefore, nothing to do; fo *their* calculations upon the sectarian spirit of the public, be w they may, their pages are in general adapted to form salutary pressions upon the matured, as well as the youthful mind.

We could have wished, indeed, that the editor, a Mr. Hall, we
lieve, had more faithfully adhered to his promise, of excluding
om the *Amulet* topics of a controversial nature. In this point of
ew, the paper on the Albigenses, from the pen of the Rev. Mr.
illy, is open to serious objections. For it is not only replete with
ntroversial matter, but it is written throughout in a spirit of intem-
erance and partiality, equally inconsistent with the character of
clergyman, and of a book like this, intended, we presume, for all
lasses of Christians.

In a very different spirit, indeed, is the 'Account of the Arme-
ian Christians,' furnished by the Rev. Dr. Walsh, late chaplain
o the British embassy at Constantinople. It is drawn up in an
ntelligent and perspicuous manner; and, besides being written in
masterly style, exhibits a mind eminently tolerant of modes of
orship different from his own. He does not, like Mr. Gilly, in-
ulge himself in frothy tirades against every sect beyond the pale
f his own church. He takes it for granted, indeed, that they are
mistaken;' which, by the way, is only saying for himself, that he
"infallible;" an assumption sufficiently adventurous: but with
is salvo, he describes the religious and social habits of the
rmenians, as if he had never breathed the air of Oxford or Cam-
ridge, and as if he had never heard of those monstrous prejudices,
hich exercise so disastrous an influence upon most of our cleri-
l travellers.

Independently of these attractions, Dr. Walsh's account of the
rmenian Christians is, beyond all comparison, the most interest-
g paper in the volume. It contains within a brief space much
ovel matter; and, indeed, we know of no work, great or small, to
hich we could refer for a more faithful, or a more compendious de-
ription of the origin and present state of that extraordinary peo-
e. They take their name, as every body knows, from a country
Asia, lying to the north of Persia and Mesopotamia, and to the
uth of the Euxine and Caspian seas, a region, celebrated as the
st that was uncovered by the waters of the deluge: as the scene
many important events recorded in the histories of Greece and
ome: as part of the Parthian monarchy, founded by the Arsa-
læ, on the decline of the Roman empire; but condemned to
mparative obscurity since 1515, when it was annexed as a pro-
ice to the Turkish dominions, and became greatly depopulated.
umbers emigrated to different parts of the world, where, like the
ws, they continue at this day dispersed; and retain, like them,
characteristics which distinguish their original country; and
ey acquired a propensity for wandering about, and a commercial
terprise, which still mark them in the East, and which once dis-
guished them in the western world.' They formed considerable
lonies in Persia, particularly in the neighbourhood of Ispahan,
ich, through *their activity*, soon became the great centre of
iatic commerce. In the province of Gheelan, they carried the
ture of silk to a high state of perfection.

'They were distinguished by a frugality, industry, and economy,
above all by a spirit of enterprise and a personal courage and activi
commercial speculations, very different from the luxurious indolence c
Asiatic people. It was the practice of the Armenian merchants to acc
pany themselves all their commodities into foreign countries. A treat
concluded with the Czar of Muscovy, by which the Armenian merc
had free passage through his dominions, and the extent to which
availed themselves of it, is almost incredible in those rude times and
barous regions. They proceeded with their bales of silk and other
modities across the Caspian sea, or through Tartary to Astrachan, a
mouth of the Volga, and from thence ascended the river to Moscow.
Petersburgh was not at this time built, and the Muscovites had no p
the Baltic. The Armenians, therefore, proceeded to Archangel, o
White sea, and embarking there with their merchandize, sailed roun
North Cape of Lapland, and so visited the western countries of E
Having disposed of their Asiatic produce, they returned to the Me
ranean, and brought back that of Europe in exchange. In this wa
clothes of England and Holland, the glass of Venice, and all the then
brated manufactures of European industry, were first circulated th
the East by these enterprising people, who, setting out from the cen
Asia, and the mildest climate on earth, penetrated the ice of the
Circle to accomplish their extraordinary journey.

'Though the industry of Europeans has now changed the curr
this commerce, and the Asiatics no longer bring us theirs and take ba
produce; still the Armenians are the great merchants, through
agency commerce is now circulated through the interior of the
About 40,000 reside in India, where they carry on the greater part
inland trade. I also found many merchants of that nation in Tran
nia, Hungary, Poland, and Russia, where they are distinguished b
national qualities—industry, frugality, activity, and their natural an
parable result, great opulence.

But by far the most numerous and important colony of these pe
that which was brought to Constantinople by the Turks, after the
subdued their country. I was curious to ascertain with accurac
present numbers, and I obtained an authentic return from the distr
which they reside. There are at present in Constantinople and t
joining villages on the Bosphorus, 200,000 Armenian Christians.
36, 37.

Our author then proceeds to give the history of the first c
sion of the Armenians, by the celebrated St. Gregory Nazi
who, though elected patriarch of Constantinople, under t
peror Theodosius, preferred the duties of a missionary amo
heathen nations. We pass over the extraordinary tradition
preserved among the Armenians, connected with this disting
individual, whose character has been held, even by the
metans, in such great veneration, that they have allowed the
cipal church, founded by him, that of "Etchmeasin," a pr
which no other place of worship in their dominions is permi
enjoy. It is well known that the Turks 'abhor the soun
bell;' that their own congregations are called to worship

ice of the Muezzin from the top of the minaret, and those of other ts by 'a wooden mallet struck against a board.' But 'to the urch of Etchmeasin alone they permit a ring of bells, and for that son they call it at this day, "changlé chilse," or the "church bells."' The Armenians, in order to evince their reverence for memory of St. Gregory, commenced their era from the time of death, which, according to their account, happened in the ar 551 after Christ. So rapid, from his time, was the progress Christianity in the East, that at the period of the Turkish insion, Anee, the capital of Armenia, contained within its precincts ee hundred churches; but of these, and numberless other such ifices erected throughout the country, little more than the me and situation now remain. The "Armenian church," hower, still continues in vigorous existence. In addition to the ual orders of bishops, priests, and deacons, it has one which is culiar to it, that of *vertabiets*, or doctors, who are considered as most learned of the nation, and among other extraordinary prieges, are allowed to preach their sermons *sitting*. Their opinions taken as the standards of orthodoxy. Besides the Lent before ster, the Armenians have several other periods of fasting and stinence, which they rigidly observe. It is remarkable, that they ve as great an abhorrence of the flesh of a hare, as the Jews ve of that of swine. 'They assert that a hare has certain bodily its that too nearly resemble the human; and moreover, that it of a melancholy temperament, to which they themselves have great a disposition, and which the flesh of this animal would re a tendency to increase.' In baptism, they immerse the whole ly of the infant. They believe in the "real presence," and ind in all the more important doctrines of the western church. secular priest is not allowed, to marry twice. To the laity, wever, a second marriage is permitted; but a third, though not itively prohibited, brings with it 'a scandal that no Armenian l venture to incur.' We cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure extracting the following sketch of an Armenian family, as it l enable the reader to form some idea of the order and stateess, to which that interest ing people seem so particularly ached:—

> When a family is numerous, it frequently happens that the young men not separate, as with us; but when they marry, they all bring their es home to their father's house, and the several families live together a state of patriarchal community. I was invited, with some Frank nds, to dine with a family of this description, who lived in one of the utiful villages of the Bosphorus. They sent a caique to convey us, l we arrived about two o'clock. We were introduced to the receptionm, covered with a mat, and furnished with a divan round it, in the al style of oriental houses. Here we were received by the family. First, aged man, with a long white beard, aquiline nose, and strong marked tures, approached us, and made his salaam by bending forward, and

with his right hand touching, first his breast and then his forehead; ne in succession came his three sons, who were men advanced in life; th his aged wife, and last, his three daughters-in-law, two of whom were you and very lovely women. Of these, the mother alone was allowed to on a corner of the divan: the young women stood below the step at t bottom of the room, waiting in silent respect for orders. Presently, swe meats, and an ardent aromatic spirit, distilled from grapes, called *ra* were brought by the ladies, which we were invited to partake of as whets our appetite, and then dinner was announced in another apartment. W found a small table, covered with a cloth, and plates, on each of whi was a wooden spoon, crossed with a knife, sharp pointed, and not ve clean, like those found at French tables. On each plate also were two na kins—one large, for the lap and hands; the other small, of fine mus with a coloured fringed border, shot with gold, to wipe the mouth. Th men alone seated themselves; the women stood respectfully round to wa on them. There was one lady of our party who took her seat next he husband; the Armenian women stared at each other with surprise, as they considered her forwardness a great scandal. Small gilt tumblers containing a dark red wine from the Archipelago, were laid before each plate, and the dinner was served. The first dish was a soup made with meal, which in taste and consistence resembled Scotch stirabout. When this was removed, a dish of small fried plaice was laid down,—a great rarity, which is seldom found among the abundant fish of the Bosphorus: these we eat with no other sauce than a salad of cresses, parsley, and lemon-juice. This was succeeded by sheep's trotters, stewed to rags, with crumbs of bread and highly peppered sauce. Next was laid down a fowl, cut into pieces, and simply broiled on a brander, like a spatch-cock; after which came a very large dish of pastry, consisting of strata of cheese interposed between lamina of pancakes fried in oil, and piled up to a considerable height. This ended the first course, when we had some pause: our glasses were replenished with wine, and we drank healths, the old man praying fervently that it might do us good. The second course commenced with a large red gurnet broiled, the belly of which was stuffed with onions, sweet currants, and small kindney-beans: this was succeeded by a pudding of brown macaroni, sweetened with honey and spices. The dinner finished with a dish of caymac, or sweet, hard cream, of which the people in the East are very fond: this was overlaid with a jelly, that exactly resembled size, in colour, taste, and consistence. Small glasses of blue raki were now handed about, with foreign liquors; and we rose from the table. The ladies were at hand, each assiduously presenting us with a basin, ewer, and embroidered towel; and having helped us to wash, we returned to the réception-room. Here we had chibouks and coffee, and presently an Armenian bishop and other company were introduced. The bishop was a comely, portly man, with a large black beard turning grey, and dressed in a brown silk cassoc and sash. He held in his hand a long rosary, the beads of which he was continually counting, two at a time; and on his finger was a large diamond ring, which he seemed not unwilling to display. He was, as we were informed, one of those bishops who, according to the discipline of the Armenian church, have no local habitation or fixed sees, but live an ambulatory life, always moving from place to place. Their duty is to pay domiciliating visits to the different families, like the elders appointed by the annual meetings of the Quakers, and reprove and correct

y of religion, morals, or manners, among their people; they are,
literally, the Επισκοποι, or overseers of the primitive church.
ounger part of the family were now admitted, and presented to
consisted of nine or ten boys and girls, of different ages, from
velve. The company now exhibited a striking appearance of the
of an Armenian family. The divan at the upper end of the
occupied exclusively by us strangers; on the right hand side sat
ble elder and the bishop, and on the left his sons, with other Ar-
en; at the bottom of the room, below the step, stood the women
en, silent, regular, and motionless, like a file of mutes. We
be familiar with these beautiful children, and one or two fine
permitted to come forward. Their manners were remarkably
nd gentle, without any awkward embarrassment. We gave
e little presents, which, with the permission of their parents,
ks they consulted, they accepted; and then kissing our hands,
them on their foreheads, they respectfully returned to their
s the Armenians retire very early to rest, we departed at six
eatly struck with the manners of these people, where three gene-
e together in harmony and love, and with a reverence to years
ion, that reminded us of the patriarchal ages, when Sarah stood
-door while Abraham entertained the strangers, the sons of Ja-
cording to their birth, and Joseph saw with him children of the
ration.'—pp. 51---55.

menians are remarkable for the amiable constancy with
y cultivate the memory of the dead. Those resident in
nople have a cemetry, which covers a space of several
acres, 'on a hill overlooking the Bosphorus.' It is
vith picturesque trees; and from the view which it com-
s well as that which it presents, it may be considered,
the most interesting grove in the world.' Thither the
en repair to hold converse, as it were, with the spirits of
ased friends—a pious and affecting custom, that serves to
heart, and to cherish those affections from which the
virtues take their rise. 'These family visits,' says our
to the mansions of the departed, are a favourite enjoy-
is people. I have frequently joined their groups without
sidered an intruder; and, I confess, I have always re-
ased, and even edified.' Their tombs are usually constructed
, and it is a striking evidence of the extent of Armenian
at, at the angles of the stone, there is generally a multi-
tle cavities, which are intended as so many reservoirs, to
rain-water, for the use of the birds which abound in the
e cemetry, and frequently perish from the want of water
d soil. They engrave on the tombs of the deceased the
s of his trade, and, what is still more remarkable, a re-
on of the manner in which he came by his death, figured
ffigies of men, sometimes hanging, sometimes strangled,
imes beheaded, with their heads in their hands.' This
strange ambition the Armenians account for, by saying,

that none of their people are put to death for a real crime, but on some pretext, in order that their property may be confiscated. An ignominious death, therefore, with them, implies only the wealth and consequence of the deceased. So that among the Armenians it may often be truly said, that "it is an honour to be hanged." They are, however, in higher favour with the Turks, than any other tributary people, and, perhaps, it is as much owing to this circumstance, as to the odium theologicum arising out of their very slender differences of creed, that there has been as yet no instance of an Armenian exhibiting the slightest sympathy with his Christian brethren, the Greeks. Their language, contrary to the general rule in the East, is read, like our own, from left to right. It is little used, as almost all Armenians transact their affairs through the medium of Turkish, or Italian. Their numbers are stated as follows, by Dr. Walsh :—

'In the mountains of their native country, about . . .	1,000,000
In Constantinople and the vicinity	200,000
In different parts of Persia	100,000
In India	40,000
In Hungary, and other parts of Europe	10,000
In Africa and America	1,000
	1,351,000'

p. 62.

The next paper of any consequence, is entitled 'Allan Lorimer,' by the author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life." It is the history of a Scottish boy, who, while working with his pick-axe and spade, feels "a call to the ministry," and works himself by his industry into that sacred station. The comforts of this world, however, are not forgotten in the course of the story. They are so carefully blended with studies of a severer kind, that it would seem as if the author had no conception of a human being devoting himself to a priestly office, unless it promised him a pleasant fire-side, a pretty wife, and plenty to eat and drink for himself and all his family, to at least the tenth remove of kindred. The article is written in a flowery and artificial style, which, though it discovers a considerable command of language, and some skill in the rounding of periods, soon cloys a taste accustomed only to wholesome and simple viands. We quote a few sentences in proof of our assertion.

> 'It was on one of those bright, still spring days, when heaven and earth are conjoined in peace, that seems too beautiful ever to be broken, and when the hearts of the children of toil and poverty, are not only reconciled to their lot, but feel it in perfect contentment, to be the happiest that heaven could have bestowed, that Allan Lorimer, a mere boy, doing man's work, was levelling with spade and pick-axe, a rocky mound, that, to an agriculturist's eye, somewhat disfigured the small field in which it rose, as *it prevented* the plough from turning over a fair furrow, from hawthorn *hedge to* church-yard wall, its encircling boundaries.'---p. 5.

The plain English of all this world of fine words is, that the day was a fine one, and that Allan was digging away a few stones that lay in the middle of a field. Why could not the author say as much at once, without all that redundancy about 'heaven and earth being conjoined in peace too beautiful to be broken?' We take leave to doubt the fact, that the day has ever yet dawned, 'when the hearts of the children of toil and poverty, are not only reconciled to their lot, but feel it in perfect contentment, to be the happiest that heaven could have bestowed.' But were it even true, why prefer the elaborate phraseology of 'the hearts of the children of toil and poverty,' to the equally expressive and much shorter phrase—"the poor labourers of the field?" Why call a few stones in a furrow 'a rocky mound?' Why strip our prose of its usual "branching honours" of articles, by saying that Allan 'was levelling with spade and pick-axe,' as if the simple addition of *a* to these implements would have lowered their dignity in the hands of the future preacher. Thus also we have, 'from hawthorn hedge to church-yard wall,' as if the author were writing blank verse, instead of "from *the* hawthorn hedge to *the* church-yard wall," which, if it be not prose, is at least something like it.

Thus again we are informed, that Allan, after returning from school, occasionally assisted his father in mowing hay, but the language in which this common operation is wrapped up, sounds so very fine, that a plain mind is almost at a loss to understand what is meant.

> 'Therefore,' says our author, mounting on his stilts—'Therefore did Allan Lorimer, again put on the dress of a *tiller of the ground: his right hand had not forgot its cunning:* and when the meadows by the burnside were *heavy with Midsummer,* the wide swathe *fell beneath his sweeping scythe,'* &c. &c.—p. 11.

Again, instead of simple prose, we have almost blank verse, in the following sentence:—

> 'Often has a sailor, in shattered bark and through raging surf, in safety reached the shore,' &c.—p. 23.

We might multiply instances of such tinsel, which the author evidently mistakes for fine writing. We shall however add only two other sentences, which affect to describe the circumstances attendant on Allan's first appearance in the pulpit:—

> 'There is the church tower—there the shadow of the sycamores—*there the sound of the doves cooing in the belfry!*—there his brother's grave! *A lark at that moment rises, as if let loose from among the silent congregation, and carries up its hymns to heaven.' !!*—p. 27.

One might ask, how the lark could carry up the *hymns* of a *silent* congregation, even supposing the circumstance of a bird *being employed* on such a mission, to come within the range of probability. But writers, like the author of the "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," spurn the bounds of judgment, not only in their efforts of imagination, but in the most common exercise of their faculties. Desirous only of startling the reader by the display of their paste diamonds, which many mistake for real gems, and of saying something that no man in his senses could ever have said before; they think that they have produced something exceedingly beautiful, if the language in which it is arrayed tinkle in the ear. The proof, however, of the value of such wares, is, that they do not keep. They become tainted almost as soon as they are exposed to the eye, and are never looked at a second time.

Of a piece with 'Allan Lorimer,' is another precious composition, called, with a similar affectation of liquid sounds—'The Lily of Lorn,' by the author of "The Labours of Idleness." Of the two writers it might well be said—

Et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Though we fear that the *Arcades ambo* will hardly apply. It is really very painful to think that, in these degenerate days at least, every young lady of beauty is not a goddess, like 'the Lily of Lorn.'

> 'At first her untoward qualities had struck me with admiration; but I now scarcely acknowledged, or at least recollected them: *the lustre of her mind threw a halo round her person, and dimmed what it glorified. She stood, as it were, in the sphere of her own brightness, the effulgence of her own spirit; through which the outward form was scarcely discernable, so great was the surrounding splendour.* In this way (ohe!) her personal beauty seemed only to *attract* observation *to* her *moral* loveliness, and then retire *behind it.* The longer I looked upon her, the less capable I was of seeing her outward form: *it faded in the spiritual brilliancy that enshrouded it' !*—p. 231.

The spirit of Irish oratory has assuredly fled to the North; otherwise it would be difficult to account for the galaxy of lights which shine in this short passage, and which, strange to say, have the effect of darkening every thing which they shine upon. In the first place we are told, that 'the lustre of the young lady's mind threw a halo round her person, and *dimmed* what it *glorified.*' The substance of the next sentence (if it have any) is, that so great was the 'effulgence' of the lily's 'spirit,' so great the 'splendour' which it threw round her, that—her body was almost invisible! Then her 'personal beauty' plays at "hide and seek" with her 'moral loveliness,' and then again her 'spiritual *brilliancy*' 'enshrouds,' that is, *obscures*, her 'outward form.' This is dealing in the "lights and shadows of Scottish life" with a vengeance!

Sickened of this sort of writing, which we regret to say abounds in the Amulet, we turned to Miss Mitford's story of 'The Chalk Pit,' expecting to find in her lively vein and pure style of English, a compensation for the Lorimers and Lorns. For the first half dozen pages we were not disappointed. They are quite in her own

r. She describes in them the characters of a Mrs. Mansfield,
her two daughters, their occupations, their habits, and their
e of conversation so well, that the reader at once finds himself
ted with them in a neat parlour in "our village." But then
ies a tragical story of some poor boys being crushed to death
the fall of the sides of a chalk pit, beneath which they had
en shelter from the rain—and we need hardly say, that although
true story,' it was just as well told in the newspapers of the
. Miss Mitford, when she ceases to laugh in her sleeve, ceases
e in her natural humour. It gives a dimple to her style which
other emotion can produce.

f much of the prose of 'The Amulet' emulates, as we have seen
march of poetry, its verses, with very few exceptions, descend
the humble pace of prose. Indeed, though many names, not
gether unknown to fame, appear attached to a multitude of
nzas; there is not one of these that rises above mediocrity, if we
ept 'The Old Maid's Prayer to Diana,' by the late Mrs. Henry
he, which the editor informs us he received from one of that
tinguished lady's nearest relatives. It is a very sprightly
ision.

'Since thou and the stars, my dear goddess, decree,
That Old Maid as I am, an Old Maid I must be,
O hear the petition I offer to thee—
For to bear it must be my endeavour:
From the grief of my friendships all dropping around,
Till not one whom I loved in my youth can be found—
From the legacy-hunters that near us abound,
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the scorn of the young and the flaunts of the gay,
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who know nothing wiser to say,
Or a spirit to laugh at them, give her:
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or, vain of a civil speech, bridling alert,
From finical niceness or slatternly dirt;
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From over solicitous guarding of pelf,
From humour unchecked—that most obstinate elf—
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever:
From the vapourish freaks or methodical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares,
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs,
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From the erring attachments of desolate souls,
From the love of spadille, and of matadore voles,
Or of lap-dogs, and parrots, and monkies, and owls,
Be they ne'er so uncommon and clever:

But chief from the love (with all loveliness flown)
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop, or some owl of a clown,—
Diana, thy servant deliver.

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed,
From pettish asperity tartly expressed,
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest—
From all, thy true servant deliver:
Nor let satisfaction depart from her cot—
Let her sing, if at ease, and be patient, if not;
Be pleased when regarded, content when forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall dissever.'—pp. 107, 108.

One of the prettiest plates in the volume is that of 'The Cottage Girl,' painted by H. Howard, and engraved by W. Finden. We should also notice in favourable terms the sketch and engraving of an Irish Holy-Well, though we must add, that Mr. Crofton Croker's accompanying narrative is by no means a good specimen of his legendary stores.

We now turn to the 'Forget-me-not,' and regret that we can by no means confirm the opinion which the proprietor and editor 'entertain of its superiority to all its predecessors.' Several of the plates we must set down as secondary productions, particularly those representing The Princess Elizabeth at Woodstock, and The Escape of Mary Queen of Scots, from Lochleven Castle. Of the other eleven, some are tolerably well executed, but on the whole, they have disappointed our expectations.

'Sir Roger de Coverley, in love,' engraved by C. Heath, we do not look upon as well designed. The figure meant for Sir Roger, might be that of any other person in the world, and indeed, the whole scene has as much relation to the history of any man who has ever thought himself to be in that perilous situation, as to the history of the worthy knight.

The literary part of the volume is marked by a great variety of serious and pleasant matter, arranged evidently with a view to allure the reader from page to page, without surfeiting him with any particular subject. Yet, we do not think that there are many things in the whole collection which call for distinguished praise. There are, indeed, very few of the compositions that can be set down as contemptible, although we are much disposed to place all those signed Montague Seymour (heaven knows who he is!) under that head. There are also three or four other writers, whose names appear in this volume, such as John Luscombe, Esq., David Lester Richardson, Esq., Alexander Balfour, Esq., and David Lyndsay, Esq., of whose existence we must confess we had no previous knowledge, and of whose talents we have formed, from their present labours (perhaps erroneously) no very flattering opinion. But their *contributions* are doubtless of a "friendly nature"—that is to say, *they cost nothing*; and they help, not only to fill up the volume,

to serve as so many foils to the better names upon which its
ary popularity must depend. Among these, we may mention,
. Hemans, Mrs. Bowditch, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Miss Mitford,
s Landon, and the Rev. Mr. Croly. We select a Dirge, written
he latter, which is full of the solemnity and fire of his fine
ius.

' " EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and sceptre rust—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, those that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep.
Brothers, sisters of the worm,
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,
Song of peace or battle's roar,
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more.
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast,
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last!
It shall come in fear and wonder,
Heralded by trump and thunder;
It shall come in strife and toil,
It shall come in blood and spoil,
It shall come in empire's groans,
Burning temples, trampled thrones:
Then, Ambition, rue thy lust!
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the KING shall shine;
Flashing from Heaven's golden gate,
Thousand thousands round his state,
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on our sight,
Earth be turned to living light,
Kingdom of the ransom'd Just—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust!'

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem;

Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod,
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyrs' tears
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now, in hope of Him we trust—
" Earth to earth, and dust to dust." '—pp. 3, 4.

'The Outlaw,' and 'The Enchanted Castle,' which are also written by Mr. Croly, may be mentioned as among the most successful poetical pieces in the whole collection. We regret that we have not room for both; of the two we take the longer, which contains a magnificent sketch from Claude Lorraine's celebrated picture.

' The sun is on his western throne;
The heaven is like a crimson zone;
The crimson cloud lies deep and still,
A crown upon the mighty hill;
The ancient forest, down its side,
Gleams like a rolling crimson tide,
Till fade its fires in misty gray
Where the deep vale winds far away.

But, from the centre of the lake
Back shoots the splendour, flake for flake;
There, girt with tower and crested wall,
Stands in its pomp a palace-hall.
But all is proud, pale, desolate,
As smitten by the hand of fate—
As if some potent voice had said,
" Be thou the palace of the dead!"

Before its portals sits alone
A woman, pale, and fix'd as stone!
You would have said, some mighty hand,
Some vex'd enchanter's sudden wand
Had, when, the highest of the high,
Her heart beat full of sovereignty,
Laid the dark curse upon her brow
At once, and that wild moment now.

She sits, high, haughty, unsubdued,
In majesty of solitude;
Yet, breathing, beautiful, and young,
As when the princes round her hung.
Still from her eyelash, deep and dark,
Flashes the light—a diamond spark;
Her cheek—the ruby of the morn;
Her lip—like loveliness in scorn;
All, all the beautiful disdain,
That makes us hate, yet bless, the chain.

She sits, the very witchery
That bade her lovers gaze and die.
On the wild weed she sits alone,
Yet looks a sovereign on her throne.

Deserted now, her brave and fair
Long slumber with the things that were:
The deer beside her crops the bloom;
The bird beside her shuts the plume;
The wild duck, from the waveless flood,
Leads round her feet the unscared brood.
A hundred years have sun and storm
Past o'er this monumental form—
For wrath and power were in the spell
Which on that haughty lady fell;
And till has struck the fated hour
Shall cling the spell of wrath and power.

No barge shall stem the azure lake;
No minstrel bid the bowers awake;
No eye do homage to the rose
That on her cheek of beauty glows;
No banner glitter from the wall;
No princely footstep tread the hall:
But all be silent, strange, and lone,
Till the deep vengeance is undone—
Till, past the punishment of pride,
She smiles a sovereign and a bride.'—pp. 295—297.

e have seldom perused a more affecting tale than that of
ba, the Witch's Daughter,' by Mrs. Bowditch. The scene
l in Africa; and the narrative is not less remarkable for the
nce of its style, than for the fidelity with which it preserves
ostume, the manners, and the very turn of thought, which are
n to prevail among the swarthy tribes of the western coast of
country. The whole of the tale is too long for quotation, and
tach from it a passage or two would only injure its effect.
herefore proceed to Miss Mitford's excellent story of 'Grace
le,' with which it is impossible to doubt that the reader will
ite as much delighted as we have been. It is in her happiest

wo or three winters ago the little village of Ashley had the good for-
o have its curiosity excited by the sudden appearance of a lovely and
t young woman, as an inmate in the house of Mr. Martin, a respect-
armer in the place. The pleasure of talking over a new comer in a
ry village, which, much as I love country villages, does, I confess,
onally labour under a stagnation of topics, must not be lightly esti-
. In the present instance the enjoyment was greatly increased by
portune moment at which it occurred, just before Christmas, so that
ture was happily afloat in all the parties of that merry time, enli-
the tea-table, and gave zest and animation to the supper

was, too, a slight shade of mystery, a difficulty in coming at the truth, which made the subject unusually poignant. Talk her over as they might, nobody knew any thing certain of the incognita, or her story; nobody could tell who she was, or whence she came. Mrs. Martin, to whom her neighbours were on a sudden most politely attentive in the way of calls and invitations, said nothing more than that Miss Neville was a young lady who had come to lodge at Kibes Farm; and except at church Miss Neville was invisible. Nobody could tell what to make of her.

'Her beauty was, however, no questionable matter. All the parish agreed on that point. She was in deep mourning, which set off advantageously a tall and full, yet easy and elastic figure, in whose carriage the vigour and firmness of youth and health seem blended with the elegance of education and good company. Youth and health were the principal characteristics of her countenance. There was health in her bright hazel eyes, with their rich dark eyelashes; health in the profusion of her glossy brown hair; health in her pure and brilliant complexion; health in her red lips, her white teeth, and the beautiful smile that displayed them; health in her very dimple. Her manners, as well as they could be judged of in passing to and from church, leading one of the little Martins by the hand, and occasionally talking to him, seemed as graceful as her person, and as open as her countenance. All the village agreed that she was a lovely creature, and all the village wondered who she could be. It was a most animating puzzle.

'There was, however, no mystery in the story of Grace Neville. She was the only child of an officer of rank, who fell in an early stage of the Peninsular war; her mother had survived him but a short time, and the little orphan had been reared in great tenderness and luxury by her maternal uncle, a kind, thoughtless, expensive man, speculating and sanguine, who, after exhausting a good fortune in vain attempts to realise a great one, sinking money successively in farming, in cotton spinning, in paper-making, in a silk-mill and a mine, found himself, one fair morning, actually ruined, and died (such things have happened) of a broken heart, leaving poor Grace, at three-and-twenty, with the habits and education of an heiress, almost totally destitute.

'The poor girl found, as usual, plenty of comforters and advisers. Some recommended her to sink the little fortune she possessed in right of her father in a school; some to lay it by for old age, and go out to look at the world through the back windows—as a friend of mine calls going a-governessing; some hinted at the possibility of matrimony, advising, that at all events so fine a young woman should try her fortune by visiting about amongst her friends for a year or two, and favoured her with a husband-hunting invitation accordingly. But Grace was too independent and too proud for a governess; too sick of schemes for a school; and the hint matrimonial had effectually prevented her from accepting any, even the most unsuspected invitation. Besides, she said, and perhaps she thought, that she was weary of the world; so she wrote to Mrs. Martin, once her uncle's housekeeper, now the substantial wife of a substantial farmer, and came down to lodge with her at Ashley.

Poor Grace!—what a change! It was midwinter; snowy, sleety, foggy, wet. Kibes Farm, an old manor-house dilapidated into its present condition, stood with half its windows closed, a huge vine covering its front, and ivy climbing up the sides to the roof—the very image of chill-ness and desolation. There was, indeed, one habitable wing, repaired and fitted up as an occasional sporting residence for the landlord; but those apartments were locked; and she lived, like the farmer's family, in the centre of the house, made up of great, low, dark rooms with oaken panels, of long rambling passages, of interminable galleries, and broad gusty staircases, up which you might drive a coach and six. Such was the prospect within doors; and without, mud! mud! mud! nothing but mud! Then the noises! wind in all its varieties, combined with bats, rats, cats, owls, pigs, cows, geese, ducks, turkeys, chickens, and children, in all varieties also; for, besides the regular inhabitants of the farm-yard, biped and quadruped, Mrs. Martin had within doors sundry coops of poultry, two pet lambs, and four boys from six years old downward, who were in some way or other exercising their voices all day long. Mrs. Martin, too, she whilome so soft-spoken and demure, had now found her scolding tongue, and was indeed noted for that accomplishment all over the parish; the maid was saucy, and the farmer smoked.

'Poor Grace Neville! what a trial! what a contrast!—She tried to draw; tried to sing; tried to read; tried to work; and, above all, tried to be contented. But nothing would do. The vainest endeavour of all was the last. She was of the social, cheerful temperament to which sympathy is a necessity; and having no one to whom she could say, how pleasant is solitude! began to find solitude the most tiresome thing in the world. Mr. and Mrs. Martin were very good sort of people in their way—scolding and smoking notwithstanding: but their way was so different from hers; and the children, whom she might have found some amusement in spoiling, were so spoilt already as to be utterly unbearable.

'The only companionable person about the place was a slipshod urchin, significantly termed "the odd boy;" an extra supplementary domestic, whose department it is to help all the others out of doors and in; to do all that they leave undone; and to bear the blame of every thing that goes amiss. The personage in question, Dicky Crosby by name, was a parish child, taken from the workhouse. He was, as nearly as could be guessed (for nobody took the trouble to be certain about his age), somewhere bordering on eleven; a long, lean, famished-looking boy, with a pale complexion, sharp thin features, and sunburnt hair. His dress was usually a hat without a crown; a tattered round frock; stockings that scarcely covered his ancles; and shoes that hung on his feet by the middle like clogs, down at heel, and open at toe. Yet, underneath these rags, and through all his huffings and cuffings, from master and mistress, carter and maid, the boy looked, and was, merry and contented; was even a sort of wag in his way; sturdy and independent in his opinions, and constant in his attachments. He had a pet sheep-dog, (for amongst his numerous avocations he occasionally acted as under-shepherd), a spectral, ghastly-looking animal, with a huge white head and neck, and a gaunt black body—Mephistopheles might have put himself into such a shape. He had also a pet donkey, the raggedest brute upon the common, of whom he was part owner, and for whose better maintenance he was sometimes accused of such petty larceny as may be comprised in stealing what no other creature would eat—refuse hay, frosty turnips, decayed cabbage-leaves, and thistles from the hedge.

'*These two faithful followers* had long shared Dick Crosby's affections between them; but, from the first day of Miss Neville's residence in Ashley, the dog and donkey found a rival. She happened to speak to him, and her look, and smile, and voice, won his heart at once and for ever. Never had high-born damsel in the days of chivalry so devoted a page. He was at her command by night or by day; nay, " though she called another, Abra came." He would let nobody else clean her shoes, carry her clogs, or run her errands; was always at hand to open the gates and chase away the cows when she walked; forced upon her his own hoard of nuts; and scoured the country to get her the wintry nosegays which the mildness of the season permitted,—sweet-scented coltsfoot, china roses, laurustinus and stocks.

' It was not in Grace's nature to receive such proofs of attachment without paying them in kind. Dick would hardly have been her choice for a pet, but being so honestly and artlessly chosen by him, she soon began to return the compliment, and showered on him marks of her favour and protection; perhaps a little gratified, so mixed are human motives! to find that her patronage was still of consequence at Kibes Farm. Halfpence and sixpences, apples and gingerbread, flowed into Dick's pocket, and his outward man underwent a thorough transformation. He cast his rags, and put on for the first time in his life an entire suit of new clothes. A proud boy was Dick that day. It is recorded that he passed a whole hour in alternate fits of looking in the glass and shouts of laughter. He laughed till he cried for sheer happiness.

' I have been thus particular in my account of Dick Crosby, because, in the first place, he was an old acquaintance of mine, a constant and promising attendant in the cricket-ground—his temperament being so mercurial, that even in his busiest days, when he seemed to have work enough upon his hands for ten boys, he would still make time for play; in the second, because I owe to him the great obligation of being known to his fair patroness. He had persuaded her, one dry afternoon, to go with him, and let him shew her the dear cricket-ground; I happened to be passing the spot, and neither of us could ever remember exactly how he managed the matter, but the boy introduced us. He was an extraordinary master of the ceremonies to be sure; but the introduction was most effectually performed, and to our mutual surprise and mutual pleasure we found ourselves acquainted. I have always considered it one of the highest compliments ever paid me that Dick Crosby thought me worthy to be known to Miss Neville.

' We were friends in five minutes. I found the promise of her lovely countenance amply redeemed by her character. She was frank, ardent, and spirited, with a cultivated mind and a sweet temper; not to have loved her would have been impossible; and she, besides the natural pleasure of talking to one who could understand and appreciate her, was delighted to come to a house where the mistress did not scold, or the master smoke; where there were neither pigs, children, nor chickens.

' As spring advanced and the roads improved, we saw each other almost every day. The country round Ashley has a pretty pastoral character; meadows and coppices, winding lanes and a winding trout-stream, form its principal features; but their combination is often very pleasing, and the *soft skies and* mild breezes of April, and the profuse floweriness of hedge-*row, wood* and field, gave a never-failing charm to our long [illegible] walks. Grace was fond of wild flowers, which her *protegé* Dick was assiduous in procuring. He had even sacrificed the vanity of sticking the first bunch of primroses in his Sunday hat to the pleasure of offering them to her. They supplied her with an in-door amusement; she drew well, and copied his field nosegays with taste and delicacy. She had obtained, too, the loan of a piano, and talked stoutly of constant and vigorous practice, and of pursuing a steady course of reading. All young ladies, I believe, make such resolutions, and some few may possibly keep them; Miss Neville did not.

'However lively and animated whilst her spirits were excited by society, it was evident that when alone poor Grace was languid and listless, and given to reverie. She would even fall into long fits of musing in company, start when spoken to, droop her fair head like a snowdrop, and sigh—oh, such sighs! so long, so deep, so frequent, so drawn from the very heart! They might, to be sure, have been accounted for by the great and sad change in her situation, and the death of her indulgent uncle; but these griefs seemed worn over. I had heard such sighs before, and could not help imputing them to a different cause.

'My suspicions were increased when I found out accidentally that Dick and his donkey travelled every morning three miles to meet just such another Dick and such another donkey, who acted as letter-carriers to the whole village of Ashley. They would have arrived at Kibes Farm by noon in their natural progress, but Grace could not wait; so Dick and the donkey made a short cut across the country to waylay his namesake of the letter-bag, and fetch disappointment four hours sooner. It was quite clear that whatever epistles might arrive, the one so earnestly desired never came. Then she was so suspiciously fond of moonlight, and nightingales, and tender poesy; and in the choice of her music, she would so repeat over and over one favourite duet, and would so blush if the repetition were remarked!—Surely she could not always have sung *La ci darem* by herself. Poor Grace Neville! Love was a worse disease than the solitude of Kibes Farm.

'Without pretending to any remarkable absence of curiosity on the one hand, or pleading guilty to the slightest want of interest in my dear young friend on the other, I was chiefly anxious to escape the honour of being her confidante. So sure as you talk of love, you nourish it; and I wanted hers to die away. Time and absence, and cheerful company, and summer amusements would, I doubted not, effect a cure; I even began to fancy her spirits improving, when one morning, towards the middle of May, she came to me more hurried and agitated than I had ever seen her. The cause, when disclosed, seemed quite inadequate to produce so much emotion. Mrs. Martin had received a letter from her landlord, informing her that he had lent to a friend the apartments fitted up for himself at Kibes Farm, and that his friend would arrive on the succeeding day for a week's angling. "Well, my dear Grace, and what then?" "And this friend is Sir John Gower." "But who is Sir John Gower?" She hesitated a little—"What do you know of him?" "Oh! he is the proudest, sternest, cruelest man! It would kill me to see him: it would break my heart, if my heart be not broken already." And then, in an inexpressible gush of bitter grief, the tale of love which I had so long suspected burst forth. She had been engaged to the only son of this proud and wealthy baronet, with the full consent of all parties; and on the discovery of her uncle's ruined circumstances, the marriage had been most harshly broken off by his commands. She had never heard from Mr. Gower since they were separated by his father's authority; but in the warmth and confidence of her own passionate and trustful love, she found an assurance of the continuance of his. Never was affection more ardent or more despairing. No common man could have awakened such tenderness in such a woman. I soothed her all I could, and implored her to give us the happiness of her company during Sir John's stay at Ashley: and so it was settled. He was expected the next evening, and she agreed to come to us some time in the forenoon.

'The morning, however, wore away without bringing Miss Neville. Dinner-time arrived and passed, and still we heard no tidings of her. At last, just as we were about to send to Kibes Farm for intelligence, Dick Crosby arrived on his donkey, with a verbal request that I would go to her there. Of course I complied; and as we proceeded on our way, I walking before, he riding behind, but neither of us much out of our usual pace, thanks to my rapid steps and the grave funeral march of the donkey, I endeavoured to extract as much information as I could from my attendant, a person whom I had generally found as communicative as heart could desire.

'On this occasion he was most provokingly taciturn. I saw that there was no great calamity to dread, for the boy's whole face was evidently screwed up to conceal a grin, which, in spite of his efforts, broke out every moment in one or other of his features. He was bursting with glee, which, for some unknown cause, he did not choose to impart; and seemed to have put his tongue under a similar restraint to that which I have read of in some fairy tale, where an enchanter threatens a loquacious waiting-maid with striking her dumb if, during a certain interval, she utters more than two words—yes and no. Dick's vocabulary was equally limited. I asked him if Miss Neville was well? "Yes." If he knew what she wanted "No." If Sir John Gower was arrived? "Yes." If Miss Neville meant to return with me. "No."

'At last, unable to contain himself any longer, he burst into a shout something between laughing and singing, and forcing the astonished donkey into a pace, which in that sober beast might pass for a gallop, rode on before me, followed by the barking sheep-dog to open the gate; whilst I, not a little curious, walked straight through the house to Miss Neville's sitting-room. I paused a moment at the door, as by some strange counteraction of feeling one often does pause when strongly interested, and in that moment I caught the sweet notes of *La ci darem*, sung by a superb manly voice, and accompanied by Grace's piano; and instantly the truth flashed upon me, that the old Sir John Gower was gathered to his fathers, and that this was the heir and the lover come to woo and to wed. No wonder that Grace forgot her dinner engagement! No wonder that Dick Crosby grinned!

'I was not mistaken. As soon as decorum would allow, Sir John carried off his beautiful bride, attended by her faithful adherent, the proudest and happiest of all odd boys! And the wedding was splendid enough to give a fresh impulse to village curiosity, and a new and lasting theme to *the gossips of* Ashley, who first or last could never comprehend Grace *Neville."—pp. 57—68.*

The specimens which we have given of the merits of the 'Forget-me-not,' in its verse and prose departments, have been selected from among the most favourable which we could find. We had intended to add 'A Rural Sketch,' by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, in illustration of a pretty engraving, by C. Heath, but we regret to find that our space is already filled up. We must refer the reader for it to the work itself, assuring him, at the same time, that he will find abundant employment for a leisure evening, in a considerable mass of agreeable matter, which we have necessarily left wholly unnoticed. If in a grave humour, he may pore over 'First Love,' a dramatic sketch, of considerable power, or meditate on the cliffs of Dover with Mrs. Hemans, or recur to the strifes of 'The Guelph and The Ghibeline,' as depicted in a scene from an unpublished tragedy, by Miss Emma Roberts. If he be in love, or at all disposed to the penseroso mood, Miss Landon will supply him with abundant food for his fancy. Should he be inclined to laugh, there is a certain 'Red-nosed Lieutenant,' in Mr. Ackermann's regiment, who will laugh with him until the moon goes down; and if he be incorrigibly bent on sleep, Mr. Bowring will assist him with 'Hymns,' which he will find sufficiently potent for his purpose.

ART. VI. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a series of Letters, written by Himself, with a Preface, and a continuation of the Memoirs, by Elizabeth Frank.* 8vo. pp. 281. 9*s*. York, Wilson and Sons. London, Longman and Co. 1826.

IT is perfectly natural that a person who had been so long and so intimately acquainted with the subject of these Memoirs as the editor, Miss Frank, appears to have been, should be disposed rather to exaggerate than to measure with any degree of exactness, the claims which, as a man of letters, his memory may have upon the estimation of posterity. Accustomed to look upon him as the brightest luminary of that circle of provincial society, in which she herself moved, and judging that his fame in the world must, at least, be equal to the love and admiration which he uniformly excited at home, she treats him as a literary character of the first order. Nay, she quotes, without remark, a high-flown comparison between his reputation and that of Napoleon, assigning, of course, to the latter the place of inferiority, though, perhaps, there are few persons in the world, who would ever think of arraying the two names in juxta-position, as there is hardly a relation even of contrast between them.

Nevertheless, Lindley Murray has left behind him a reputation that will wear well in the history of our literature. Though he aspired to nothing higher than the merit of a compiler, yet every body knows that his Grammar contains some disquisitions upon the structure of our language, which are not less distinguished for their originality and correctness, than for the mild and engaging manner in which they are framed. In his other elementary books, such as his English and French Reader, as well as in those works which may be considered as supplements to his Grammar, he has earned just praise for his industry, method, and tact of selection. To these excellent requisites in a compiler, he added a very considerable degree of good taste in his mode of putting his materials together; and he threw over all a gentlemanlike air, which shewed that his publications were the results of a dignified leisure, seeking how it might best contribute its share to the instruction of mankind.

Even the style in which his books have been usually printed, has tended, as somebody has observed, to increase their popularity. It was his object to strip the first rudiments of our language of every appearance of pedantry and formality, and in this respect his success has been unquestionable. But he did something more. He contrived to infuse into his lessons a spirit of religion, and a love of purity and elegance, in every thing connected, not merely with style of composition, but, what is of much more importance, with the feelings of the heart, and with the regulation of the conduct, over which they exercise so great an influence. Appreciating his utility by the benefits which his industry has conferred upon the rising generations, there are, perhaps, few authors whose memory deserves to be more honoured. Judging, indeed, of his right to fame by the measure of his literary talents, it would be impossible to assign him any very distinguished place. But the personal qualities, the truly religious and amiable character of the man, have earned for him much higher esteem than mere authorship can be entitled to, and it is in this view particularly that his life, barren as it is of incident, is well calculated to fix the attention of every mind that is rightly disposed.

The first part of these Memoirs consists of a series of letters, in which Mr. Murray, in compliance with the request of his fair editor, traces his own career, from his birth till about the year 1809. It is possible that the portrait which he here gives of himself, may not, in every respect, resemble that which any other person might delineate for him; for the knowledge of ourselves is the very last lesson which most of us are able to acquire. Nevertheless, it is always interesting to us to hear from a man his own history; with all his self-love he cannot disguise his peculiar frailties, and, unless he be a mere egotist, he can hardly fatigue us with the relation of his virtues. Mr. Murray's account of himself is drawn up with the most guarded modesty, and in a spirit of humility and of unaffected piety, which sheds a great charm over his narrative. The letters are, besides, written in a style of simplicity and neatness, which proves how much the author had profited from his attention to the elements of composition. We can hardly, indeed, agree with Miss Frank, in setting down these letters as models of epistolary writing, though even in that respect, from the purity of the language, and the perspicuity of the periods, they may be perused with advantage.

Mr. Murray informs us that he was born at Swetara, near Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania, in the year 1745. His parents were respectably established in the middle station of life. His father, in addition to a flour mill which he conducted at Swetara, carried on a trade with the West Indies, which enabled him to become, in time, one of the most respectable merchants in America. He was of the society of Friends, and had twelve children, of whom our author was the eldest. The latter represents himself as having been, in his early years, of a lively, wayward, and sometimes even of a truant and mischievous disposition, which his family and his tutors found it difficult to correct. He speaks, also, of his strong propensity to observe the natural dispositions of animals;—a propensity, however, he was soon cured of, by an incident, which as it adds one to the already numerous proofs of the intellectual faculties of the elephant, we shall give in his own words.

> ‘When I was in England, in the year 1771, I went to see the elephants, which were kept at the queen's stables, Buckingham-house. Whilst I was gratifying myself with observing the huge creatures, and their various actions and peculiarities, I took occasion to withdraw from one of them a part of the hay, which he was collecting on the floor with his proboscis. I did this with my cane; and watched the animal very narrowly, to prevent a stroke from him, which I had reason to expect. The keeper said that I had greatly displeased the elephant, and that he would never forget the injury. I thought but little of this admonition, at the time. But about six weeks afterwards, when I accompanied some other persons, on a visit to the elephants, I found that, though probably several hundred people had been there since my preceding visit, the animal soon recognized me. I did not attempt to molest or tease him at all; and I had no conception of any concealed resentment. On a sudden, however, when I was supposed to be within the reach of his proboscis, he threw it towards me with such violence, that if it had struck me, I should probably have been killed, or have received some material injury. Happily for me, I perceived his intention, and being very active, I sprung out of his reach. To every other person present, he was gentle and good-tempered; and his enmity to me arose, as the keeper declared, solely from the circumstance of the little affront which I had formerly put upon him.’—pp. 13, 14.

Mr. Murray was placed at an early age in the counting-house of his father, who was desirous, after he had gone through an imperfect routine of education, of training him to the mercantile profession. This was an employment, however, which the youth did not at all relish. He ‘wished to be any thing rather than a merchant,’ chiefly on account of the confinement to which it subjected him. He soon acquired, moreover, a taste for science and literature, which increased his dislike to the counting-house, and frustrated every plan which his father attempted to put in operation for the purpose of giving him habits of business. At length, upon receiving what he considered a severe chastisement for a breach of domestic discipline, he quitted home, determined to seek his own fortune. Having some small funds at his disposal, he placed himself in the first instance at an academy at Burlington, about twenty miles from Philadelphia; wisely resolving, as he was to depend on his own exertions, to acquire as much knowledge as his means would permit, before he ventured his small bark upon the waters of the world. Though he recurred at times with a sense of pain to the thought of home, yet he says, 'In this quiet retreat, I had as much enjoyment as my circumstances were adapted to convey. The pleasure of study, and the glow of a fond imagination, brightened the scenes around me. And the consciousness of a state of freedom and independence, undoubtedly contributed to augment my gratifications, and to animate my youthful heart.' Circumstances, however, which are not worth detailing, dissipated this 'visionary fabric' in a short time, and restored him to his family, who were then established at New York. Here, though still obliged to attend the counting-house, he was permitted to have a private master, and he appears to have pursued his literary studies with an ardour that proved injurious to his health. Nevertheless, he modestly tells us that his attainments under his tutor, though they served to improve his taste, and to increase his desire for learning and knowledge, were very limited; nor does he appear to have augmented them very considerably at any subsequent period of his life, for there seems to be no vanity in his confession, that his 'stock of knowledge and literary improvement has been always far from extensive.'

Even at this period, however, though a youth of great vivacity, and not free from the follies and transgressions of inexperienced age, he was deeply impressed with the truths of religion. Though not desirous of touching unnecessarily upon so sacred theme, yet we cannot pass over with indifference the following portion of his narrative.

'But whatever might be my follies and actual deviations from the line of rectitude, my principles were never disturbed by infidelity or scepticism. I always had the happiness, since I was capable of reflecting on the subject, of having my sentiments fixed in favour of the Christian religion; and no argument that I ever met with, in company or books, had any injurious effects upon me. Some of my acquaintance were either deists or sceptics: but I always found replies to their reasonings, which perfectly satisfied my own mind. This happy persuasion I attribute, under Divine Providence, to my having occasionally looked into, early in life, Leland's View of the Deistical Writers; Butler's Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed, to the Constitution and Course of Nature; Sherlock on Providence; and Sherlock's Discourses. These books, with some others, were the means of communicating to my mind, such a survey of the Christian religion and the divine economy, that I was never much, if at all, embarrassed, by the plausible schemes and objections, which men of prejudiced

> ıort-sighted views of religion, had fabricated and produced.— persuaded, that the perplexity and doubts, with regard to and its evidences, which many sensible and well-disposed encountered, and the absolute infidelity of others, may be ted to the scanty information which they received, on these ıng the period of their education, or that by which it was im- cceeded.'—pp. 27, 28.

ious to follow up his literary pursuits, and wishing for in some degree connected with them, the study of the ›d his attention when he was about eighteen years of 'ather finding it useless to struggle against the bent of :lination, complied with his solicitations in this respect, him under the tuition of a counsel of considerable emi- e was in due time called to the bar, and received a ractise ' both as counsel and attorney, according to the hat time, in all the courts of the province of New York' which also still prevails in the Canadas, and we believe our other colonies. At the moment of entering on his he married a young lady, whose worth may best be from the fact that, during the remainder of their long lary lives, every year seems only to have augmented ıl attachment. He was successful at the bar, until the the revolution broke out, and of course disturbed the of proceedings in the courts of law. We cannot quit ıf his career without referring to the account which he ı professional habits, imagining that it cannot be read vantage in a country like our own, where notions of a nt description too extensively prevail.

> ractice of the law, pecuniary interest was not my only rule of ıen circumstances would properly admit of it, I generally en- ı persuade the person who was threatened with a prosecution, lebt, or make satisfaction, without the trouble and expense of loubtful cases, I frequently recommended a settlement of dif- arbitration, as the mode which I conceived would ultimately satisfactory to both parties. I do not recollect that I ever a client to proceed at law, when I thought his cause was unjust ɔle; but in such cases, I believe it was my invariable practice ;e litigation, and to recommend a peaceable settlement of dif- n the retrospect of this mode of practice, I have always had ction; and I am persuaded that a different procedure, would ıe source of many painful recollections.'—pp. 42, 43.

rray did not resume the exercise of his profession after ion. He engaged for some time in commercial affairs, so much success, that he was enabled to retire from ınd to gratify a favourite wish by purchasing a country three miles from New York. His description of this lucing.

> , *for that* was *the* name of our retreat, was most delightfully

situated. A noble river, a mile in breadth, spread itself before us: a rich and pleasant country was on the opposite shore: and our view extended several miles both up and down the river. On this grand expanse of water, vessels and boats of various descriptions, were almost continually sailing. The house was neat and commodious; and accommodated with a spacious and elegant piazza, sashed with Venetian blinds; which added to its coolness in summer, and produced a most soothing and grateful effect. At the back of the mansion, was a large garden, well supplied with fruit, flowers, and useful vegetables: and in other directions from the house, were rows of various kinds of fruit trees, distinguished by their beauty and utility. In the rear of the house and garden, was a pleasant and fertile field, which afforded pasturage for the cattle. This little paradisiacal spot was perfectly to our wishes. Here we fondly hoped often to see our dearest connexions, and to entertain our friends. Every comfort to be derived from useful and interesting society, would, we imagined, be heightened in this pleasing abode. I thought, too, that this retreat would be friendly to study and mental acquisitions; that my health would be improved, by the exercise which I should have in rural occupations; and that the vicinity of the city and its various institutions, would afford me opportunities of being useful to my fellow citizens.'—pp. 48, 49.

All these fond anticipations were however blasted, even before he had an opportunity of tasting any of them. A disease which never after left him, attacked him so severely, that his body was reduced to a state of great debility, the tone of his muscles being almost wholly destroyed. Change of scene and medicinal springs procured him no alleviation of his disorder. In the course of the excursions he was recommended to take on this occasion, he visited Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, a settlement of the Moravians, which we shall take leave to notice.

'There was here much to occupy the mind, and to gratify curiosity. The different houses appropriated to the single brethren, the single sisters, and the widows, with the various economy of the society, were subjects of an interesting nature. The spirit of moderation, the government of the passions, and the tranquillity and happiness, which appeared to pervade every part of this retired settlement, made on our minds a strong and pleasing impression. We several times visited the different departments; and, at our inn, received occasionally the visits of a number of their most respectable members. They were very communicative; and attended, with liberality and good humour, to the ideas which we suggested, for the improvement of particular parts of their economy. Among other observations, we took occasion to inquire, whether the practice of the elders and elderesses in selecting a partner for a young man who wished to marry, was not sometimes attended with serious inconveniences. But they seemed to have no doubt, that this regulation produced more happy marriages, than would be effected by leaving the parties to choose for themselves. A lively and sensible person, with whose conversation we were particularly pleased, took occasion to give us his own experience on the subject. He expressed himself to the following effect. "When I wished to change my situation in life, I applied to one of our elders, and communicated the matter to him. He asked me whether I had any particular young woman in view.

I replied in the negative; and that I wished my superiors to choose for me. Pleased with my answer, and the confidence reposed in them, he assured me that the greatest care should be taken, to select for me a partner, who would be, in every respect, proper for me. The elders and elderesses consulted together, and, after a suitable time, fixed on a young woman, whose disposition and qualifications were correspondent to my own, and which they thought were adapted to make me happy. We were introduced to each other, in the presence of our superiors. The interview was favourable: we became mutually attached; and, in a short time, we were married. The event has perfectly answered our most sanguine hopes. I probably should not have chosen so happily, if I had been left to decide for myself; but I am certain I could not have made a better choice." He concluded his observations with a degree of animation and satisfaction, which precluded all doubt of the truth of his assertions.'—pp. 52—54.

It is not a little remarkable that a similar system of matrimonial negociation prevails, with the like success, among the Armenians; thus affording a strong confirmation of the assertion, which has almost grown into a proverb, that "marriage is a mere lottery," in which the man of prudence or sagacity has seldom a better chance than his neighbour. Mr. Murray's illness still continuing unmitigated, he was advised to try the bracing climate of England, and accordingly he settled himself, as he imagined only for a year or two, in the pleasant village of Holdgate, near York. But his debility never left him, and there he remained until his death. At first, he was able to take short walks in his garden, but these distressed him so much that at length he was obliged to relinquish all thoughts of moving about, and to keep his seat throughout the day. He was at this period little more, as we collect, than forty years of age; and though in a state of extreme weakness, yet he was in general free from pain. He preserved his mind in health and activity, by constantly employing himself in reading, writing, or in conversation. His first literary production was "The Power of Religion on the Mind," &c. which he printed for private circulation, in 1787. He afterwards published it in London, and it was well received. It contains 'a collection of the testimonies of great and good persons, in favour of piety and virtue.' 'As I wished,' says the author, 'to form it on liberal principles, and render it acceptable to readers in general, I was careful to introduce characters of various religious professions, and of different ages and countries.' This liberality on the subject of religion was one of the most uniform and distinguished features in the character of Mr. Murray. 'Various,' he observes in another place, 'are the shades and degrees of our understandings and natural dispositions: but if the holy principle is suffered to rule, it will make them all acceptable to HIM who framed them, though it may not model them to any standard of uniformity. We are long in learning to judge wisely of one another; and to make charitable allowances for difference of understanding, disposition, education, &c. Mankind are all brethren, the children of one Father; they should therefore, when believe them sincere and upright, be received as fellow-partak of the same privileges.' (p. 210). It is consequently a just bute which Miss Frank pays to Mr. Murray's memory, when says of him, that 'he was of a remarkably liberal and cath spirit. In the prosecution of his benevolent designs, he associ much and freely with persons of various religious denominati He often expressed an earnest desire that Christians should a unnecessary disputes about non-essentials, and unite in promoti the common cause, in which they all profess to be engag (p. 157).

The next work which employed Mr. Murray's mind was Grammar, of which he gives the following account in his letter

'I was often solicited to compose and publish a Grammar of the lish language, for the use of some teachers, who were not perfectly fied with any of the existing Grammars. I declined, for a consid time, complying with this request, from a consciousness of my inabili do the subject that justice, which would be expected in a new publica of this nature. But being much pressed to undertake the work, length, turned my attention seriously to it. I conceived that a gra containing a careful selection of the most useful matter, and an adapt of it to the understanding, and the gradual progress of learners, special regard to the propriety and purity of all the examples and ill tions; would be some improvement on the English Grammars whic fallen under my notice. With this impression, I ventured to produ first edition of a work on this subject. It appeared in the spring year 1795. I will not assert, that I have accomplished all that I pro But the approbation and the sale which the book obtained, have giv some reason to believe, that I have not altogether failed in my ende to elucidate the subject, and to facilitate the labours of both teache learners of English Grammar.

'In a short time after the appearance of the work, a second editi called for. This unexpected demand, induced me to revise and e the book. It soon obtained an extensive circulation. And the re editions through which it passed in a few years, encouraged me, at l to improve and extend it still further; and, in particular, to suppo some critical discussions, the principles upon which many of its po are founded.'—pp. 90, 91.

Miss Frank further explains the origin of the Grammar continuation of the author's memoirs.

'Some of his friends established, at York, a school for the g education of young females; which was continued for several years. Murray strongly recommended that the study of the English la should form a prominent part of instruction. The young persons em as the first teachers, not being sufficiently qualified in this respe kindly undertook to instruct them at his own house; and, for the he made some extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers, wh terwards formed the basis of the Appendix to his English Grammar these young teachers he was much importuned to write an English

ıe benefit of their pupils, on the same plan of simplicity, clear-
regular gradation, which he had pursued in his verbal instruc-
heir requests were sanctioned and enforced, by the superin-
ɔf the school, and by some of his other friends: he was, at
luced to comply. In preparing the work, and consenting to its
n, he had no expectation that it would be used, except by the
which it was designed, and two or three other schools, con-
persons who were also his friends.'—pp. 249, 250.

'ork was followed by several others, the most important of
e a volume of 'Exercises,' calculated to explain the rules
'ammar; 'a Key to the Exercises;' three volumes entitled
.glish Reader;' two volumes entitled 'Lecteur François,'
ıpelling Book.' In compiling the three latter works, he
ɔdges himself indebted for 'much valuable and very ma-
istance' to Miss Frank, who herself has published several
ɔoks of a useful and popular character. The following
which she gives of the sums received by Mr. Murray, for
ent works, will not be deemed uninteresting by the lite-
ler.

he Grammar, Exercises, and Key, he received seven hundred
for the Abridgment, one hundred pounds; for the English
hree hundred and fifty pounds; for the Sequel to the English
wo hundred pounds; for the Introduction to the English Reader,
red pounds; for the Lecteur François, and the Introduction au
'rançois, seven hundred pounds; for the Spelling-Book, and the
ık for Children, five hundred pounds; for the Selection from
Commentary on the Psalms, one hundred pounds. The copy-
he Duty and Benefit of reading the Scriptures, as well as of the
Religion, was presented by him to the booksellers, without any
compensation. The enlargement of the Grammar in the octavo
.nd the numerous improvements in, and additions to, his other
ɔre always gratuitous on his part.

demand for his grammatical works, and also for his Spelling-
s been so great and regular, that excepting the octavo edition of
mar, the types which compose them have long been kept stand-
e editions which have been worked off, though numerous, have
ɔver, been limited to a small number of copies. For many years
ry edition of the Grammar has consisted of ten thousand copies;
ercises, ten thousand; of the Key, six thousand; of the Abridg-
he Grammar, twelve thousand; of the Spelling-Book, and of the
ɔk for Children, ten thousand. Each edition of the English
ınd of the Introduction to the English Reader, consists of ten
copies; of the Sequel to the English Reader, six thousand; of
ɔur François, and the Introduction au Lecteur François, each
usand.—That one author should have supplied so many works on
ı, each of which is so extensively circulated, and so highly ap-
ı, I believe, unprecedented in the annals of literature.'—pp. 261

r. *Murray's income* was fully adequate to the expenses of
' *family, he generously* devoted the profits arising from his

literary labours to charitable purposes. He seems to have derived a high degree of satisfaction from the approbation with which his works had been universally received, and in this natural feeling, and in the conviction that his writings were all calculated to benefit those for whom they were intended, he found assuredly his best reward.

The letters of the author, of which we have now given the substance, do not come down beyond the year 1809. He lived nearly seventeen years after that period, and for the memoirs of this portion of his life, we are indebted to the pen of Miss Frank. She has accomplished her undertaking with an affectionate minuteness, which shews that she almost idolized the subject of her agreeable theme. Though not related, we believe, in any degree to his family, she lived, as she informs us, many years, from motives of friendship to himself and his wife, under his roof, and had therefore ample means of becoming acquainted with his habits and character. It appears, that soon after he concluded his letters, he experienced a considerable increase of debility, so much so, that from that time till his death, he was wholly confined to his house. One of the results of this want of exercise was, a painful disorder, which terminated in June 1810, in the discharge of a small stone. For several succeeding years he was subject to an oppressive languor, and to uncomfortable sensations in every part of his system, which, however, did not impair his health as much as might be expected. 'His spirits were, with very slight exceptions, uniformly good; his demeanour was, at all times, gentle; and his disposition, mild, cheerful, and obliging.' He found much occupation and amusement in revising new editions of his different works; and when his health permitted, cheerfully enjoyed and promoted social intercourse. Many literary persons have borne testimony to the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Murray's domestic circle, and to the moral, intelligent, and engaging tone of conversation, which presided there. The following description of his habits and manners, though a little prolix, is curious:

> 'Mr. Murray carefully avoided all habits of indolence, both with respect to body and mind. He generally rose about seven o'clock in the morning; but rather later in the depth of winter. When he was dressed, and seated in an arm chair, which had castors, his wife rolled him, with ease, to the sofa, in his sitting room; on which, after he gave up taking any exercise, he sat during the whole day. At meal times, the table was brought to him. At other times, a small stand, with a portable writing desk on it, was generally before him. The papers and books which he was using, were laid on the sofa, by his side: but they were usually removed before the entrance of any visiter, as he disliked the parade of literature. His wife sat on a chair close by his side; except when, through courtesy, she relinquished her seat to some friend, or visiter, with whom he wished particularly to converse. The room being rather narrow, the sofa was placed against the wall. Mr. Murray never sat by the fire: but to avoid the draught from the doors and windows, he was obliged to sit

nearly opposite; from the ill effects of which, he was guarded by a small screen, between him and the fire. He attributed, in a great measure, the preservation of his sight to extreme old age, to his constantly avoiding the glare of fire and candles. When he read or wrote by candlelight, he used a shade candlestick.

His sitting room was of a good size, and particularly pleasant, having a window at each end: the one with a south aspect, looking to the garden; the other to the turnpike-road, and to some fields, across one of which, was a pathway leading to the city of York. The trees and flowers in his garden, the passengers on the road and pathway, and the rural occupations in the fields, afforded a pleasing diversity of scene, cheering to his mind, and relieving to his eyes, when fatigued with composing, reading, or writing.

Soon after he came into his sitting room, in the morning, he took his breakfast; after which, his wife, or some one of his family, read to him a portion of the Scripture, or of some other religious book. Horne's Commentary on the Psalms, and Doddridge's Family Expositor, omitting the notes and paraphrase, were the books which he chiefly used for this purpose, and also for his evening meditation. After a short pause, he proceeded to transact the business of the day, of which the hearing or reading of a daily journal formed a part; or he applied immediately to his literary avocations. Until he became wholly confined to the house, he took an airing in his carriage, from twelve to half-past one. At two he dined. After dinner, he sat quite still, closed his eyes, and sometimes dozed, for nearly half an hour; a practice which he brought with him from America, and by which he found his strength and spirits much recruited: then he resumed his occupations; and continued them for some hours, unless interrupted by company. Religious reading in the family, and meditation, closed the day. At ten, he and all his household retired to rest. This course of life he continued, with little variation, during the whole of his residence in England.

'There was nothing particular in his diet. It was simple. He did not use tobacco in any shape He never took spirits, and but seldom wine; nd then only half a glass at most. At dinner, he was accustomed, for many years after he came into this country, to take about a gill of London orter: afterwards, he gradually diminished the quantity, until he reduced only to a wine glass, diluted in warm water. His breakfast and supper were, for some years, new milk and baked rice, or sometimes toasted read; afterwards, chocolate boiled in milk and water and bread. At inner, he partook of meat, vegetables, pudding, and other ordinary ishes; but all cooked in a plain way. He did not, at dinner, eat of more than one dish of meat. In the afternoon, he sometimes took about half a cup of tea, or of milk and water; but more frequently instead of it, small quantity of strawberries, grapes, or other sweet fruits, out of his garden, or dried plums. Except in serious illness, he took no medicine; and even then but little: being of opinion that the too frequent use of it weakens the tones of the stomach. Of the beneficial effects of friction, by the hand simply, he was thoroughly convinced. He made frequent, if not daily use of it; and never failed to have recourse to it when his head, or any part of his body, was affected with uncomfortable sensations, particularly of a rheumatic *nature.* He was of opinion that it not only produced *local benefit; but that, in* his particular case, it tended, in a considerable degree, to supply the want of other exercise. His appeti within a few years previous to his decease, was good, and rath common, considering his sedentary life. Much of that comfortabl of health and vigour of mind, which he enjoyed in his old age, m ascribed, under the blessing of Providence, to his temperance and ration, to his judicious self-management, and to that peacefulne serenity, which are the usual concomitants of a good and pious life 151—156.

Mrs. Murray is described as a woman not showy, nor parti literary; but possessing a solid understanding, great firm mind, and a particularly kind disposition. It is impossible admire the indefatigable affection with which she at all ti deavoured to alleviate the sufferings of her husband thro protracted illness. We are told, that during the latter yea life particularly, 'she scarcely ever quitted the house; a rarely the two rooms occupied by him. She said, she wa comfortable with him; and that if he were taken ill sudd was sometimes the case, she could never forgive herself, if s absent.' They lived together nearly sixty years, a period jugal union seldom exampled; and though they never h family, yet, during the whole of that lengthened existenc seems to have been a constant interchange between them tenderest assiduity on one side, and of the most grateful ki on the other.

Thus passed the latter part of Mr. Murray's life in sickn retirement, cheered, however, by the consolations of religi affection, and varied by literary occupation, until the early the present year, (10th of January), when being at dinner, seized with a slight and transient paralytic affection in hand. On Monday morning, the 13th of February, he wa attacked in a similar manner; and in the evening, he wa with an acute pain in his groin, accompanied with viole ness, which produced so great a degree of exhaustion, that pired on the Wednesday following, 'in the eighty-first yea age, and in the full possession of all his mental faculties remains were interred in the burying ground of the Friends city of York.

We have, perhaps, been a little unfashionable in linge long over these letters and memoirs, since they tell us of n dal, unravel no court intrigue, display no vice in alluring record no acts of splendid perfidy, and scarcely detail a sin venture. But we have found, nevertheless, in these pages, tions of a rare and a truly fascinating description. They to us, a man as pure in his sentiments, as benevolent in his sitions, as honest, and perhaps, all circumstances conside *perfect in* his conduct, as human nature will permit her f *spring to be.* We do not contemplate him merely as a *character.* In this point of view, he has been useful witho

n, and has secured to himself a permanent, though not a
iant rank. But as a model of a "good man," in the real sense
ose words, he is entitled to our praise, and may justly be held
as worthy of our imitation. Among her other great sages,
picuous for the republican simplicity and sincerity of their
es, and for the benefits which they have conferred on their
the United States may with pride write down the name of
ley Murray.

VII. *Death's Doings; in Twenty-four Plates, Designed and
hed by R. Dagley, author of "Select Gems, from the Antique,"
With Illustrations in Prose and Verse.* 8vo. pp. 369. 16*s.*
don. Andrews. 1826.

E is something extremely humiliating to the well regulated
, in the sort of hysterical gaiety with which men seek, from
to time, to laugh themselves into a false familiarity with the
of death. Assuredly nothing can have in it less of the ludi-
, or comic, than that momentous change, by which we are
ved from one world into another, and which is as much a con-
of our existence as the respiration of air, or the circulation
e blood. If the grave be, as we are taught to believe, the
l to another life, the dissolution of the seed before it can
forth its pride of fruit and flowers, it is a change which can
r, indeed, be contemplated without awe, but which, at the
time, is too pregnant with sublime hopes to be made the
of an epigram, or the jest of a caricature.

e follies of mankind offer, one would imagine, an abund-
of matter upon which wit and pleasantry might find suf-
t employment; and when they properly select, and gene-
y pursue their "quarry," they are pretty sure of meeting
applause. But to rake up the charnel-house for topics of
, to ring the changes on the poor remains of mortality, and
row them into all sorts of shapes and attitudes, with the view
citing laughter, indicates the want, or the perversion, of
taste, and an unjustifiable contempt for all the decencies of

e do not mean to charge Mr. Dagley as altogether guilty of
yet he is hardly shielded from censure, by the greater ap-
nce of gravity with which he has endeavoured to revive in the
before us, the "Dance of Death." We must admit that in
of his designs, the skeleton figure appears rather to warn
han to amuse. But in most of them there is an effort to
a smile, at the many ingenious modes which the destroyer
presented as contriving for the accomplishment of his pur-
. There may, perhaps, be many persons to whom such exhi-
ns *afford pleasant* associations, but we avow that we are not
them." Nor is it at all grateful to our feelings to observe,

that a gentleman of Mr. Dagley's talents and acquirement whose office it should be rather to lead and improve the publ taste, than to follow its corruptions, should have selected his present theme, in order 'to serve up a graphic olio, with suitab garnishes of prose and verse,' and thus pass off his book upo the vulgar.

It would be unjust to deny that, *as etchings,* the twenty-fou plates of this 'olio,' possess considerable merit. In point of desig and composition, however, they are very humble specimens of art. We ought, perhaps, to make an exception to this remark, in favo of 'The Poet,' surprised by Death while writing an ode to i mortality; of 'The Artist,' for whom Death is seen cunning mixing the colours; of 'The Toilet,' in which the figure of the lady is, perhaps, a model of voluptuous symmetry; and of 'The Hunter's Leap,' in which it is impossible not to admire the spirited and graceful figures both of the horse and rider. But the frontispiece, representing 'Death Breaking the Bubbles of Life;' 'The Hypochondriac;' 'The Life Assurance Office;' and 'The Last Bottle;' and, indeed, many of the other plates which we might mention, are mere caricatures.

The 'garnishes of verse and prose,' which, considering that they are all 'the friendly contributions of various writers,' might, perhaps, have been designated, by Mr. Dagley at least, by some other name, are scarcely worthy of notice. They so generally rival each other in dullness, that it was with some difficulty we have been able to select two or three pieces, which may enable the reader to judge of this 'olio,' from its fairest specimens. A serenade falls, with peculiar propriety, to the part of Miss Landon. We can only give the song which she puts into the mouth of the cavalier, for whom a grim figure of Death is waiting, armed with a poniard, behind a porch, while a fair form in the window above, is listening to the following strains.

'Lady sweet, this is the hour
  Time's loveliest to me;
For now my lute may breathe of love,
  And it may breathe to thee.

All day I sought some trace of thine,
  But never likeness found;
But still to be where thou hast been
  Is treading fairy ground.

I watched the blushing evening fling
  Her crimson o'er the skies,—
I saw it gradual fade, and saw,
  At length, the young moon rise.

And very long it seemed to me
  Before her zenith hour,
When sleep and shade conspire to hide
  My passage to thy bower.

I will not say—wake not, dear love,—
  I know thou wilt not sleep;
Wilt thou not from thy casement lean,
  And one lone vigil keep?

Ah! only thus to see thee, love,
  And watch thy bright hair play
Like gold around thine ivory arm,
  Is worth a world of day.'—pp. 71, 72.

r. Carrington, the author of the poem of Dartmoor, which we ccasion to praise in a former number of this journal, has con- ted, for the illustration of a plate extremely unworthy of them, ge or two of excellent lines, entitled 'The Martyr Student.'

'List not Ambition's call, for she has lur'd
To Death her tens of thousands, and her voice,
Though sweet as the old syren's, is as false!
Won by her blandishments, the warrior seeks
The battle-field where red Destruction waves
O'er the wild plain his banner, trampling down
The dying and the dead;—on Ocean's wave
Braving the storm—the dark lee-shore—the fight—
The seaman follows her, to fall—at last
In Victory's gory arms. To Learning's sons
She promises the proud degree—the praise
Of academic senates, and a name
That Fame on her imperishable scroll
Shall deeply 'grave. O, there was one who heard
Her fatal promptings—whom the Muses mourn,
And Genius yet deplores! In studious cell
Immur'd, he trimm'd his solitary lamp,
And morn, unmark'd, upon his pallid cheek
Oft flung her ray, ere yet the sunken eye
Reluctant clos'd, and sleep around his couch
Strew'd her despised poppies. Day with night
Mingled—insensibly— and night with day;—
In loveliest change the seasons came—and pass'd—
Spring woke, and in her beautiful blue sky
Wander'd the lark—the merry birds beneath
Pour'd their sweet woodland poetry—the streams
Sent up their eloquent voices—all was joy
And in the breeze was life. Then Summer gemm'd
The sward with flowers, as thickly strewn as seem
In heaven the countless clustering stars. By day
The grateful peasant pour'd his song,—by night
The nightingale;—he heeded not the lay
Divine of earth or sky—the voice of streams—
Sunshine or shadow—and the rich blue sky;
Nor gales of fragrance and of life that cheer
The aching brow—relume the drooping eye—
And *fire the languid* pulse. One stern pursuit—
One master-passion master'd all—and Death

Smil'd inly as Consumption at his nod
Poison'd the springs of life, and flush'd the cheek
With roses that bloom only o'er the grave;
And in that eye, which once so mildly beam'd,
Kindled unnatural fires!

Yet hope sustain'd
His sinking soul, and to the high reward
Of sleepless nights and watchful days—and scorn
Of pleasure, and the stern contempt of ease,
Pointed exultingly. But Death, who loves
To blast Hope's fairest visions, and to dash,
In unsuspected hour, the cup of bliss
From man's impatient lip---with horrid glance
Mark'd the young victim, as with flutt'ring step
And beating heart, and cheek with treach'rous bloom
Suffus'd, he press'd where Science op'd the gates
Of her high temple.

There, beneath the guise
Of Learning's proud professor, sat enthron'd
The tyrant---DEATH:---and as around the brow
Of that ill-fated votary, he wreath'd
The crown of Victory---silently he twin'd
The cypress with the laurel;---at his foot
Perish'd the "MARTYR STUDENT.!"'---pp. 238—241.

The sprightliest piece in the whole collection is a letter, posed to be addressed by Death, in the character of ‘a dealer,’ t London correspondent. In the etching, the ‘dealer’ is represe in his morning gown, leaning over a desk, with a sack of b bones and plaister of Paris on one side of him, and on the oth hogshead of coculus indicus. Over his head hangs Acc celebrated list of the ingredients for the adulteration of every scription of food or drink in use amongst mankind. Althou caricature, yet the figure is so well covered, that the plate ha no means a disagreeable effect, particularly after one reads letter, (written by W. J. Forbes), by which it is so happily il trated.

‘Per post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
No consignment of your's ever suited me better:
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
And the coculus-indicus beer was delicious.
Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan
Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor* man:
With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,
And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord;*
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their face.
Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily alter'd,
And the poor be got rid of without being halter'd:

For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—
Call'd ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here;
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier!
In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly favoured by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb.
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word means
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas and beans.
But let us suppose that they drink only water---
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur*.—Well then, d—me
(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till they're dead
From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!
When deeper-purs'd fellows, addicted to swill, would
Drink port—I'll make use of your load of Brazil wood:
But I wish you'd send *more* laurel-leaves and sweet brier
For such as may like sherry flavoured *much* higher!
For the bottles,—you know, sir, I'm fairly entrusting 'em
To your tartrate of potash for finely incrusting 'em.
Laurel-water, oak saw-dust, and quicklime, have come
Just in time to be mix'd with the brandy and rum.
Beer, tea, coffee, wine, rum, brandy, water—I think
We've prepared for the stomachs of all those who *drink*;
And you'll kindly assist me to work a like feat
By pois'ning the stomachs of all those who *eat*.
Alum, clay, bones, potatoes, shall mix in their bread,
And their Gloucester derive its deep blush from red lead!
But why do I mention such matters to *you*,
Who without my poor hints know so well what to do?
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,
As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.
P. S.—By the by, let me beg you, in future, my neighbour,
To send me no sugar that's rais'd by *free labour*,
Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find fault
With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they allow
That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me now),
Even *cum grano salis* they *do* say that such
An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.—pp. 297—300.

hese are really the only readable passages in the whole of this
io,' containing, as it does, upwards of three hundred and fifty
es of all sorts of matter. In every point of view, therefore, we re-
to think that Mr. Dagley could have been so inconsiderate, as
azard on such a work the reputation which he had already
uired by his "Select Gems." In that collection, the etchings
the poetry were of a superior order, and breathed a pure classi-
aste. *But in* '*Death's* Doings,' we see little beyond the mis-

application of the genius of the artist, and a merciless exhibition of the cacoethes scribendi, on the part both of himself and most of his friendly auxiliaries.

Art. VIII. *Letter to the Members of both Houses of Parliament on the Resources of the Country, Currency, Taxation, &c.* By George Mackenzie. 8vo. pp. 23. 1*s.* London. Cowie. 1826.

In this small tract, the author imposes upon himself the double task of telling the members of both Houses of the British Senate, what, in the present perplexing state of the country, they ought to do, and how they ought to do it. Thus, to the best of his ability, Mr. Mackenzie has discharged his duty to his country; and so, if the two houses shall be unable or unwilling to follow the counsels of the said Mr. Mackenzie, the fault, if fault should ensue, will be none of his.

Though we are not disposed to subscribe to the doctrine, that "in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," as an universal proposition, and without in the first instance measuring the heads, and weighing the hearts of the counsellors, yet, we are very ready to admit, that the legislature and the administration of this country never stood more in need of a little wholesome advice, than they are likely to do, when they shall meet and set their wits to work upon the fourteenth of November. They will need this advice, not so much on account of any paucity of talent and discernment, or of any peculiar propensity to err on their part, as of the very serious circumstances in which they will then be placed, and the conflicting interests, and the contradictory opinions among which they will have to grope their way.

Perhaps, it has been too much the tendency of the people of this country, to blame those who have had the public administration of their affairs. No doubt, these have been often to blame, greatly to blame; and to blame, when the majority of the people were boasting of them, bumpering of them, and tossing up their caps and huzzaing at every thing that they did; but it is equally true, that they have in some instances been blamed for mischiefs which the people brought upon themselves; and also, that they have often been called upon, and have attempted, to put to rights matters, which, whatever share they may have had in the arrangement of them, they had no means of curing. No greater or more mischievous delusion can come upon the people of any country, than a belief that their rulers can do for them those things which they only can do for themselves; because, it not only diverts the rulers from the proper discharge of those duties which they can do, and ought to do, but slackens the hands of the people, and makes them grumble instead of acting.

No maxim can be more sound in principle, or more universal in application, than that no government can, by active interference, in any way enrich its people. Every government, however wise liberal and paternal it may be, is, under all circumstances, a consuming power. It never can be a productive one in any active point of view; and it is so passively in the inverse ratio of its interference with the pursuits of individuals, in any other way than in taking care, that those of one class shall not clash improperly with those of an other. But people are very apt to think, that because a government can by active interference impoverish, so it can by active interference enrich; that as it can draw the produce of the people's industry by taxation, so it can by enactments augment that produce. Now, if the fiat of the king or the vote of a parliament, could procure corn to grow upon land which would not obey the simple husbandman, if it would clothe the people with greater strength, endow them with more skill, or make them more industrious and economical, then one could understand the meaning of calling upon it to do this, that, and the other thing, for the purpose of increasing the wealth and comforts of the people; but until it can be shewn to have these powers, the only thing to be asked of it is, "that it do exercise its cramping and consuming functions as mildly as it can; that it allow no class to make gain at the expense of a more numerous or more useful class; and that it expend the public money as moderately and as judiciously as possible." Were the people of this country to ask of parliament and the administration to do this, and no more, and to ask it with unanimity and firmness, they would display more wisdom than is shewn in all the elaborate and contradictory petitions, that are session after session laid upon the tables of both houses; and which remain uncomplied with, simply because their objects are impracticable.

There never was a time, when it was of more importance to avoid frivolous and theoretic petitions, than the present moment. The real business of parliament will need all the wisdom of both houses; and the people will have enough to do to support, by their petitions and their opinions, their own interest.

The great permanent bar in the way of the British legislature, arises from what are called "vested rights"—privileges, whether founded in custom, statute, opinion, sufferance, or prejudice, which entitle one man to claim precedence and preference over another, to which he would not be entitled, considering him abstractedly, as a liege subject.

In this we do not allude to the distinctions of rank, which mark the feudal state of the country; nor to the offices which constitute its political, municipal, and ecclesiastical authorities. These we put entirely out of the question, and confine ourselves to matters which concern the mere wealth and comforts of the people. That part of the case is very often—it may be artfully—confounded with the other; and those who claim mere elbow room and fair play for the people who work, are accused and denounced as waging w upon the splendour of the nobility, and the sacredness of th church. For these we have, of course, the highest venerati that is, we do not meddle with them at all; but if there be an class, considered merely as a mercantile or productive one, whose pri vileges have outlived its utility, and which thus stands in the wa we feel perfectly justified in quietly assisting toward its removal.

Now, though we would be the very last to undervalue, and b consequence to do any thing like injustice to, the agricultural in terest, or to speak more correctly, to the interest of the proprietary of the land; yet, the fact of their having fallen backward in na tional importance, or, which really amounts to the same thing, not having advanced so rapidly as the other classes, is a fact that can not be hidden from any body but themselves. When England was comparatively poor, and like all poor countries, exported its rude produce, the soil was the only thing in it that was of much value: but times changed gradually, the value of man and machines rose, that of land and its possessors, or rather its gross produce as compared with the whole wealth and resources of the country, fell; and though the proprietors of the soil were unable to see it, or at any rate unwilling to confess it, a new state of things was introduced. England first ceased to be an exporting country; then she began to import; and latterly that importation was prohibited for the benefit of the proprietors of the soil. It did not benefit them however; for session after session, and month after month, they kept calling out for fresh restrictions upon the industry of others, and fresh alms because of their own necessities.

From the influence that this class have in parliament, in consequence of their numbers, and from the prejudice that still exists, that a proprietor of land is entitled to more indulgence than a proprietor of any thing else; no parliamentary measure for the removal of this prohibition has yet been successful. But the state of the times gave ministers a pretext for making a temporary suspension; they have summoned parliament for the avowed purpose of passing a bill of indemnity; and it is probable that the passing of that bill will bring the whole question before the houses. Of argument, the friends of the restriction have not much; but they have votes, and therefore, the whole weight of public opinion will have to be thrown into the opposite scale. One great point has been gained by the public already. The owners of the land used to hold country meetings, and get the farmers to sign any petition they pleased; but the farmers have felt that the restriction, (of which they have had eleven years' experience in the very closest manner), has done them no good; they have begun to think for themselves; and thus at the few country meetings which have been already held for the purpose of addressing the legislature, there have not been wanting instances in which the impolicy of the restriction has been admitted, and attention called to the only relief that government or par-ment can afford—a reduction of the public burdens. So that it possible, that the corn law question may be without much trou- e disposed of, in the way which the majority of the people and e liberal part of the administration wish; and that the great ttle will be respecting a reduction of the burdens. Unfortunately, m the stagnation of trade, the revenue has fallen considerably ort of what was estimated: and thus, instead of being able to ke off any tax, money must be borrowed, or new taxes must be posed, unless an abatement be made; and this will, in all proba- ity, be the object to which the attention both of the landed and e commercial interest will be directed. But how is it to be ac- mplished? The whole revenue raised is about fifty-seven mil- ns, of which about three millions and a half go to the civil or scellaneous services of the kingdom; about fifteen millions and alf go to the army and navy, and about thirty-eight millions are allowed up by the interest and expenses of the national debt.

From this, if we can draw nothing more consoling or useful, we able to see what a very costly thing glory is,—that every man, man, and child (pretty nearly) in the three kingdoms, is saddled h two pounds a year in perpetuity as the price of our greatness arms during the late war, and with nearly one pound a year as ensurance of glory in the event of another. Compared with se, the expense of the civil government is really nothing; and he people of this country had nothing to do but to support their n home establishments, they would, notwithstanding a very ndsome pension list, framed for the support of not always the y pink of meritoriousness, be as lightly burdened in proportion their bearing powers as any people in the world. Some little ght perhaps be done in this peaceable part of the business; but n if the whole were swept away, to the thousand pounds, or so, t are annually laid out in promoting the interests of science and rature, (and this, to its amount, is probably as badly laid out any part of the whole), it would not cover the presumed annual iciency. The only things to deal with, therefore, are the ex- nse of the armament and the interest of the debt; and the zzle is, how to deal with them so as to lessen their amount. at a great part of the navy, and a very great part of the army, in the meantime quite useless, every body except those who e by them will admit. But then a soldier is a very pretty arti- to look at, though he may now and then push the mere mortals t support him into the kennel; and if it were not for the *pub- service*, what would persons of quality do with that portion (and s always a very large portion) of their offspring, which is good nothing else? Rationally speaking, fifteen millions spent nually upon soldiers, by a nation in profound peace, is a down- ht absurdity; and politically speaking, it is not much better: t when we come to the practical part of the case, we find many re obstacles than we are aware of; and we are not sure that the landed interest would not oppose any reduction in this way they would also do in the political service of the colonies, w works up so large a share of the raw material of their nurs Necessity is stubborn, however; and therefore, it would be perhaps in the first instance to go the length of appointing a mittee, for the purpose of inquiring into the possibility of less the annual expenditure of the army and navy. We have he bates upon the subject before, but we have never had any like a fair, full, and candid inquiry. If the result of such in were that, five millions, or even ten millions, were quite enou pay for fighting folks, at a time when there happened to fighting, the saving would be a wonderful relief to the p and if on the other hand it were found that the real intere welfare of the country, without any sacrifice of public princ individuals, rendered such an amount absolutely necessary then the public would know the worst, and come to see ther relief from some other quarter.

With regard to the remaining, and heaviest item of the expenditure—the thirty-eight millions of interest and ex upon the debt, we do not exactly know how to deal with it. has been said, and said with so much appearance of honesty, "keeping faith with the public creditor," that it would not be ly to drive the wedge even of the soundest philosophy i pleasing a structure. But in the spirit of the most perfe ness it may be asked, " Is the fundholder the only public crec For if he be not, then parliament may be breaking faith wit ther, and an equally or more deserving creditor, in consequ this very faith which it is keeping with him. It is certain t convenient term " public creditor," may be applied to every who pays taxes toward the support of the state. These ta not payed (in this country, at least), in virtue of a divine ri herent in the receiver. They are paid for value, which ei or ought to be received; and one of the very first and most es elements of that value is *equity*—equity in the laying on an ing of those very taxes themselves. The capital of the fundh more secure than that of any other person in the country. He is to no contingencies, either of the weather or of trade; there enjoys more of the protection of the state than any other su in addition to which, considering the rate at which most debt was borrowed, he has more than the legal interest for h ney, and that without any expense of insurance. But, d pay more for those superior privileges? No. His cap saved from every tax, while a full third of the profits of ever man's capital, or say, to be below the mark, a fifth of the produce of every other man's capital, talents, and labour, is taxes. And this is what is called keeping faith with the *creditor! It* is plundering the wealth, and burdening the in *of the nation, for* the purpose of, in the first instance, fac

ring of money, and in the end encouraging a set of un-
gamblers, who, under cover of dealing in government
practice every kind of fraud. This, in addition to an
reduction of the armament, is the point toward which
ion of the legislature should be directed, if the public
the person to whom the treasury is really and regularly
-is to be kept faith with. How is it to be dealt with?
ey reduce the capital, or the rate of interest? They should
ither,—they should impose upon the annual produce of
such a tax, *ad valorem,* as falls upon the average of all
luctive sources in the country. That may be about one
ven millions and a half in the year, which, with what
saved upon the armament, might make a total reduction
than twelve millions. This would not only make up for
ncy of the revenue, but enable such a weight of taxation
n off, as would substantially and effectually relieve the
stry of the country, and do justice, in the end, to those
so long been suffering in consequence of a mischievous
n system.

not expect that this will be done in the next session; but
ite convinced that every time it is repeated, the prejudice
will become less and less, until even those whose interests
t it, shall yield to the power of conviction and the force

aware that it may, and will be said, in opposition to
many of the fundholders are persons who have invested
of their property in public securities, and are thus de-
pon them for the whole of their incomes; but this, though
is an *argumentum ad benignitatem;* and when sifted,
all such arguments—a mere evasion. The fundholders
tainly not have a harsher measure dealt out to them than
it to the rest of the people; but as certainly they ought
e a more lenient one. Now the lands, the manufactories,
and the intellects upon which taxes are paid, furnish the
ns of those who pay the taxes, and there are fifty times
f the poor that pay taxes out of the sweat of their brows,
re fundholders who derive the whole of their livings from
nds upon the public securities; but there is nobody that
plea for the former, and no hue-and-cry is raised, though
undered to ease the shoulders of the fundholder. Nor is
sake of the *poor* fundholder that the clamour is set up:
ne, who makes his tens and hundreds of thousands in a
who keeps the purses of kings, and makes their people
sury,—he is the real cause of the injustice: it is with
the government is afraid to quarrel; just as the spend-
rivate life, is afraid to quarrel with the smaller Israelite,
l *the while draining* him of that for which his ancestors
is people are toiling.

The total repeal of the corn laws, (for it would be useless to with the evil), and the reduction of the expenditure in the wa pointed out, (or in a better way, if any one will suggest it the points to which, if the new parliament is to do much good, i direct its earliest and most assiduous attention. Other and measures have been hinted at; but in general they are either nificant or delusive; and to attempt damming up the st and damming them up with porous and perishable matter, the fountain continues its supply of misery unabated, wou find for those who recommend it, or those who do it, a niche temple of wisdom. Surely the age when delusion was nec may now be presumed to have gone by; and the real cause o evil by which England has been struck down to the earth, midst of great apparent prosperity, may be approached w suspicion, and removed without apprehension of the consequ

No doubt, those who love the darkness, both in parliame out of it, will be anxious to lay the blame upon the liberal me that have already been adopted; but they must not be liste for any purpose save those of overturning them with argu and covering them with ridicule.

Art. IX. *Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scene* Mary Russel Mitford, author of Julian, a Tragedy. Vol. ii. 8 311. 8*s*. 6*d*. London. Whittaker. 1826.

In the course of the present number, as well as of former v of this journal, we have had occasion to express our fav opinion of the talents which Miss Mitford has exhibited 'Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.' We did not to be so soon presented with a second series of these very a compositions, and, indeed, we were inclined to imagine, that thing of interest in and about 'our village,' had been alread cipated. But we were egregiously mistaken. The place seem lutely inexhaustible of topics. For instance, until the appear this second volume, we knew nothing of 'Dr. Tubb,' or 'Lit chel;' 'The Vicar's Maid,' was equally beyond the circle of quaintance, as were also the 'Inquisitive Gentleman,' an 'Young Gipsey.' These, and several other worthy persons, to with a certain Emily, who will make any man at the right fifty dream of her for at least a fortnight, are now added ' village friends; and we are just as intimate with them, and a concerns, as if we had been shaking them by the hand eve they were born.

We wish that Miss Mitford would lay by that appendage she so obstinately adds to her name—'Author of Julian, a Tra *In the* way of introduction, it tends to give one who is a st *to her* powers, an idea of them the very reverse of what it arns him to be serious, when he ought to be preparing s for a feast of merriment and laughter; for a holiday of santry, such, as in these lugubrious times, is a treat not e expected. But we suppose, with all submission, that oible to be thought a picture of solemnity. Liston once himself intended by nature to be the first tragedian of his e intellectual woman is vain of her beauty, while she who eautiful prefers to be complimented on her mind. Un- the laws of chivalry were not made for critics, and we are obliged to recommend Miss Mitford to forget, as quickly sibly can, the name of the aforesaid Julian, and every thing l with him. If she does not, she may rest assured that, ns, she will remain Miss Mary Russel Mitford during the r of her impenitent life.

et there never was a lady, speaking of her from her s,' who less deserves to be consigned to that state, which escribed as so 'disconsolate.' Her mind seems to enjoy al sunshine. There is not a man, woman or child in her ay, not a pretty dog or bird, tree or flower, or even a grass in its neighbourhood, that is not thoroughly known and when she likes it, she makes them quite as well her readers. This she does too, without apparent effort, the least spice of that 'gossipry' which is the vice of all munities. To be sure there is a certain 'Touchy Woman,' m she seems to have been a little piqued, and whom she has d for life within the compass of one of her portraits. is, bound hand and foot as it were, in the village stocks, le to her kind, and a finished specimen of those pests of vho are ready to bristle up, as if personally insulted, at trivial omission of etiquette. With this exception, Miss in her 'pen and ink drawings,' as she appropriately calls lineates scarcely a single character which she does not th features of amiability and "honesty that knows no Her favourites become at once those of her readers. We y her in her walks, whether to the dell, the copse, or the d feel an interest in every peculiarity of their scenery. e goes out on one of her summer excursions, accompanied ny chaise by one of that circle of fascinating girls, whom s always to have at her command, and whose beauty and she pourtrays with all the fervour of a lover; we feel to be rty, to share in their conversation, to admire with them re of the fields, and to seek the shade, to botanise, stroll n along the Loddon-water, and in short, to share in all t-hearted and lady-like amusements. It is assuredly no talent which can thus take hold of the imagination, and will through some of the simplest scenes in England.

be thought wonderful, after all this, that Miss Mitford ms never to have worn a blue stocking. No such thing.

Her's is a perfect delicate flesh-colour, with the slightest sl imaginable of azure, and that confined to the clock. Here there she permits it to appear, just to shew that she can be so she likes. But generally, her style is like one of her own vil brooks---clear, sparkling, flowing merrily in its course, swelled into a torrent, or reduced below its natural smiling ma She makes a friend of every body, and every thing; and from singular acuteness of observation, she discovers variations or p liarities in them, which would escape a less intelligent eye. tells us all that she knows, or feels, with that philosophic which none but a superior mind can acquire; and thus th nothing that she touches, from a bantam-cock strutting bef barn door, to the history of her godfather, which she does not m picturesque and engaging.

Those who have read Miss Mitford's former volume of Ske (and those who have not, are ignorant of one of the most cious cures that we know of for ennui), will be glad to learn, after a lapse of two years, 'Our Village' has undergone bu changes. Let us walk through it with our fair guide, an how matters go on there.

'It is a pleasant lively scene this May morning, with the sun shin gaily on the irregular rustic dwellings, intermixed with their prett dens; a cart and a waggon watering, (it would be more correct, pe to say *beering*) at the Rose; Dame Wheeler, with her basket an brown loaf, just coming from the bake-house; the nymph of the shop feeding a large family of goslings at the open door—they ar late this year, those noisy little geese; two or three women in high dawdling up the street; Charles North the gardener, with his blue and a ladder on his shoulder, walking rapidly by; a cow and a browsing the grass by the way-side; my white grey-hound, May- sitting majestically in front of her own stable; and ducks, chickens and children, scattered over all.

A pretty scene!—rather more lopping of trees, indeed, and clipp hedges, along the high road, than one quite admires; but then tha tical turnpike-road, my ancient despair, is now so perfect and so be a specimen of Macadamization, that one even learns to like tree-l and hedge-clipping, for the sake of such smooth ways. It is simp best road in England, so says our surveyor, and so say I. The miles between us and B—— are like a bowling-green. By the ought perhaps to mention, as something like change in our outwar tion, that this little hamlet of ours is much nearer to that illustrio worshipful town than it used to be, Not that our quiet street hat guilty of the unbecoming friskiness of skipping from place to plac that our ancient neighbour, whose suburbs are spouting forth in all tions, hath made a particularly strong shoot towards us, and thr some day or other to pay us a visit bodily. The good town has a pushed the turnpike-gate half a mile nearer to us, and is in a fair *overleap that* boundary and build on, till the buildings join ours, as *don has done* by Hampstead or Kensington. What a strange fig *rude and rustic*al habitations would cut ranged by the side of some ow of newly erected houses, each as like the other as two drops of , with courts before and behind, a row of poplars opposite, and a ew name. How different we should look in our countless variety of and angles, our gardens, and arbours, and lime-trees, and pond! But nion of town and country will hardly happen in my time, let B—— ge as it may. We shall certainly lend no assistance, for our bound- till continue exactly the same.

he little white cottage down the lane which stands so prettily, backed tall elm wood, has lost its fair inmate, Sally Wheeler; who finding oel continued constant to our pretty Harriet, and was quite out of was suddenly forsaken by the fit of dutifulness which brought her p her deaf grandmother company, and returned to service. Dame ler has, however, a companion, in a widow of her own standing, ated by the parish to live with and take care of her. A nice tidy old n is dame Shearman;—pity that she looks so frumpish!—her face fixed in one perpetual scold. It was not so when she lived with ster on the Lea, then she was a light-hearted merry character, whose e ran all day long—and that's the reason of her cross look now! Wheeler is as deaf as a post, and poor Mrs. Shearman is pining of a ession of speech. Fancy what it is for a woman, especially a g woman, to live without a listener! forced either to hold her peace, en that becomes impossible, to talk to one to whose sense words are ! La Trappe is nothing to this tantalization;—besides, the Trap- vere men. No wonder that poor Dame Shearman looks cross.

e Blacksmith's!—no change in that quarter; except a most aston- growth amongst the children. George looks quite a man, and who was just like a blue-eyed doll, with her flaxen curls and her blossom complexion, the prettiest fairy that ever was seen, now walks school every morning with her work-bag and her spelling book, really a great girl. They are a fine family, from the eldest to the est.

e Shoemaker's!—not much to talk of there; no funeral!—and disappoints my prediction) no wedding! My pretty neighbour has et made her choice. She does wisely to look about her. A belle heiress—I dare say she'll have a hundred pounds to her portion— ill in her teens, has some right to be nice. Besides, what would all mmas, whose babies she nurses, and all the children whom she spoils, hout her? No sparing the shoemaker's fair daughter! She must arry these half dozen years!'—pp. 1—6.

as our amusing author leads us through the village, pointing ur old acquaintances, and relating their little "annals," with minuteness of detail which is so characteristic a feature of her She must be a prodigious favourite, we presume, in this village, for everybody seems to smile and look pleasant as she s. From this sprightly tone she glides into an affecting nar- of 'the tenants of Beechgrove,'—a cottage fit for a honey- , and often resorted to for that trying occasion. But from g the visitors, Miss Mitford selects one pair who chose the spot concealment of an unhallowed union. She tells their unhappy n a most impressive manner. She feels like a woman for the

fallen one,—she does not sermonize on her guilt, but she repres her agonies of remorse with such pathetic force, by a few mast touches, that the tale needs no moral. This, however, is not Mitford's happiest mood. It comes upon her sometimes, like bidden tears, but it soon gives place to pleasanter themes. An these, she seems to take delight in her 'early recollections, telling of her school days, her young companions, and the resources which they had for amusement. Play acting appe have been their favourite rage, but we must own that the cha devoted to these boarding-school reminiscences are not very to our taste. We infinitely prefer her 'Walks in the Cou particularly when, as is usually the case, she is attended by flower, that most sagacious and lady-like of grey-hounds.

'Sad wintry weather; a north-east wind; a sun that puts ou eyes, without affording the slightest warmth; dryness that chaps li hands like a frost in December; rain that comes chilling and arro hail in January; nature at a dead pause; no seeds up in the gard leaves out in the hedge-rows; no cowslips swinging their pretty the fields; no nightingales in the dingles; no swallows skimming the great pond; no cuckoos (that ever I should miss that rascal neteer!) in any part! Nevertheless there is something of a charm wintry spring, this putting-back of the seasons. If the flower-cloc stand still for a month or two, could it choose a better time than tha primroses and violets? I never remember (and for such gauds my m if not very good for aught of wise or useful, may be trusted) such a ence of the one or such a duration of the other. Primrosy is the which this year will retain in my recollection. Hedge, ditch, m field, even the very paths and highways, are set with them; but the *habitat* is a certain copse, about a mile off, where they are spread carpet, and where I go to visit them rather oftener than quite co with the dignity of a lady of mature age. I am going thither this ternoon, and May and her company are going too.

'This Mayflower of mine is a strange animal. Instinct and in make in her an approach to reason which is sometimes almost st She mimics all that she sees us do with the dexterity of a monkey, more of gravity and apparent purpose; cracks nuts and eats the thers currants and severs them from the stalk with the most nicety; filches and munches apples and pears; is as dangerous in chard as a schoolboy; smells to flowers; smiles at meeting; answ pretty lively voice when spoken to (sad pity that the language should known!) and has greatly the advantage of us in conversation, inasn our meaning is certainly clear to her;—all this and a thousand a prettinesses, (to say nothing of her canine feat of bringing he straight to her master's feet, and refusing to resign it to any hand b does my beautiful greyhound perform untaught, by the mere effect tation and sagacity. Well, May, at the end of the coursing season, lost Brush, our old spaniel, her great friend, and the blue greyhou riette, her comrade and rival, both of which four-footed worthies w out to keep for the summer, began to find solitude a weary conditi to look abroad for company. Now it so happened that the same

of sport which had reduced our little establishment from three dogs to
had also dispersed the splendid kennel of a celebrated courser in our
hbourhood, three of whose finest young dogs came home to " their
t" (as the sporting phrase goes) at the collar-maker's in our village.
r, accordingly, on the first morning of her solitude, (she had never
n the slightest notice of her neighbours before, although they had so-
ed in our street for upwards of a fortnight), bethought herself of the
y resource offered to her by the vicinity of these canine *beaux*, and
up boldly and knocked at their stable door, which was already very
odiously on the half-latch. The three dogs came out with much
ess and gallantry, and May, declining apparently to enter their terri-
, brought them off to her own. This manœuvre has been repeated
day, with one variation: of the three dogs, the first a brindle, the
d a yellow, and the third a black, the two first only are now admitted
k or consort with her, and the last, poor fellow, for no fault that I
iscover, except May's caprice, is driven away not only by the fair
out even by his old companions—is, so to say, sent to Coventry. Of
o permitted followers, the yellow gentleman, Saladin by name, is de-
y the favourite. He is indeed, May's shadow, and will walk with me
er I choose or not. It is quite impossible to get rid of him unless
arding Miss May also;—and to accomplish a walk in the country,
t her, would be like an adventure of Don Quixote, without his
l 'squire Sancho.

forth we set, May and I, and Saladin and the brindle; May and
walking with the sedateness and decorum befitting our sex and
he is five years old this grass, rising six)—the young things, for the
and the brindle are (not meaning any disrespect) little better than
s, frisking and frolicking as best pleased them.

r route lay, for the first part, along the sheltered quiet lanes which
our old habitation; a way never trodden by me without peculiar and
like feelings, full of the recollections, the pains and pleasures of
lays. But we are not to talk sentiment now;—even May would not
tand that maudlin language.'—pp. 46—49.

must here beg Miss Mitford's pardon, if we say that much
remaining portion of this chapter, is full of that 'sentiment,'
that very 'maudlin language,' which she here so bravely
ates. We give an instance:

h Saladin! come away from the hedge! don't you see that what
you and makes you leap up in the air, is a red-breast's nest? don't
the pretty speckled eggs? don't you hear *the poor hen calling, as*
, *for help?*" '—p. 50.

at language is this, if it be not maudlin of the very first
We might add to it the fair author's description of an at-
nade by this same Saladin upon some sheep and lambs, as
s her raptures upon finding a bed of primroses; which may
very pretty in the mouth of a pretty woman, but which cer-
cut a very poor figure when transferred to the pages of a
e intended for the public. " Ohs!" and " ahs!" and pet
, *are irresistible* by the fire-side, but beyond that sanctuary

they sound childish, and expose the person who uses them to the penalty most abhorred by a sensitive mind—that of being laughed at. This is, perhaps, the only vice of any importance in Miss Mitford's style. She has been told of it more than once; though her good sense—and no female writer has ever shewn more of that sterling quality—ought to have taught her of itself, that such sentimental raptures and exclamations, in a book, are almost as bad as a doctor's prescription. There is, indeed, an occasional redundancy in her composition, which leads her into negligence in her expressions, but generally she talks so fluently and so well, that it would be ungracious to select any of her little errors, in this way, for nice criticism.

We have already mentioned the portrait of the 'Touchy Lady.' It is one of the best sketches in the whole collection, though it has a sharper air of satire than Miss Mitford usually indulges in. The unfortunate victim is fairly dissected. It is a happy circumstance, that both parties are under 'petticoat protection,' otherwise there would inevitably be a breach of the peace. To call her *Mrs. Bea.* was "the unkindest cut of all." We shall certainly avoid her; for we know her now so perfectly, that we should discover her at a single glance, in the most crowded assembly. She will never, we trust, become an authoress—above all things not a poetess. For if to her natural 'touchiness,' she should superadd the tenderness of the genus irritabile, by Jove she would play the very deuce among the critics. If Mrs. Tighe had known her, she would doubtless have added another stanza to her Prayer to Diana.

'Jack Hatch' we remember to have read in some periodical publication, and therefore we shall pass it over, remarking only, that it is manifestly founded on Washington Irving's inimitable story of "The Fat Gentleman." Indeed, if we mistake not, Miss Mitford has a penchant for the American's style, and owes more to his *crayon* sketches than she would choose, perhaps, to acknowledge. We do not pretend to suggest, that we could absolutely convict her of plagiarism, or of any thing bordering on a literary larceny, but certainly there is now and then a resemblance between her characters and those of Irving, which can hardly be imputed to accident. It is equally certain that she is no servile imitator. All she wanted were the first hints, and upon these she has worked with her fertile genius so happily, that she may be said to have made them almost wholly her own. The story of 'The Black Velvet Bag,' is, however, original in every part of it. It is a genuine feminine conception, of which no individual of the lordly sex could ever have formed even the most remote idea.

'The Old House at Aberleigh,' is an exquisite sketch. It glows with the joy and fervour of a summer noon. Here too figures that Emily, of whom we have already spoken, 'like a creation of the *older poets*,' who 'might pass for one of Shakspeare's, or Fletcher's *women stepped* into life; just as tender, as playful, as gentle, and a kind.' She has too it seems a 'charming artless character, a bewitching sweetness of manner,' and then, 'she is Irish by birth, and has in perfection the melting voice, and soft caressing accent, by which her fair countrywomen are distinguished. Moreover, she is pretty—I think her beautiful.' 'A short but pleasing figure, all grace and symmetry, a fair blooming face, beaming with intelligence and good humour; the prettiest little feet, and the whitest hands in the world; such is Emily!' We had intended to take a walk with her on the banks of the Loddon, but, on reflection, we find it would be too dangerous an experiment. We observe, besides, that there is a stile to cross before we should arrive at the old house.' The thing is impossible. Green lanes, as we know, from Tremaine, are perilous enough; but to see 'the prettiest little feet in the world' crossing a stile, on such a day too—one of the balmiest of the fragrant June!—No—Miss Mitford must take charge of the young lady, and we know she will excuse us, as we are going to pay a visit to her 'Godfather.'

> 'He was that beautiful thing, a healthy and happy old man. Shakspeare, the master painter, has partly described him for me, in the words of old Adam,—
>
> "Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty but kindly."
>
> Never was wintry day, with the sun smiling upon the icicles, so bright or so keen. At eighty-four, he had an unbent, vigorous person, a fresh colour, long, curling, milk-white hair, and regular features, lighted up by eyes as brilliant and as piercing as those of a hawk; his foot was as light his voice as clear, and his speech as joyous as at twenty. He had a life of mind, an alertness of spirit, a brilliant and unfading hilarity, which were to him, like the quick blood of youth. Time had been rather his friend than his foe; had stolen nothing as far as I could discover; and had given such a license to his jokes and his humour, that he was when I knew him as privileged a person as a court-jester in days of yore. Perhaps he was always so; for, independently of fortune and station, high animal spirits, invincible good humour, and a certain bustling officiousness, are pretty sure to make their way in the world, especially when they seek only for petty distinctions. He was always the first personage of his small circle; president of half the clubs in the neighbourhood; steward to the races; chairman of the bench; father of the corporation; and would undoubtedly have been member for the town, if that ancient borough had not had the ill luck to be disfranchised in some stormy period of our national history.'—pp. 251, 252.

The peculiar delight of our 'Godfather' consisted, however, in match-making. He lived in a small town in the North, and had a hand in every matrimonial speculation, that for the last forty years had been carried into effect, or broken off, within twenty miles of his residence. One of his exploits in this way is admirably told by *Miss Mitford. We cannot* afford room for the whole of it, and *therefore we must premise* that the principal subjects of it were a

Miss Reid, and a Miss Hervey. The latter was an orphan heiress of considerable fortune and beauty; the former was her governess; 'a tall, awkward woman, raw-boned, lank, and huge, just what one fancies a man would be in petticoats.' She completely ruled her pupil, and frustrated many attempts which the Godfather made to get Miss Hervey, who was a kinswoman of his own, happily married. Chance, however, assisted his projects. The curate of the parish was a Mr. Morris—'an uncouth, gawky, lengthy man, with an astounding Westmoreland dialect, and a most portentous laugh. Really his ha! ha! ha! was quite a shock to the nerves—a sort of oral shower-bath.' He was a widower, with only one son, Edward Morris, and it so happened that the father, in his way, paid his addresses to Miss Reid, while the son contrived to get over head and ears in love with Miss Hervey.

'Affairs were in this position, when one night just at going to bed, my good godfather, with a little air of mystery, (no uncommon preparation to his most trifling plans), made an appointment to walk with me before breakfast, as far as a pet farm about a mile out of the town, the superintendence of which was one of his greatest amusements. Early the next morning, the housemaid, who usually attended me, made her appearance, and told me that her master was waiting for me, that I must make haste, and that he desired I would be smart, as he expected a party to breakfast at the farm. This sort of injunction is seldom thrown away on a damsel of eighteen; accordingly, I adjusted, with all dispatch, a new blue silk pelisse, and sallied forth into the corridor, which I heard him pacing as impatiently as might be. There, to my no small consternation, instead of the usual gallant compliments of the most gallant of godfathers, I was received with very disapproving glances: told that I looked like an old woman in that dowdy-coloured pelisse, and conjured to exchange it for a white gown. Half affronted, I nevertheless obeyed; doffed the pelisse, and donned the white gown, as ordered: and being greeted this time with a bright smile, and a chuck under the chin, we set out in high good humour on our expedition.

'Instead, however, of proceeding straight to the farm, Mr. Evelyn made a slight deviation from our course, turning down the market place, and into the warehouse of a certain Mrs. Bennet, milliner and mantua-maker, a dashing over-dressed dame, who presided over the fashions for ten miles round, and marshalled a compter full of caps and bonnets at one side of the shop, while her husband, an obsequious civil bowing tradesman, dealt out gloves and stockings at the other. A little dark parlour behind was common to both. Into this den, was I ushered; and Mrs. Bennet, with many apologies, began, at a signal from my godfather, to divest me of all my superfluous blueness, silk handkerchief, sash and wrist-ribbons, (for with the constancy which is born of opposition, I had, in relinquishing my obnoxious pelisse, clung firmly to the obnoxious colour), replacing them by white satin ribbons and a beautiful white shawl; and, finally, exchanging my straw bonnet for one of white silk, with a deep lace veil—that piece of delicate finery which all women delight in. Whilst I was now admiring the richness of the genuine Brussels point, and now looking at myself in a little glass which Mrs. Bennet was holding to my face, for the better display of her millinery—the bonnet, to do her justice, was pretty and becoming,—during this engrossing contemplation, her smooth silky husband crept behind me with the stealthy pace of a cat, and relying, as it seems, on my pre-occupation, actually drew my York-tan gloves from my astonished hands, and substituted a pair of his own best white kid. This operation being completed, my godpapa, putting his forefinger to his lip in token of secrecy, hurried me, with a look of great triumph, from the shop.

'He walked at a rapid pace; and, between quick motion and amazement, I was too much out of breath to utter a word, till we had passed the old gothic castle at the end of the town, and crossed the long bridge that spans its wide and winding river. I then rained questions on my dear old friend, who chuckled and nodded, and vented two or three half-laughs, but vouchsafed nothing tending to a reply. At length, we came to a spot where the road turned suddenly to the left, (the way to the farm), whilst, right before us, rose a knoll, on which stood the church, a large, heavy, massive building, almost a cathedral, finely relieved by the range of woody hills which shut in the landscape. A turning gate, with a tall straight cypress on either side, led into the churchyard; and through this gate Mr. Evelyn passed. The church-door was a little a-jar, and, through the crevice, was seen peeping the long red nose of the old clerk, a Bardolphian personage, to whom my godfather, who loved to oblige people in their own way, sometimes did the questionable service of clearing off his score at the Greyhound; his red nose and a skirt of his shabby black coat, peeped through the porch; whilst, behind one of the buttresses, glimmered, for an instant, the white drapery of a female figure. I did not need these indications to convince me that a wedding was the object in view; that had been certain from the first cashiering of my blue ribbons; but I was still at a loss, as to the parties; and felt quite relieved by Mr. Evelyn's question, "Pray, my dear, were you ever a bride's-maid?"---since, in the extremity of my perplexity, I had had something like an apprehension that an unknown beau might appear at the call of this mighty manager, and I be destined to play the part of bride myself. Comforted to find that I was only to enact the confidante, I had now leisure to be exceedingly curious as to my prima donna. My curiosity was speedily gratified.

'On entering the church, we had found only a neighbouring clergyman, not Mr. Morris, at the altar; and, looking round at the opening of another door, I perceived the worthy curate in a jetty clerical suit, bristling with newness, leading Miss Reid, be-flounced and be-scarfed and be-veiled and be-plumed, and all in a flutter of bridal finery, in great state, up the aisle. Mr. Evelyn advanced to meet them, took the lady's fair hand from Mr. Morris, and led her along with all the grace of an old courtier; I fell into the procession at the proper place; the amiable pair were duly married, and I thought my office over. I was never more mistaken in my life.

'In the midst of the customary confusion of kissing and wishing joy, and writing and signing registers and certificates, which form so important and disagreeable a part of that disagreeable and important ceremony, Mr. Evelyn had vanished; and just as the bride was inquiring for him, with the intention of leaving the church, he reappeared, through the very same side-door which had admitted the first happy couple, leading Lucy Hervey, and followed by Edward Morris. The father evidently expected them; *the new step-mother* as evidently did not. Never did a thief, taken in the manor, seem more astonished than that sage gouvernante! Lucy, on her part, blushed and hung back, and looked shyer and prettier than ever; the old clerk grinned; the clergyman, who had shewn some symptoms of astonishment at the first wedding, now smiled to Mr. Evelyn, as if this accounted, and made amends for it; whilst the dear godpapa himself chuckled and nodded and rubbed his hands, and chucked both bride and bride's-maid under the chin, and seemed ready to cut capers for joy. Again the book was opened at the page of destiny; again I held the milk-white glove; and after nine years of unsuccessful manœuvring, my cousin Lucy was married. It was undoubtedly the most triumphant event of the good old man's life; and I don't believe that either couple ever had cause to regret the dexterity in the art of match-making which produced their double union. They have been as happy as people usually are in this work-a-day world, especially the young mathematician and his pretty wife; and their wedding-day is still remembered in W.; for besides his munificence to singer, ringer, sexton, and clerk, Mr. Evelyn roasted two sheep on the occasion, gave away ten bride cakes, and made the whole town tipsy.---pp. 292---296.

From these extracts the reader can form no other than a favourable opinion of Miss Mitford's second volume. We may assure him that he will find it an extremely delightful book, in its way, and that he may turn its pages over and over again without being tired of them.

NOTICES.

Art. X. *An Edict of Diocletian, fixing a Maximum of Prices throughout the Roman Empire.* A. D. 303. 8vo. pp. 42. London. Murray. 1826.

For the publication of this curious document we are indebted to Colonel Leake, to whose Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor* it forms an appropriate and valuable addition. He appears to have framed it from a lithographic copy of the Latin inscription of Stratoniceia, described in his work, which was made out by Mr. W. Bankes, and from the tracing of another inscription, brought to England by Mr. Vescovali, of Rome, and taken from a stone which he found in the possession of a gentleman who had been travelling in the Levant. We are not told in what particular spot the latter stone was discovered, but the inscription upon it evidently forms a portion of the same imperial edict which Mr. Bankes transcribed at Stratoniceia, (Eskihissâr), that portion consisting of the first two-thirds of the ordinance, which precede the catalogue of commodities and prices according to the maximum established by it. These happen to be the very parts of the inscription which were most defective in Mr. Bankes's copy, and though the entire decree has not yet been obtained, we probably have at present as much of it as is ever likely to be recovered. We are in possession at least ficient portion of it for the gratification of that laudable curiosity, s so active and so successful in these times in exploring the ruins uity. We shall select from the catalogue a few of the items enu- in it, together with the prices affixed to them; Colonel Leake lain the description of measures and money in use at the time.

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* See the Monthly Review, vol. civ., p. 411, former series.

measures used in the Catalogue are the pound, the modius, the s, the cubit, and the digit. The pound was about three-fourths of glish avoirdupois; the modius was something more than an English the sextarius was equal to about a pint and a half English; the livided into twenty-four digits, consisted of a foot and a half, the foot being four-tenths of an inch less than the English. As to the s—the money in which the prices are stated—the Catalogue fur- a curious evidence of its great depreciation in the time of Diocletian. the age of Augustus the denarius was one-seventh of a Roman of silver, and was considered equal in value to the Attic drachma, weighs sixty-five grains troy; it was therefore intrinsically equiva- near three-fourths of a shilling of our silver currency of 66 shillings pound troy. In the second century of the Empire, the average butchers' meat at Rome was about two denarii the pound: from sent document we cannot suppose that, about the year 300, beef itton in the most plentiful times were less than four denarii the the prices here mentioned being the maximum in time of scarcity, which it was unlawful to sell.'—p. 29.

		Denarii.
the first quality called) *Olei flos* (flower of oil)	one Italian sextarius	40
rate oil	id.	24
r	id.	6
ien (a pickle made of fish) the best	id.	6
the best	id.	40
rate	id.	20
ioney	id.	8
butchers' meat.		
	one Italian pound	12
	id.	8
flesh or muttton	id.	8
(udder, &c. of sow-pig)	id.	24
(udder, &c. of a breeding sow)	id.	20
n (hog's liver enlarged by fatting) the best	id.	16
he best	id.	16
st bacon ham of Westphalia or the Cerdagne	id.	20
country of the Marsi	id.	20
animal fat or suet	id.	12
greasing wheels, &c.	id.	12
eet—the belly and inwards to be sold at the same price		
pork	id.	4
ium (or fresh sausage) of one ounce, made of pork		2
of beef	id.	10
cæ (seasoned and smoked sausages) made of pork	id.	16
icæ of beef	id.	10
d cock pheasant		250

		Denarii
A wild cock pheasant		12
A fatted hen pheasant		20
A hen pheasant not fatted		10
A fat goose		20
A goose not fatted		10
Chickens		6
A partridge		3
Duck		4
Hare		15
Rabbit		4
Lamb	by the pound	1
Kid	id.	1
Tallow	one Italian pound	
Butter	id.	
Sea fish of the best quality or from deep water	id.	
Second rate fish	id.	
Best river fish	id.	
Second rate river fish	id.	
Salt fish	id.	
Oysters	a hundred	1
Dry cheese	one Italian pound	
Lettuces, the best	five	
Second rate	ten	
Cauliflowers, the best	five	
Second rate	ten	
Cabbage sprouts, the best	a bundle	
Leeks, the largest	ten	
Second rate	twenty	
Beet-roots, the largest	five	
Second rate	ten	
Radishes, the largest		
Of the wages of labour.		
To the agricultural labourer	by the day	
To the stonemason	id.	
To the labourer of inside work in houses	id.	
To the maker of mortar	id.	
To the worker in marble	id.	
To the worker in mosaic	id.	
To the veterinary surgeon (*mulomedicus*) for cutting the hair and hoofs of each animal		
To the same for combing and cleansing the head of each animal		
To the barber, for each man		
To the tailor (*sarcinator*) for lining a fine vest		
To the same for an opening and an edging with silk		
To the same for an opening and an edging with stuff made of a mixed tissue of silk and flax		
To the advocate or lawyer for an application to the court (*in postulatione*)		
At the hearing of the cause (*in cognitione*)		1
To the teacher of architecture, for each boy by the month		

(*caligæ*).	*Denarii.*
or muleteers or field labourers, of the best fashion, with- nails	120
caligæ, without nails	100
patricians, called *calcei*	150
r's *caligæ*	100
or the equestrian order	70
women's *caligæ*	60
sandals, called *campagi*	75

	one Italian sextarius	30
	id.	30
	id.	30
n	id.	30
	id.	30
e	id.	30
	id.	30
of the best quality	id.	24
of secondary quality	id.	16
ine	id.	8
ed *Camus*	id.	4
Egyptian beer)	id.	2
nspissated wine of Asia, called *Carœnum Mæonum*	id.	30
ine of Attica	id.	24
(decoction of the must of grapes)	id.	16

pp. 30—42.

Thoughts on Domestic Education; the Result of Experience. lother. 8vo. pp. 366. London. C. Knight. 1826.

no hesitation in recommending this volume to the attention of It is intended principally for those in the middle classes of life, ins a great mass of sound suggestions for the conduct of the doucation of females. Though not always a model of correctness, nguage is uniformly clear and simple. The author is evidently ho has bestowed a very considerable degree of attention on the which she treats. Her advice is given with an anxious regard velfare of her own daughters, to whom she has dedicated her and we may therefore rely upon its being, as she represents it, lt of twenty years' experience in a family of six children.' Indeed, , who was not a mother, could have imagined the multifarious y useful details into which these 'Thoughts' descend. From the of infancy, to the period when the educated girl is likely to quit aal roof, we have an excellent distribution of time, and a perfect ion of the branches of instruction to which the different years appropriated. Nor does the author quit her task even here. ds her care to the whole life of her pupils, and furnishes them bundance of easy and sensible rules, by the observance of which obtain happiness for themselves, and impart it to all around

ommon rudiments of education, such as reading, writing, arith- ncing, music, and drawing, occupy the early chapters of the work. The author's observations upon the latter accomplishment, accord so much with our own sense of its value, that we willingly quote them.

'For boys, some knowledge of drawing is useful in many professions and situations besides that of an artist, as soldiers, sailors, and manufacturers. To girls, this charming art is an accomplishment highly desirable, as being a quiet, a domestic, and an elegant amusement. Whatever endears home, or renders it agreeable, is worthy of female attention and study. We cannot too much multiply the power of home occupation, since the incapacity for such occupation too oftens leads to habits of public amusement and exhibition, idle gossiping, and the long train of follies to which the indolent and vacant minded resort for dissipating *ennui.*

'The pencil and the pallet offer a recreation that may be enjoyed at almost any time, and that without infringing on the comforts of the other members of the domestic circle; advantages that music does not possess, the noise of instrument and song being sometimes incommodious, and the instrument itself a less portable article than the paint-box and the portfolio. Even by the bed-side of a sick friend, the kind attendant may while away the hour by cheering conversation, and, at the same time, employ herself with the quiet and unoffending pencil.

'Drawing and painting bestow the power of producing many an elegant and inexpensive gift, and leave permanent mementos of industry and taste, to arouse and encourage the efforts of those who come after us in the career of life. At almost any period of existence can these charming arts be pursued and enjoyed.

'By causing a close observation of the works of nature in flowers, fruits, animals, and landscapes, may it not often induce a warmer glow of gratitude and veneration to the Creator of all things?

'It seems, then, that drawing, though a less desired and less shining accomplishment, may prove the more truly valuable attainment. Let it be taught (as is recommended in every branch of education) fundamentally. Let the pupil be early told, that all its excellence consists in the faithful delineations of objects; that painting must not be attempted until drawing has been well attained, for no beauty of colouring can compensate for deformity of outline, no just light and shade can exist where a false perspective appears. To sketching the simple outline of objects should the attention be primarily devoted and long confined; how long, must be determined by the proficiency made by the young pupil.

'Perhaps the age of nine years is as soon as the hand is capable of firmly holding and guiding the pencil. The first lesson should be given from natural subjects. Let the child gather a leaf, an acorn, a stone, a shell, or any other thing easy of observation and delnieation. Let the parent or preceptor slowly and carefully draw the outline of the object before the young pupils, and giving what instructions may be necessary, put the pencil into their hands, and bid them imitate what they have just seen executed. Patience in effacing bad strokes, and perseverance in repeating the efforts, should be inculcated in various forms of gentle and intelligible admonition:—"Yes, that is badly done. I drew just as badly myself when I began learning to draw; but you see I draw tolerably well now. Well, I have gained my moderate skill by continued and long practice, by doing the same sketch over and over again. You often hear of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other clever painters; I dare say, when they st took a pencil into their hands, they managed no better than you do w. *Almost every art can be attained by patient and unremitting perserance.*" '—pp. 89—93.

There is one piece of advice properly inculcated in this work, which we ould be happy to see more generally reduced to practice, viz. that chilren, especially girls, should be educated for the station in which they are ost likely to spend their after years. There is no greater encouragement vice, than an education which bestows on a woman accomplishments perior to her rank in life. The natural result is, that if they acquire a ste for those accomplishments, they will in the same proportion conceive dislike for those homely occupations, which their circumstances may reuire them to perform; and most probably, they will finally take refuge om such disagreeable offices, in that idle infamy, of which, unhappily, we very day see increasing examples. The good sense, therefore, of the folowing suggestions cannot be too highly appreciated.

'Men of all classes have duties and pleasures, independent of the elegant accomplishments, but as women should look for their joys chiefly at ome, they must have resources for domestic and lonely enjoyment. Without therefore talking of genius or taste, mothers must simply consider what chance of future leisure they may anticipate for their daughters; as wives or single women, the probability of living on a small income will suggest the full occupation of life, by the right discharge of every domestic duty; for those, therefore, who have small fortunes, or are likely to marry in an humble walk of life, it is worse than useless, it is injurious, to waste time on the acquirements of drawing and music. The hours so devoted would be much more profitably spent in the attainment of the useful branches of education—writing, arithmetic, and needlework.

'Let not mothers harass themselves with the objection that their daughters may marry, or become wealthy, beyond sober calculation. Such chances are rare, and, when occurring, a knowledge of the useful arts will go much towards finding agreeable and rational occupation.'—pp. 74, 75.

The objects which a well educated young woman of easy circumstances should be desirous of acquiring, are well summed up by our author.

'To read well, and write a good hand; to have a thorough knowledge of all needle-works, of arithmetic, of geography, of the French language.

'To possess considerable acquaintance with general history, a closer intimacy with that of her own, and to be familiar with the best poetry, travels, essays, &c.

'To acquire an improved skill in any one branch of painting or drawing; as excellence in "painting flowers," or "drawing landscapes," or "sketching heads."

'To attain a moderate execution of music, with correct time and pure taste, so as to please others, and amuse herself.

'Also some insight into the Italian language, botany, natural history, and all the branches of natural and experimental philosophy, as astronomy, &c.

'Perhaps a peep into mathematics and the Latin language.'—pp. 24, 25.

It is a disputed point, how far a young lady should be induced to peep into a language, from which, even if she gain a competent knowledge of it, she can derive no practical advantage. To men, it is useful in a thousand walks of life; but its utility to the other sex is limited, at most, to the facilitation of French and Italian—and these languages they may, and do acquire, quite as well without it. In this, however, as in all cases of the sort, much depends on circumstances.

After going through the different branches of education, the author points out the courses of application, and the books which should be placed in the hands of the pupils, at the progressive stages between the fourth and the twentieth year. She then proceeds to give instructions on housewifery, self-tuition, arrangement of time, the value of money, and the different virtues which tend so much to sweeten this life, and at the same time, to prepare it for the next. The author is mistaken in supposing, that her work 'stands alone as the composition of a mother on the subject of education.' Madame de Genlis was a mother when she wrote those various books for the instruction of children, which, in France, still maintain so great and deserved a popularity. If the author had said "of an English mother," she might perhaps have been correct. English mothers are too much in the habit of sending their daughters to boarding schools, where in nine cases out of ten they degenerate rather than improve.

ART. XII. *The Cabinet Lawyer: or Popular Digest of the Laws of England.* 12mo. pp. 543. *7s. 6d.* London. Simpkin and Marshall. 1826.

THIS is little more than an imperfect abridgment of Mr. Chitty's edition of Blackstone's Commentaries. Its principal object, as the editor informs us, is 'to lesson the occasions for an appeal to the courts of law; and to render accessible, to unprofessional readers, a knowledge of the institutions by which individual rights, persons, and properties, are secured.' We venture to predict that it will do neither the one nor the other. Appeals to courts of law seldom, or never, arise from the legal ignorance of either of the parties to a suit; and even if they did, the Cabinet Lawyer would tend rather to increase than to lesson them, by diffusing among the people a sort of half-knowledge, which is infinitely more litigious than no knowledge at all. From the size of the volume, and the necessity of compressing within it what the editor is pleased to call 'a Digest of the Laws of England,' it is at once manifest that even the principles of our common and written laws, would hardly find room in so limited a space. But of how small a share of legal knowledge would he be possessed, who was acquainted only with the *principles* upon which our laws are framed! The decisions of our courts may seem, indeed, to flow from them; but the connection between the principle and the decided case, is often so remote, that though perhaps strictly correct, the train of argument by which it is justified may be of the most subtle description.

As the editor alludes, in his preface particularly, to his digest of the new Bankrupt Act, we turned to it, and at the very first glance we lighted on the following paragraph.

'*Exemption from Duties.*---All commissions, deeds, conveyances, surrenders, affidavits, and every other instrument and writing, as well as

All advertisements in the London Gazette, and all sales by auction, connected with the effects and property of a bankrupt, are exempt from any tax or duty.'---p. 239.

From this exposition of the law, the unprofessional reader would at once conclude, that if he purchased a freehold from the assignees of a bankrupt, he would have no 'tax or duty,' of any kind, to pay on the deed by which it would be conveyed to him, because such deed would, in the language of the Cabinet Lawyer, be '*connected* with the effects and property of a bankrupt.' But if he refer to the ninety-eighth section of the statute itself, he would find that by acting under such an adviser, he would get into an error of no slight importance. For the statute only exempts from stamp duty, such deeds as relate to the estate of a bankrupt, "*and which (estate) after the execution of such deeds shall remain the estate of such bankrupt, or his assignees.*" That is to say, a conveyance *to* the bankrupt, or his assignees, need not be stamped; whereas a conveyance *from* either must be stamped as before.

If it were worth while, we might point out other errors equally important as this which we have specified, but as the book is anonymous, we think it unnecessary to guard the reader from any reliance upon its authority. Generally speaking, it is a safe rule not to take advice of any kind from those who have no responsibility. At the same time we are ready to admit, that those who wish to gain a superficial insight into our laws, and have neither the leisure nor the inclination to study Mr. Chitty's Blackstone, may find 'The Cabinet Lawyer,' as convenient a digest as they might wish to consult. They should, however, be extremely cautious how they act upon its instructions in any instance, without the assistance of a more competent guide.

ART. XIII. *An Examination of the Policy and Tendency of relieving Distressed Manufacturers by Public Subscription: with some Remarks on Lord Liverpool's Recommendation of those distressed Persons in a mass to the Poor's Rates, &c.* 8vo. pp. 40. London. 1826.

THE writer of this little tract is a declared and zealous enemy of the Poor Laws, as they are at present administered; and though he appears rather in the light of an advocate on one side of the question, yet he has evidently brought considerable experience to the consideration of it. He justly thinks that the late, and indeed still existing, scenes of distress, in the manufacturing districts, claim the serious attention of every man anxious for the future welfare of the country; and that not only should the causes of them be fully investigated, but a remedy devised, if one can be found, to prevent their recurrence. For it is obvious, that no community can be in a healthy condition, in which such alternations of prosperity and bankruptcy periodically occur, as those which have been witnessed in England within the last thirty years; each of the distressful epochs exceeding the former one in an alarming ratio, as to the extent of its duration and the wrack of misfortune and desolation which it leaves behind it. This last revulsion has indeed been so severe and universal, as to sweep away many of the latent causes of disease, which have been long festering in the frame of our society; but the Poor Laws still remain, not only in vigorous but in widely increasing action, and from all appearances it is likely that they will still go on augmenting the sphere of their operation, until, like the Agrarian law of Rome, they effect a complete division of property between the different classes of the community.

In the present state of their administration, it is certain that individuals are relieved by them, who were never contemplated in the early statutes. It is a mistake, however, of the present writer to suppose that an order of maintenance from the proper authority is not valid, unless “ it adjudges the party seeking relief to be impotent as well as poor.” The fifty-ninth of the late King, gives the select vestries almost an arbitrary discretion, under which they may afford relief to any person who has a settlement within the parish. The result is, that the operative manufacturers, who are more liable to rises and depressions of wages than any other portion of the labouring population, become thoughtless of the future, enjoying vulgar luxuries when they can, and looking only to the poor's rates as a secure fund upon which they have a legal claim, when the evil day comes. Of the fatal expectation held out by this fund, the writer before us contends that they ought to be debarred, ‘*when next again in work and prosperity.*’ ‘For,’ he justly adds, ‘ while the supposition of that resource remains, all other measures are as chaff, or as the wind that is passing by; and in vain you load them with money from generous subscriptions, it seems but to increase their leaning towards mendicity, and to aggravate the imprudent waywardness of their minds.’ He follows up his suggestion with the following remarks, which appear to us to have great force.

‘ But I am desirous to finish this subject, and in doing so, I will content myself with only just hinting, at the *ill-timed* concession, made to this distress of the present times, in yielding both the measures respecting the corn, and in beginning the subscriptions, as soon as ever the sons of the factory system, began their operations on their master's looms and machinery, and *not before.* If it once becomes a habit to yield points, carrying a bad policy in their train, to insurrections and outrages, what is the rest of the community but a conquered country ? subdued by the physical force of pauperism. Many an unthinking politician will say, Aye, but refuse them support from the poor's rates, and will you not have an insurrection? The strongest reason that, of all others, if it does exist, I answer, why *they* ought to be refused. Is England, I repeat, to be a country subjugated by the dread of paupers ? and the fear of what they may be inclined to do, in defence of an indirect public robbery, for such, when bestowed on able-bodied paupers, and workmen, are the poor's rates. If that is to be the case, there is, indeed, an end of property, and security in property, for the middle ranks in England at least.’—pp. 35, 36.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1826.

RT. I. *Travels in Egypt and Nubia, Syria, and Asia Minor; during the years* 1817 *and* 1818. By the Hon. Charles L. Irby, and James Mangles, Commanders in the Royal Navy. 8vo. pp. 553. Printed for Private Distribution.

VE have only lately found opportunity for the perusal of this very leasing and unpretending volume; and we feel that we shall be renering an acceptable service to our readers in introducing them to some cquaintance with its contents. For the work itself, though really ossessing many points of lively interest and merit, has not hitherto een accessible to the public; and it has been withheld from geeral circulation by its authors, with a degree of literary diffidence, vhich is certainly most unusual in this teeming age of patrician ours and *dilettanti* quartos.

‘ In the year 1816,’ says the simple statement of their introduction, ‘ the Ion. Charles L. Irby, and James Mangles, commanders in the royal navy, eft England, merely with the intention of making a tour on the continent. 'his journey they were led to extend far beyond their original design. Cuiosity at first, and afterwards an increasing admiration of antiquities, as hey advanced, carried them, at length, through several parts of the Levant, vhich have been little visited by modern travellers, and gave them more han four years of continued employment. Soon after their return to Engand, in the year 1820, they were induced to transcribe a selection of the etters, which they had addressed during their absence, to their families n England, as the most convenient mode of satisfying the inquiries of numerous friends; and it was during this labour, that the idea was suggested to them of printing some copies of their narrative, for private distribution.’—Preface, pp. iii. iv.

It is seldom that in authorship the worn-out plea of “ the request of friends,” is more than a decent pretext to save the pseudo-modesty of the unfledged aspirant; but we happen to know that in the instance before us, the account which is given of the production of these Travels is substantially and literally true. Joined in the closest bonds of union, as old brother officers and as intimate riends, of suitable habits and of similar tastes, these two gentlemen were admirably fitted for travelling companions,—a most trying est of *congeniality;* and they accordingly set out together, with the laudable purpose of extending their knowledge. In these our "piping times of peace," they found a long period of leisure from their professional avocations; and instead of consuming it—as such leisure is too often consumed—in club-houses and at watering places—they devoted it to the indulgence of rational curiosity; and were carried forward by that spirit of manly adventure, which is the befitting characteristic of the British naval officer.

Of that learning which might have qualified them for profound antiquarian researches, they had doubtless no portion: they were neither fresh from the scholastic attainments of an university, nor were they professed men of letters or science. They have assuredly exhibited no unfounded pretensions of this kind; but observing the qualities of energy and enterprise, which they seem abundantly to have possessed, it may certainly be a subject of some regret, that they were not enabled to bring to their investigation of the remains of Egyptian art, more classical knowledge than could be preserved or increased in a professional education. But if they had few previous advantages, their enthusiastic temperament was readily kindled by the mere sight of antiquities; they rapidly imbibed a passion for the pursuits which were prompted by their novel situation; and when this taste was once excited, they followed it up with a warmth and devotion, an indefatigable and inquisitive determination, which Clarke himself would have delighted to honour and to share.

This spirit was very curiously and amusingly shewn, in the ardour with which they laboured for weeks with their own hands, under the fierce heats of an Egyptian sun, in the opening of the temple of Ipsambul, or, as they prefer so to call it, Ebsambal. To the unlearned, the task of excavation, at that wonderful monument of remote antiquity, could offer only the excitement of mere success; and yet, with no sordid views of remuneration, and with no hope of antiquarian distinction or fame, they there lavished their money and expended their strength, and found

> "The *labour's* self was lure enough."

In the relation, by their fellow-labourer, Mr. Belzoni, of that Herculean undertaking, justice seems to have been rendered to their strenuous efforts and indispensible aid, with but a very reluctant and imperfect acknowledgment; and we are not surprised that their friends should urge the publication in some shape of their travels, if only for the purpose of making a fairer and more explicit record of the transaction. Upon the face of the facts, it fully appears that, without their presence and manual assistance, the temple could never have been opened; and the account of the excavation, in which they had so principal a share, forms the most remarkable part of the narrative of their travels.

It is remarkable, and a little mortifying, that none of the party who succeeded in this interesting research, were qualified to render a wholly satisfactory description of the interior of this majestic emple, or to offer any explanatory dissertation upon the probable age and objects of a construction, which is certainly one of the most wonderful monuments of remoter Egyptian antiquity. The learning of Mr. Bankes, has been supposed equal to the elucidation of this subject, among others: but the publication of that gentleman's long-promised account of his travels and antiquarian researches in Egypt and Asia, seems postponed *sine die*. Belzoni was confessedly destitute of classical literature of any kind; and the account which is here given by Captains Irby and Mangles, of the interior of the temple of Ebsambal, is so superior to his, that we shall transcribe it at length for our readers. We regret that we cannot give a copy, also, of the excellent ground-plan of the temple which accompanies the volume.

> ‘ The interior of the temple is one hundred and fifty-four feet long, by fifty-two broad (exclusive of the side chambers); it is comprised of fourteen separate apartments, whereof the first is a principal hall, fifty-seven feet, by fifty-two; the second, an ante-chamber, thirty-seven feet, by twenty-five; the narrow chamber crossing the other two, thirty-seven feet, by nine feet eleven inches; after which comes the sanctuary, twenty-three feet seven inches, by twelve feet three inches; the rest are side apartments, whimsically placed in various directions. The interior of this temple is a work not inferior to any excavation in Egypt or Nubia, not even excepting the tombs of the kings; indeed, the effect produced on first entering it, may be considered as more striking than any which those can afford: the loftiness of the cieling, the imposing height of the square pillars, and of the erect colossal statues attached to them, full thirty feet high; and the whole dimensions of the apartments, on a much larger scale than any of the other excavations, all contribute to render the interior of this temple not less admirable than its splendid exterior.
>
> ‘ The sculpture on the walls is not so well finished, nor the colouring so perfect, as in the tombs of the kings; but the composition and invention of the design, and the spirited execution in the performance, may be considered as fully equal to any thing in Egypt. The extreme heat and closeness of the apartments, occasioned by the want of a free circulation of air, have contributed materially to injure the colouring, but enough still remains by which to judge of what is lost, and to convince the spectator of the original beauty of the work. The most conspicuous groups appear to represent the victories of some celebrated hero, apparently the same who is depicted at Medinet Aboo, Luxor, Carnack, and other parts of Egypt, together with the triumphant processions and consequent offerings to the deities. There is little difference in these groups, from the similar sculptures in the buildings above-mentioned: the hero appears in the same manner in his car; he is of a gigantic stature, and is destroying his enemies with his arrows; the vanquished sue for mercy; the discomfiture and flight of their companions; the procession of the prisoners, and the distribution of the other parts of the groups, are likewise nearly the same. The hero himself appears to be no other, but the prisoners seem to be of different nations from those represented in other places; and it is not a circumstance of little interest to see here, painted in glowing colours, the cos-

tumes of the various tribes of the interior of Africa, at a date so remote, that one knows nowhere else to look for any description either of their manners or their customs. How interesting would a minute copy of these groups be to travellers in the interior of Africa, who could compare them with the customs of the present day! Some of the captives are perfectly black, and have all the characteristics of the tribes of the interior of Africa —such as woolly hair, thick lips, long sleek limbs, &c.; others are of a lighter hue, not unlike the present race of Nubians. The most common dress consists of the leopard's and tiger's skin, fastened round the waist, while the upper part of the body remains uncovered. The cap which they most commonly wear is of a construction which I do not recollect to have observed elsewhere, and appears to consist of the leaves of the palm tree, dried and cut in slips; while the workmanship is a sort of neat plaiting, apparently worked with much ingenuity. Those who wear the caps have no hair, but some are distinguished by bushy hair and beards.

'In one of the groups is represented the storming of a fortress, of very singular construction, which is defended by people of the race just mentioned. On the top are seen women, among whom, one in a sitting posture, wholly divested of drapery, and of a light complexion, bears no resemblance in character or attitude to those represented in other places by the Egyptians. The hero who directs the assault of this fortress is, as usual, of gigantic stature. On the plain below are seen the peasants driving their cattle away from the presence of the conqueror, designed with great spirit of action; some of the besieged party are also kneeling and imploring clemency. The arrows are flying from all quarters amongst the defendants, and some are seen plucking them from their foreheads, arms, and other parts of the body. Large stones hurled down from above, do not in any way intimidate the attacking party. The group of twelve supplicating victims, which the hero is represented in another part as grasping with one hand by the united hair of their heads, while with the other he uplifts the axe to sacrifice them, is executed with much energy and force; and the marked difference of character in the several countenances of the various tribes they belonged to, is executed in a masterly style; the expression of agony and despair in their several features are finely traced.

'In this temple we found several detached statues of calcarious stone; one of which, a little larger than life, is executed in a better style than is generally to be met with in Egyptian sculpture; the head and lower part of the legs are wanting, as well as one of the arms, but the remaining parts sufficiently attest the skill and good taste of the sculptor. The figure is an upright one, and seems to have represented either Osiris, or the hero depicted on the walls. The surface of what remains is scarcely injured; but the substance of the stone is so decayed by time, that any attempt to remove it would probably occasion its total destruction. I have already described the other statues which we brought away. These were found in different parts of the temple; half a monkey at one end, and the other half at the other, and so on.

'How long this temple has been buried, is a question which must ever remain unanswered; forty feet of sand had accumulated in the centre above the top of the door, before the recent excavations, which were carried no further than three feet below the top of the entrance. There is reason to suppose that the temple was deserted before any sand had collected in front of it, but there is nothing either in the interior or without, that can indicate the age in which it was abandoned. Very little sand was found in the temple, compared with what might have been expected; it did not reach beyond the second pilaster, and was not much broader than the doorway. This, no doubt, is partly owing to the great depth (eighteen feet eleven inches) of the entrance. A light black substance, which seemed to be decayed wood, was found in every apartment, in some places of the depth of two feet; its surface, allowing for the difference of colour, was not unlike that of snow, when it has been frozen over by one night's frost; it cracked under the foot, leaving the impression. Many small pieces of wood were strewed about, apparently little injured by time, but which, on being touched, crumbled into dust. The wooden pivots on which the doors traversed, still remain in the upper corner of all the entrances to the different chambers; and we also found small fragments of wood in many places. Some of these appeared so perfect that we thought of bringing them away, but they mouldered at the first touch; we were, therefore, very careful in leaving what remained for the benefit of future travellers. A broken brass socket, for the pivot of a door to traverse on, was also found.

'The extreme heat of the temple was such, that Mr. Beechey spoiled his drawing-book, while only copying one of the groups; the perspiration having entirely soaked through it. It has the feeling and the effect of the hottest vapour bath. In the centre of the sanctuary is a bench with four sitting statues; the one on the right is Osiris, with the hawk's head and globe; the others are human figures; two have the crux ansata in their hand. I shall send you a ground-plan, to convey some idea of the form of the temple, and also of the whimsical disposition of the chambers.

'I will conclude this long description with a few remarks on the eight standing figures of Osiris, thirty feet high, which ornament the outer hall, and between which is the passage into the interior of the temple. These figures are as well proportioned as they are highly finished; the drapery reaches nearly half way down to the knees, and is striped like that of the figures without. The features of the countenances are perfect, and they all have the hook and scourge, (the usual emblems of Osiris), in either hand, which are across on the breast. The arrangement of the statues in the ground plan is exactly as we found them."---pp. 80—87.

We shall not follow our travellers through their minute journal of occurrences and sights on their return down the Nile to Philœ: for there is, to say the truth, nothing very interesting or novel in this part of their volume. Their passage through the gates of Nubia, and down the first cataract, induces them to take leave of that country and its people with some remarks which are worth extracting.

'The Nubians are a very distinct race of people from the Arabs; their dress is commonly a loose white shirt and a turban; sometimes they are uncovered, except a cloth round the waist. They are very superstitious, most of them wearing charms to keep off "the evil eye," or some other apprehended ills. These charms consist of some words written on a scrap of paper, and sewed up in leather; they are worn mostly on the right arm over the elbow, and sometimes round the neck. All the cashiefs we saw had them, and one Nubian dandy had nine of these appendages. These people think themselves very cunning in schemes to deceive strangers. Few of them smoke; instead of which, they use salt and tobacco mixed, enveloped in wool, and kept between the under lip and gum; the boys commence this practice when quite young. They are all rogues, but being bred up in such principles, do not think there is any harm in being so: the opprobrious terms, harame, cadab, (thief, liar), are not considered abusive with them, as they have no notion of honesty, and cannot possibly keep from pilfering any thing within their reach; we detected our sailors at this work almost daily, but they always made a joke of it. The several districts differ much in regard to dress, and particularly in the manner of wearing the hair; some have it curled "à la Brutus," others plaited and hanging down with great uniformity, in ringlets, to the shoulders, where it is cut off square at the bottom, and looks exactly like a mop. The latter grease their locks plentifully with oil; the former have generally a skewer sticking in their hair, in readiness to ditsurb any animalcule which may bite too hard. There is great difference in the features and make of the several Nubian tribes: the natives of Elpha are tall and good looking; the people of Derry are hideous and deformed; the tribe at Armada are small, but handsome, and well made; they are frugal in their mode of living, subsisting principally on doura, made into flat cakes, and baked on a stone which is heated, and some sour milk and dates. It is usual to see a courier, or man, going on a few days' journey, with no other provisions than a small bag of dates; they eat the offal of all the beasts they kill, not rejecting any part; and when we were at the village to which the crew belonged, the women came down eagerly to dispute for some fowls, which having died, were thrown on shore. They are great boasters, but do not appear to have any firmness; and they have a great aversion to fire arms. They evince much outward shew of religion, praying four or five times a day; and to shew their piety, they leave the sand on their foreheads, which sticks there while they are performing their devotions. They are respectful to their cashiefs, to whom are referred all their quarrels and disputes. They are invariably armed, and appear very proud of their weapons; they mostly carry a dagger on the left arm, a long pike, and a sword slung across the back. The boys, when young, have weapons provided them; this they imagine shews their independence, and they acknowledge no government. They are exceedingly passionate with each other, but are soon reconciled, even after the most inveterate abuse; they adhere together, and no bribes can separate them; we never saw an instance in which we had any of them on our side, or when anything was revealed to us. Ear-rings are common amongst the men; they usually have but one, and it is immaterial in which ear it is worn. They eat the locusts grilled, and affirm that they are good. They are considerably darker than the Arabs. The only manufacture they have, has been pointed out to them by necessity, and consists of neat close-grained platters, made of the date-tree, to contain their milk and food. No earthenware is made in the country; their water-jars are brought from Egypt.

'The women do not cover their faces so scrupulously as the Arabs; they are not ill-looking, are generally well made, and have good figures. They wear a brown garment reaching down to their ancles; it is thrown over the right shoulder, comes close under the left arm, the shoulder of which is bare, and has not an ungraceful appearance; they are very partial to rings and bracelets; the former are frequently worn at the nose, the latter are made of one piece of brown glass, which not yielding, and being forced on as small as possible, often causes much pain; they always go bare-footed. Young girls have a covering round their loins made of strips of leather, hanging down and ornamented with cowry-shells and beads. The hair of the women is plaited somewhat like the men's, and greased with oil. The Barabras, from their frugal mode of life, are subject to few diseases; they are all marked with one, and sometimes two scars on the spine of the back, where they have been burnt for the cure of an endemial disease, which attacks them when young; this mode of treatment, by drawing all the humours to one spot, keeps the discharge open till the patient is recovering, and experience has doubtless shewn it to be often successful. A boy, while we were at Ebsambal, was in a state of cure, and accidentally injured the part which caused it to bleed; the father immediately applied a remedy, by throwing some sand, of which article there is no scarcity in the country, on the wound; this soon appeased the boy's cries and pain."—pp. 111---116.

On their descent of the Nile, from Philœ to Cairo, the travellers visited the plain of Thebes, and they have recorded their admiration in some very animated notes, on the remains of that great "city of the hundred gates:"—of the temples of Luxor and Carnack, and the tombs of Gourna. On their arrival at Cairo, their earliest care was 'to shave their beards, which they had allowed to grow since their first departure from Philœ, and to resume their European costume: *they felt as awkward at first at this change of dress,* as they had done when they originally adopted the Arab costume.'

From Cairo, Captains Irby and Mangles set out to cross the desert on camels to Gaza, with the object of visiting whatever is most worthy of interest in Palestine and Syria.

Their route after reaching Gaza, was along the sea coast by Jaffa, Acre, the ancient Tyre and Sidon, Tripoli and Latachia to Antioch; having visited the cedars of Lebanon, and the ruins of Baalbec, in the course of their journey, and heard much of the eccentric Lady Hester Stanhope, to whom they had letters of introduction. Her ladyship, however, had removed into the mountains to avoid the heat, and they did not see her. But she sent them an invitation, declaring, "that she had made up her mind to receive no more Englishmen, with the exception of officers of the army and navy, *all fine fellows,* as she was pleased to style them." Our travellers repeat the usual reports of her ladyship's munificence and Turkish trowsers. From Antioch, the two friends struck into the interior of Syria to Aleppo, with the view of penetrating to Palmyra. From this enterprise, Lady Hester Stanhope had written to dissuade them; and they would appear to regret that they had not followed her advice: for after accomplishing the adventure, they 'judged the visit to Palmyra hardly worthy of the time, expense, *anxiety,* and fatiguing journey through the desert which they had undergone to effect it.' They were disappointed to find, that among the innumerable standing columns, and other ruins of Palmyra,

> 'There was not a single shaft, pediment, architrave, portal, frieze, or any architectural remnant worthy of admiration. None of the columns exceeded in diameter four feet, or in height forty feet; dimensions but ill calculated to give an idea of the sublime, at least, according to Longinus. Those of the boasted avenue had little more than thirty feet of altitude; the epistylium is in no instance ornamented with any carved work, excepting now and then an ill-executed cornice. The plates of Wood and Dawkins are certainly well executed, but they have done but too much justice to the originals;'—'and although the designs are generally correct in the work of Wood and Dawkins, we found that the execution of the sculpture is far inferior to what might have been expected from the engravings. The three arches at the end of the avenue nearest the Temple of the Sun, so beautiful in the designs, are excessively insignificant: the decorated frieze thereof, although handsome in the plates, is very badly wrought; and in this instance, even the devices are not striking; they are not to be compared to the common portals of Thebes, although the Egyptians were unacquainted with the arch. Every thing here is built of a very perishable stone; if it deserves the name of marble, it is very inferior even to that of Baalbec.'—pp. 268, 269.

After their visit to Palmyra, the travellers returned westward, and continuing their detour, through the back country to Damascus, entered Palestine from that city. The task of delineating the antiquities of the Holy Land, seems to have been undertaken by some of our modern travellers, only as a fruitful source of contention, and the right of literary property over the topography of that sacred region, has been of late as fiercely contested, as ever the possession of its soil was disputed by crusader and moslem. The more amicable and unassuming spirit of our two naval travellers, is satisfied with advancing no very scientific pretensions. Their record implies only that they have traversed the awful scenes of our faith with the respectful curiosity of pilgrims, and examined the antiquities of the most interesting land in the universe, with the eager, but modest attention of enlightened inquirers. They viewed Jordan, the lake of Tiberias, the Dead Sea; they visited Nablous, Jericho, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem; and they were finally, of the party with Messrs. Legh and Bankes, in the expedition in which those gentlemen examined the Decapolis, and made the whole circuit of the Dead Sea.

They are, therefore, among the small number of Europeans who have penetrated, in our times, to the scite of the ancient Petra and its vast metropolis. They have exceedingly well described their adventures, and the scenes which they visited in their excursion through these unfrequented tracts; and the part of their journal which is occupied with their peregrinations through Palestine, is altogether so well worth perusal, that we must offer one ncere recommendation—that they should yet present their volume the world in the usual manner. A few verbal corrections and provements in the style, without altering the simple and unaf-cted form of their narrative, are alone wanting to befit the book r general publication; and the greater part of its matter is undantly attractive.

The concluding letter of the volume, however, which details eir movements after arriving at Acre, on their departure from alestine, might, perhaps, be curtailed without injury. Having assed by sea from Acre to Constantinople, they crossed over to cutari, and made the traverse of Asia Minor to Chelindreh, here a dangerous fit of illness, by which Captain Mangles was ttacked, obliged them to embark, first for Cyprus, and from hence to return to Europe. This itinerary of Asia Minor has fforded us not a single point for observation; and we are of pinion that its omission would advantageously reduce the bulk of he volume.

Art. II. *Recollections of the Life of John O'Keeffe, written by himself.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* London. Colburn. 1826.

It is by no means a pleasant task to pronounce in the spirit of justice upon these memoirs. They are the recollections of an old man, and of a writer who for many years furnished the town with farce, comedy, opera, and pantomime, one of the best retailers of small jests, in his day; and withal, a mild, and, as far as we know, a benevolent and very worthy private individual. He has, moreover, during the greater part of his lengthened years, been subject to that most pitiable of all human diseases, blindness; and if to this it be added, that he belongs to a school of literature somewhat less fastidious than that which now prevails, and that his leading foible is to speak of himself, or rather of his works, and to hear them praised, we, perhaps, shall be accused, if we abstain from saying at present all that we think of the production before us.

At the same time, it is but proper to confess, that these recollections have greatly disappointed us. We had fully expected to find in them, an equal companion to the Memoirs of Kelly, and of Reynolds, anecdotes of theatrical persons and occurrences, and a peep now and then behind the curtain of the great stage of life, which might afford some degree of entertainment, if not of instruction. Two volumes more perfectly innocent of either one or the other, have never, perhaps, been displayed to the world. There is hardly one anecdote in the whole collection that will bear repetition. The details which the author has thought proper to give us of his early life, of his dramatic career, and of his latter years, are really the most trivial, not to say silly that ever appeared in print. He tells us not only of his boyish studies and exercises, but describes his school-room, and even the forms on which the pupils sat in it, with the nicest minuteness. He thinks the mere circumstance of his walking down one of the streets, and meeting a friend, of so much importance, that he mentions it at full length, together with the conversation that may have been carried on upon the occasion. And then, when the whole is told, we find that we have been held, as it were, by the button-hole, to listen to a person whom nobody cares one farthing about, and whose talk is an absolute bore. So multitudinous and petty are the paragraphic items with which the author has filled up his volumes, that we were quite surprised, on arriving at the last page, at not finding copies of his accounts with his washerwoman and milkman, for they would have occupied at least some dozen pages, and would most assuredly have furnished matter quite as amusing as any other twelve pages of the work.

Yet, perhaps, it may appear strange enough, that with all his prolixity, Mr. O'Keeffe has given us few materials, by which we might be enabled to form our estimate of his personal character. We do not at all blame him for passing as lightly as possible over certain circumstances of his domestic history, as we think that the public have no right whatever to be admitted, even to a dramatist's fireside, unless he chooses to throw it open to them. Yet, when a man sits down to be his own biographer, he ought at least to give something like a semblance of himself in his composition. We do not mean to say, that it is absolutely incumbent on him to draw his own character in set phrase, and to particularize his daily habits. But he should disclose those features of his life which chiefly served to characterize it; and he should enable the reader on closing the sketch to say, that it afforded him some idea of the dispositions of the writer. These are the real links by which our sympathies answer to one another. We are generally more interested in knowing how a man *feels*, than how he *thinks*. We may admire his wisdom, and respect his talents and acquirements, but it is only when his *heart* pours out its emotions, that our own becomes engaged in listening to him.

Mr. O'Keeffe has studiously avoided letting us into any part of his personal history, which could interest his readers at all in this respect. His 'Recollections' are for the greater part less connected with his own life, than with the lives of others. His topics are thrown together without the least regard to chronological order, or even to arrangement of the subject matter. After relating an incident that occurred late in the present century, he thinks nothing of going back without the least notice, to the year 1760 or 1770, or of setting down something that occurred in 1800. It is, perhaps, natural enough, that 'recollections' should be desultory, as the memory itself, which holds them, is a strange and fitful ulty. But assuredly, after being secured from its power by the of an amanuensis, they might have been put together without hibiting the appearance of a mere fantastic medley.

Although our author has been known to the public only as a amatist, yet it appears that in his early youth he was destined, th by his own inclination and that of his parents, to be a pain-r. He was born in Dublin, (24th of June, 1747), and when little ore than six years of age, he was placed at the best drawing aca-my in that city. Greek, Latin, and French, he acquired at the hool of a master, whom he calls 'Father Austin.' He does not ention the religion in which he was educated; but from the cir-umstance of his being taught by Father Austin, from his family nnections, as well as from his having his own children educated France, at Roman Catholic institutions, we presume that he was that persuasion. We do not mention this circumstance as one to which we or any other person can have any right to inquire, ut it will be seen that the author had a motive in suppressing it, nd that it is one amongst the numerous instances of want of can-our, for which these memoirs are distinguished. He seems to ave imbibed an early turn for the drama, from reading the plays of hakspeare, Old Ben, Congreve, and others. He flatters himself o, that he had also an original propensity to poetry, and thus oasts of his first tribute to the muses.

'The first time that a youthful poet sees himself in print, is assuredly n epoch unparalleled. When I was very young, there was a favourite ong written by Cunningham, the pastoral poet, called "Winter." I took fancy to write about "Summer," and sent it with my initials to a Dub-n newspaper. The next day, calling on an acquaintance of mine, Wil-iam Stuart, who was articled to an attorney in Bolton-street, Dublin, I nocked at the door: instantly the parlour or office window was flung up, and my friend thrusting his head out with the most perfect expression of oy and congratulation, exclaimed, "Jack, your song is in the paper!" he then opened the door and shewed it to me. I remember only eight lines of it:

"When wanton the cattle bound over the lawn,
 Or luxuriantly roll on the grass,
Madam's dickey*, as white as the plumes of the swan,
 Is hung on the hedge by the lass:
When the sweet country maiden, as blithe as the morn,
 With pail on her head climbs the stile,
And the farmer with pleasure surveys his green corn,
 Whilst the promising crop makes him smile," &c.

'The song of Winter had a pretty tune, and we used to sing it in our convivial parties; but when my "Summer" appeared, the boys in prefer-ence sung that: often asking me—"Jack, didn't you write the answer to Winter?" "To be sure I did," was my consequential reply: I was then

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* *A lady's* white dimity petticoat.

> surveyed from head to foot with admiration; every youth was proud of my acquaintance; and many of them, with a hornpipe shuffle of the foot, would turn from me, singing,
>
> "When wanton the cattle, &c."—vol. i. pp. 64, 66.

These lines certainly do not exhibit the most favourable example of the inspired strains of a writer, who frequently speaks of himself with the greatest complacency as 'a poet.' Yet we think that they would bear a comparison with most of the songs and poems, which he wrote at the most mature period of his life; for whatever may be his merit as a dramatist, his verses, whether married to music, or consigned to a state of single blessedness, appear to us generally to be exceedingly meagre—particularly his birthday odes, which we are rather surprised he did not permit to slumber amongst his suppressions. He seems to have thought it incumbent on him to be particularly loyal—at least in verse—because, as he relates with great exultation, 'his first sight of London was from Highgate Hill, on the 12th of August, 1762, the day the Prince of Wales, his present Majesty George IV., was born.' He was not, of course, insensible to the great theatrical attraction of that day.

> 'During my two years' residence in London, I often saw Garrick; the delight his acting gave me was one of the silken cords that drew me towards a theatre. I liked him best in Lear. His saying, in the bitterness of his anger, "I will do such things—what they are, I know not," and his sudden recollection of his own want of power, were so pitiable as to touch the heart of every spectator. The simplicity of his saying, "Be these tears wet?—yes, faith," putting his finger to the cheek of Cordelia, and then looking at his finger, was exquisite. Indeed he did not get his fame for nothing. I saw him do Abel Drugger the same night; and his look of terror, where he drops the glass globe, drew as much applause from the audience as his Lear had done. Some years after, hearing Lord Mansfield on the bench, his voice and manner brought Garrick forcibly to my recollection.'—vol. i. pp. 81, 82.

During this period, he also saw Jean Jacques Rousseau, in one of the upper boxes in Covent Garden. The philosopher, as is well known, wore an Armenian dress, a dark gown furred, and fur cap, and attracted, by his singularity of appearance, the eyes of every body in the house—a distinction which he dearly loved. Among the "lions" of the day, was Coan, the Norfolk dwarf, at Chelsea.

> 'He did not shew himself for hire, but kept a little tea-house, in what was then called, the Five Fields. He used to walk about on the tea-tables, among the cups and saucers, and so converse with the company, as they were sitting round sipping their tea, his face being on a level with theirs. He was sometimes dressed as a yeoman of the guard; at others, as a fine gentleman; was facetious and witty; his countenance pleasant and animated, and he was neatly formed. A sign of him was up at the house—*on one* side, he was in his yeoman's dress, on the other as the fine *gentleman*.'—vol. i. pp. 87, 88.

The Monument" would no doubt have perished had it not ı visited by our young rambler. Strange to say, when he got ıe top of it he had the courage to look down, and the Thames ıed like a small stream under him, the streets like saw-pits, the people little things moving at the bottom of them! But adventure much more wonderful than this still remains to be . He went to see St. Paul's cathedral, and after encountering he perils of the ascent, he enjoyed 'a sort of triumph, when he hed the golden gallery and looked round.' This, however, was all. He continues—'I had a parcel of walnuts in my pocket, pelted them all off with my utmost strength, waiting the slow ent of each, thinking they would fall far off, into some of the ining streets; they *actually fell within side of the railing of church,* which—proved to me the vast bulk of the building!!!' now arrive at the top of the climax. 'In the whispering-gal- , the man used one of the tools of his trade, and told me—*I a hole in my stocking!!!*' How fortunate it is for posterity t Mr. O'Keeffe has so good a memory! Had he been defective his faculty, the loss of the important information which he has served in these pages would have been irreparable.

here are a few other facts related by our author equally worthy iving for ever.

> I recollect witnessing the blessed and heart-delighting ceremony of e proclaimed at Temple Bar. *I was close by the gate when the he- ls knocked at the outside!*'

t which side? This the author unhappily leaves to conjecture.

> I was in a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane, on the very morning when 45 came out. The unconscious newsman came in, and, as a matter ourse, laid it on the table before me.'

emarkable it is, that the newsmen of that day, like those of own, happened to be no great judges of libels.

> About this time, (1764), I was a good deal at a house near Dublin, residence of a gentleman, who had been an officer in the Austrian ice.'

ndeed! Well, this *is* wonderful! *This* is the sort of informa- ı which deserves to be classed among the most valuable recol- ions of ancient days. But, to his dramatic career. His first mpt was made at the early age of sixteen. It was a comedy, ed "The Generous Lovers." He was, of course, ambitious to e it performed in London, and as he was at the other side of water, he consigned the grand production to his brother, a mi- ture painter, then residing here. The limner, proud of the co- dy, and imagining it to be vastly superior to anything of the d that had ever before appeared, instead of presenting it to any the *theatres, went* at once to "a tip-top" bookseller, and demanded something enormous for the manuscript, which wa course refused, and the "Generous Lover" was never either ac or printed. This ill success at starting sent the young dram back again to his pencil for a season, but still he was alw about the stage, and if he could not as yet write a farce, could paint a scene, and that seems to have satisfied him q as well. He has accordingly collected many anecdotes conne with the Irish theatricals of that period. There seems to b fate over the treasury of the green room. The following se to be a good receipt for making it solvent at times:—

> 'At a period when the payments were not very ready at the Smock- treasury, one night Mossop, in Lear, was supported in the arms of an a who played Kent, and who whispered him, "If you don't give me y honour, sir, that you'll pay me my arrears this night, before I go ho I'll let you drop about the boards." Mossop, alarmed, said, "Don't to me now." "I will," said Kent, "I will; I'll let you drop." Mo was obliged to give the promise, and the actor thus got his money, tho a few of the others went home without theirs. Such the effect of a w timed hint, though desperate.—vol. i. pp. 158, 159.

Yet no very extravagant consumption of the "ways and means, it seems, could have been charged at least to the property-ma of the theatre. What would the actors of our day say to *painted supper*?

> 'The author of "High Life below Stairs" was Mr. James Townley, clergyman. I knew his son, a celebrated miniature painter, and an ac quaintance of my brother's. When this piece was played in Dublin, Knipe, remarkable for saying smart things, and who also liked "the joys of the table," feasted by anticipation on the good roast fowl, and bottle of wine, at the supper in the last scene; but the property-man who provided it, was of the saving cast; Knipe stuck his fork into the fowl to dissect it with carving skill,—it was a piece of painted timber! He filled his glass, as he thought, with wine, it was mere coloured element! "Ha!" said he, "instead of our bottle and our bird, here is a fine subject for a landscape-painter, *wood* and *water*."—vol. i. p. 160.

By the way, this "High Life below Stairs," is said to have been the operator of a very considerable change in the *highest* life *above* stairs.

> 'Previous to the coming out of "High Life below Stairs," in London, the upper gallery was free for the servants of those who had places in the boxes. The whole race of the domestic gentry, on the first night of this excellent little piece, were in a ferment of rage at what they conceived would be their ruin; and from the upper gallery, to which they were admitted gratis, came hisses and groans, and even many a handful of halfpence was flung on the stage at Philip and my Lord Duke, and Sir Harry, &c. This tumult went on for a few nights, but ultimately was a good thing for all theatres, as it gave Garrick, then manager, a fair occasion to shut the galleries from the servants, and ever after make it a pay place, which to this day it has continued.'—vol. i. pp. 161, 162.

The following incident, though trivial enough, is characteristic all the parties. The debtor was the well-known Bob Mahon, a singer and dancer.

'One evening, a young Irish gentleman (the eldest son of a peer) and I had proposed to take our glass at Billy Donnelly's, the Three Nags' Heads, Essex-street; but neither of us being much stocked with cash, he recollected that last week Mahon had bought a horse from him, and never paid him for it: "And there he is now," said Frederick, "at Ryan's, in Fownes-street, with Lord Muskerry and Lord Clanwilliam, and Lord Kildare. Come, Jack: oh, I'll go and talk to him about that." We went to Ryan's; stood in the hall, and had Mahon called out to us by the waiter, Then my companion said to him, "Bob, why don't you pay me for my horse?" "Oh," said the other, "you know very well I will pay you; but have not the money now." "'Pon my word, this is fine! You owe me twenty guineas for such a capital brute, and here I'm not able to get the money from you. You've some cash about you now, surely." Mahon put his hand in his pocket, and took out some silver: "Why, yes, I've eight and eightpence." "Give me that," said Frederick; he took it: Mahon returned to his gay party, and the young nobleman and I had our cheerful bottle at The Nags' Heads.'—vol. i. pp. 174—176.

Mr. O'Keefe omits to inform his readers, in what capacity he became so intimate with almost all the theatrical people in Ireland, at this period of his life. He does not tell us whether he was manager, actor, or scene painter; and yet we find him traversing the country in the train of various itinerant companies, and doing the offices of a factotum. We are glad to find that, even in that situation, he was not without the means of ornamenting his supper with a bottle of claret.

'I got to Belfast on Christmas night, and at Adrian Van Brackley's, the Donnegal Arms, I ordered the waiter to bring me a quarter of a hundred of oysters, having heard that those of Carrickfergus were remarkably fine; the waiter answered—"I'll bring you half a dozen, Sir, if you please." I thought this an impertinent observation to limit my supper, and told him to do as he was desired. "Well, Sir," said he, with a bow, and a smile, "I'll bring you half a dozen, and then if you want any more, you may have them." He brought in a large dish, and on it six oysters, each shell above nine inches diameter; the oyster lying on it, looked like a little boiled chicken. Here was good claret, and excellent quarters for the night: the glass of claret was to be had at that period, (and perhaps at this), at every thatched ale-house all over the kingdom.'—vol. i. pp. 200, 201.

It is worth observing, that a traveller in Ireland, even to this day, will get a bottle of wine at any country inn there, where it can be had at all, infinitely superior to any that he will encounter at the rural hotels of this country. The Irish rustic innkeepers are not yet versed in the process of adulteration. And yet such was their profit upon wine formerly, that, as our reminiscent relates, they seldom charged for dinner when claret was ordered. *Tempora mutantur.*

'We had a superb dinner, and our landlord brought into us, in e hand, a magnum bonum of prime Latôre: in the bill no dinner was charg and, on our insisting on paying it, the jolly host exclaimed, in complim of me his namesake, "O hone! nothing for *eating*."'

The following instance of Irish politeness is irresistible. W must suppose the party on the Limerick road.

'To perform our journey, Brereton and I had a handsome post-chai our driver a smart, clever, intelligent youth. When we arrived at the i at ——, our landlady coming through the passage to receive us, with cu seying formalities, our post-boy walking on before us; she looked at hi exclaiming—"Why, Tim, you devil, and do I at last see you sober!" H with his hat in his hand, made her a low bow, and said, "Madam, y do, and I wish I could return the compliment." But such jokes are co mon among all ranks of Ireland.'—vol. i. p. 226.

Our author appears to have finally taken up his residence England in 1781: seven years before that period he had marri a Limerick lady, who died in 1813. They had two sons and daughter, of whom the latter alone at present survives. His o dependence for support was on his pen; and one of his first ess was his "Tony Lumpkin in Town," as a sequel to Goldsmit comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." William Lewis told hi was not worth two-pence; but George Colman (*not* the *youn* then manager of the Haymarket, produced it at his theatre, w some degree of success. O'Keefe's next production was " Son in Law," a two act opera, which was also prosperous. " Dead Alive," "The Agreeable Surprise," "The Castle of A lusia," and a whole catalogue of operas, comedies, farces, pantomimes, too numerous to be mentioned, followed, of wh some are popular even at this hour, many were consigned premature end, and a few were never permitted to see the gr room. They form in all a list of sixty-eight pieces. Of the wh "The Castle of Andalusia," and "Wild Oats," are unquestion the best. Yet it would be absurd to place the former high in rank of operas, or to assign to the latter any considerable sta among our comedies. O'Keefe was lucky in the period at w he wrote—a period during which, with the exception of " School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and "The Duenna," not was produced that posterity will think worth remembering.

About the year 1781, our author's sight began to fail him, after resorting to the usual remedies, he found them of no a He attributes this misfortune to his remaining in damp clothe one occasion for three or four hours together. If we unders him rightly, he has never been wholly deprived of light; bu orbs are so dim, that he cannot read, or distinguish even large jects that are quite near him. Since that period, his composit have been written by an amanuensis to his dictation, and no d it is to the comparatively solitary mode of life which he was c d to lead, after suffering this great privation, that we are to be the scantiness and dullness of the materials, which he has collected together, particularly in the second volume. One vo anecdotes are all that we can select from it. The first he es as an instance of the inconvenience to which his notoriety dramatist sometimes exposed him.

In the Autumn of 1785 I was asked to a venison feast, to meet a company of convivial, pleasant, and distinguished persons. It was house near the corner of Gerard-street, almost opposite Newport- . My brother brought me there, and with him came a Reverend ac- ntance, a young Prussian clergyman: from my dramatic successes whole party were inclined to think me an acquisition to their society: were some of the first performers present, and some small wits, and wits and literati. The joke and glass and song went round, and y wished to speak to me, and I to speak to them; but, through the der and high admiration of the Prussian clergyman, I was made a plete nullity, and almost sent to Coventry; for, when I attempted to k, he placed himself in an attitude of vast attention, and called out in udible voice and foreign dialect;—" Mind, all be silent!" This pro- d much mirth: and if any of them made an attempt to speak to me, inked and grimaced, and in a half-whisper said, " Let him alone, let alone! he has a *tought*—let him alone!" This was one of my grand tions of celebrity. King was of this party, also Charles Bannister and son, Edwin, Moody, Baddeley, &c. John Bannister, that excellent r and worthy man, enlivened the company with giving his imitations, my busy, wonder-struck Prussian clerical, with his great delight in igh reputation, deprived me of the pleasures of the day.'—pp. 104)6.

he following account of Macklin's last appearance on the stage, tes a painful interest.

Macklin's last attempt on the stage was Shylock: he came ready ed for the character into the green-room, where all the performers assembled and prepared: looking round, he said, " What, is there a to-night?"—All were astonished, and no one answered. He repeat- ' Is there a play to-night?" *Portia* remarked; " Why, Sir, what is natter?—' The Merchant of Venice,' you know." " And who is the ock?" asked Macklin.—" Why you, Sir, you are the Shylock."— !" said he, " am I?" and sat down in silence. Every one was much erned and alarmed; however, the curtain went up, the play began, he got through the part with every now and then going to the side of tage, lifting up his hairs with one hand, and putting his ear down to prompter, who gave him the word; he then walked to the centre of stage and repeated the words tolerably well: this occurred often igh the play, but sometimes he said to the prompter—" Eh, what is vhat do you say?" The play was got through, and from that night klin's great talents were lost to the public. For some time before his , he never went into a bed, but slept in an elbow-chair. He died at ouse in Covent-Garden, the right-hand corner of Tavistock-court.' . *321, 322.*

We have already alluded to the education of the author's children. One of his sons died young. The other, Tottenham, was sent to the college du Plessis, belonging to the University of Paris, and his daughter to the convent of St. Anstreberte, at Montreuil-sur-mer. This happened, he says, in consequence of 'affairs entirely private, and strictly domestic.' The children were of course necessarily educated in the religion of France, yet no explanation is given of the fact, that Tottenham, after returning from that country, took his degrees at Exeter College, Oxford, and was ordained priest by the bishop of Chichester. He was appointed chaplain to the Duke of Clarence, and went to Jamaica to obtain 'a very excellent living,' where he died in 1804, three weeks after his arrival, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age. The obscurity in which the author has left this subject gives room to the inference, that in the case of this youth, religion was made a matter of mere traffic. Mr. O'Keeffe appears to have spent the latter part of his life at Chichester. Two small annuities which he purchased, one from Covent-Garden, and another from an insurance office, together with a royal pension granted him in 1808, which in the present year was augmented by a grant of one hundred guineas a year from his Majesty's privy purse, have, we are happy to say, placed our dramatist in a situation of comfort as to pecuniary matters. His daughter still continues to cheer his declining day, and though we have been unable to praise his 'Recollections,' yet it is with the most perfect good will that we wish him a long continuance of his present health and happiness. Of the bounteous consideration of the King towards him, there can be no second opinion. It was an act every way worthy of his Majesty's benignant heart.

Art. III. *Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.* By the Author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," &c. 8vo. pp. 400. 12*s.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

On opening this volume we immediately recognized the fascinating pen, to which we are indebted for several delightful evenings. "The Story of a Life," would have been of itself a sufficient passport to our approbation, but when to this we added our own recollections of the author's "Recollections in the Peninsula," of his "Sketches in India," and of his "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy," we were fully prepared to expect a treat from his Ramble in Germany, and found in it every thing that we had a right to look for. No new cities, no strange productions, no extraordinary landscapes indeed remained in Germany to be described. All that was engaging in its genius and literature, had been rendered familiar to us by Madame de Stael, and every thing which an intelligent and acute mind could think concerning its political condition and civil constitutions, had been fully and de-ntly detailed to us by Mr. Russel. Nevertheless, had the route versed by these eminent writers, been as beaten as that between ulogne and Paris, we could again go over it with the author fore us; for although we could hardly hope to encounter any ng before unseen on the way, yet in his company scenes barren themselves would assume a new interest, and objects that might erwise escape notice would be rendered by his fine enthusiasm minent and striking.

He puts himself at once upon the most easy terms with his read- . To use his own words, he fancies himself 'at dinner with m, and writes as he should speak.' He gives the full reign to ardent, and at times a highly excited imagination, and evidently ites, not to make a book, but to afford a channel to the tumult thoughts, which objects novel to his eye, and connected with nantic associations, stir up in his mind. His early education in amp, far from subduing, seems rather to have fostered his turn "musing melancholy;" and though since that period he has pped onward in years, yet he appears to be still as susceptible as r of those countless attractions, which nature delights to spread fore her favourite intellectual children.

Our author's object in visiting Germany, appears to have origi- ted in 'a secret wish to gather materials of scenery and of por- its, which might give truth and interest to some proposed ions.' We hope that he will carry this purpose into effect, as m what we have seen of his works, and particularly from that fore us, which is deeply tinged with the colours of a romantic agination, we should conclude that few living writers would be re likely to succeed in that popular and, we may now say, ele- ed department of our literature. Indeed, these 'notes and lections,' partake in a great measure of the character of romance. e have, it is true, a real *bonâ fide* traveller in the person of our thor, bending his way from town to town, sometimes in the Di- ence, the most unromantic of all vehicles, and sometimes a horse- k. But Germany is a "storied field;" its plains and moun- ns, its dark forests and magnificent rivers, are full of chivalrous ociations, and these our author has spread over his work with tact of a true magician. Things often told of before, such as ture galleries, public buildings and national curiosities, he bare- touches, just as far as to say that such and such things are still be seen. But his usual mode is to steal into some quiet and utiful retreat, to sit down by some babbling stream, and pour the overflow of his full heart.

There are those, we trust, in the world, who can feel as if they d a kindred relation to such a spirit as this; who can weep en he weeps, and soar with him even in those mystic flights, ich the imagination is apt to attempt above the ordinary limits our nature. They can easily feel why it is that he takes so lively interest in groups of strangers, or in foreign scenes, which out of a thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine persons would in all probability scarcely think of observing. And in that secret sympathy between such an author and such readers there is so great a community of sentiment, they find in him so constant an attention to those particular features of landscape, and to all those objects which are consecrated by poetry and the arts, that they feel, on arriving at the last page of his volume, as if they had themselves traversed the places which he had visited, and examined every thing which had come under his contemplation.

We think that our author did perfectly right in not entering Germany by Hamburgh. The roads are so execrable, and so desolate, that had he proceeded by that route to his destination, he must have received from it very different impressions from those which his work reflects. He took a much preferable course by Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels; visiting, of course, in his way, the field of Waterloo, which for an old soldier must possess an undying interest.

> 'The farm-yard of La Haye Sainte looked like any other; poultry were clucking and pecking up their food, and a young foal neighing for its dam. A ploughboy, who could have little remembrance of 1815, opened to let us out, that very same gate, at which on the day of the battle the French forced their entrance, and bayonetted all the gallant Hanoverians whom they found within. Shot holes in the gate itself, and on the walls near, bear record of the struggle.
>
> 'Hougoumont is still a ruin, and many of the trees that were in front of it have been cut down. The aspect of the spot, therefore, is somewhat altered. The terrace remains, as do two damp and ruined alcoves, which have never since that day been used as such pleasant places are meant to be. The orchard is still green and fruitful; a yard with some repaired outhouses, is occupied by the servants of the farm; and a poor woman, with two children having smiling eyes and red cheeks, came out to receive the customary gift. I could well image to myself the hot assault, and obstinate defence of this post; and I thought upon the scene it must have presented that evening. The thirsty wounded, and those mournful roll-calls, where the serjeants pause at many names in succession, and the manly and prompt "Here," in familiar tones, is listened for and waited for in vain,—to be heard never again.'—pp. 20, 21.

Our traveller proceeded by Luxembourg to Treves, and becomes at once enamoured of every thing in it—its irregular houses of all sorts of shapes, its peasant women with their stiff white caps, as seen in Albert Durer's pictures; and even with the black letter of the books exhibited in its shop windows. By the way, on the latter point he is strangely inconsistent; for although he begins by liking this aforesaid black letter, he strongly, towards the end of his work, recommends the Germans to substitute for it the Roman characters, now so generally adopted in Europe. Had he been sufficiently initiated in that rich and compendious language, he would have found that it really mattered very little whether the

Germans continued to adhere to their black letter or not. There are not more than four or five of the symbols which afford a student even the slightest difficulty, and these are easily mastered in an hour. We should suppose that the German printers would find their account in using the Roman type, as being much less cumbrous than that to which they have been so long accustomed. It would, besides, greatly contribute to improve the appearance of their books, which, in point of typography, are, at least, a century behind those of England, France, and Italy. But the difficulties of the dialect, which are unquestionably many, would hardly be thereby diminished. A foreigner, perhaps, is most puzzled in the written language of Germany, which is composed of many letters not at all resembling those used in printed books. We are glad, however, to observe, that several works which have been lately received from that country, are in the Roman characters—a fashion which we hope will soon become invariable in her literature.

Our traveller truly observes, that 'the obligation now imposed on every subject of the kingdom of Prussia, to serve in the ranks of her army for a given period of three years, or never less than one, is felt and complained of as a heavy grievance.' The necessary consequence of such a system is, that a great number of young persons are annually thrown back upon society, who are very unfit for the occupations which it may require of them. To some a military life may be agreeable, to others revolting; but whether they like it or not, they are compelled to devote to it three years at least, and those perhaps the most important of their lives; during which they might have made considerable progress in pursuits better adapted to their circumstances, and much more likely to make them good and useful citizens. We are not, therefore, surprised to learn that many of these soldiers, 'their "three years of heroship" expired,' return to their homes lost and polluted men, and spread wide the taint of immorality.'

We pass over our traveller's observations on Coblentz, Mayence, Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Heidelberg. At Manheim, he chanced to see a rare character in these days—a pilgrim, 'a true pilgrim; one who might have served a painter for a model quite as well four hundred years ago as now.'

> 'He had not at all the look of your holy beggar, your alms-seeking penitent. His dress was a coarse robe of capuchin brown, without collar or hood, bound round him by a thong of leather; he had a staff and beads, and his shoes had the gathered dust of long travel. His countenance was not of the common order; his cheeks were worn and wan; he was not old, but his beard was grey; he had a small missal stained by his feverish hand; and the view of him, as he kneeled in the deep and sincere agony of his prayer, filled me with pity. These true penitential figures always do good, and, in the old time, must have produced a very strong, and oftentimes a salutary *effect, wherever* they passed. Their very look is enough: *how forcibly it speaks* of sin and sorrow; of the grave, and judgment to

come! The assassin might at such a sight cast away his dagger; the reveller forsake his wine-cup, and the blood of the cruel libertine run back coldly to a sickening heart.'—pp. 90, 91.

We observe that our author feels pleasure in vindicating the German students in general, from the charges of idleness and dissoluteness, which some writers have thrown out against them. He speaks of them as indeed too negligent of their persons, but he considers them as enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of knowledge. The German waltz also he takes under his protection, though he does not omit to distinguish between the decorous manner in which it is conducted in its native place, and the hardihood, to say the least of it, by which it is too often sullied in England.

'I bear testimony, from attentive observation, to the extreme propriety and decorum with which the Germans dance this their national figure. I take the dance to be one of very great antiquity; as great, perhaps, as the very commencement of men and women joining in the dance together. The sacred dance of the East was entirely confined to the service of the temple, and mingled with their idolatrous rites, and is undoubtedly of the highest origin; but this I take to be the genuine offspring of the ancient German camps and settlements, where, before their huts, youth and damsel clasped each other, and moved in rude circlings to sound and song. The waltz, however, transplanted, becomes another thing, and is no longer the German dance. In Spain, for example, the dark beauties of the south transfuse into it all the warmth of their climate, and all the indolent voluptuousness of their natures. In England, again, I have noticed, from causes which it would not be difficult to trace, the waltz assumes a character either of great awkwardness and painful constraint, or of a bold, unblushing indecency, braving all censure. Here it was not so: in points like these we are all the creatures of custom, and probably, to the eye of the unaccustomed German, many parts of our old country dances may have appeared to have improprieties greater than his own. To him the waltz is customary and innocent; to us, at home in Old England, it neither is nor ought to be regarded as innocent, and will, I trust, never gain established favour. I have only spoken thus because the Germans are taunted with their passion for this dance, as if it stained and demoralized their whole country.

'I observed that such a thing as a lounger, or an insipid, who will not join in the dance, is not tolerated among them; for, in the cotillion part, a couple break out from the large circle, and setting to any bystander, he is led off to a waltz movement, before he has time to ungird his sword. Again, they have a custom, in parts, of taking each from the assembled circle the lady or gentleman of their choice, for one tour of waltzing, quitting, for the time, their actual partner;—a most pleasant privilege. I was exceedingly interested: the girls appeared to me to have great simplicity and frankness of manner; and there seemed an absence of all encumbering vanities in their dress.—pp. 94—96.

Even the German inn-keepers, who are usually represented as *not the* most civilized of their tribe, come in for the author's good *word.* We believe the truth to be very much as he states it.

he man feels himself the master of his own house; he receives angers without obsequiousness, without any very eager desire to k their pockets, but as a plain host ready to supply their wants en made acquainted with them; and if, while they are under s roof, he likes their manner, his own will, in some degree, warm to it.' Indeed, in every station of life the German exhibits a rked spirit of personal independence, which is not repressed by e laws; and so long as that continues to be the case, he will be tle inclined to wish for the accomplishment of any of those rerms which the students of the universities so ardently desired me years ago.

German Switzerland is so well known, that although our traveller's account of it is highly interesting, we shall take leave to pass y a short cut to Inspruck, where we find him preparing to set out r Vienna.

'I engaged a place in a carriage returning to Vienna, for the chance of ompanionship; but I took care to bargain for a halt of three days at Saltzburg. My travelling companions were, a parish priest, and a student f Padua, both natives of German Tyrol, and both enthusiasts in their ove of their native country. The priest spoke French with tolerable fluency, and could read English a little; the student understood French, but ould not converse in that language: both, however, spoke Italian freely, o that we made out famously. I liked them both; the priest, to my regret, quitted us at Saltzburg. I shall long recollect this worthy pastor ith affectionate respect: his polite attentions, his cheerfulness, his kindness, his exhaustless store of interesting talk, his tolerant notions, his hristian feeling, and an occasional tinge of melancholy, that would hase for a few minutes, and a few minutes only, his customary animation, impressed me deeply. "*Gratias a Dio*" was a phrase often on his ip, not uttered coldly or cantingly, but with a rub of the hand, and a parkle of the eye, that told you it was ever in his heart: he gave it to the unshine and the shade;. to the beautiful prospect and the running river; o the pleasant rest and the pleasant meal, and the cool chamber. I could ave journeyed with such a man all the world over; he ordered all our eals, made all payments, gave content to every one, and host, hostesses, nd kellerin, if they did not smile when they first saw him, were sure part from him with that sort of kindly smiling regret which is so pleasing, and so flattering to the traveller, where he can believe it to be ncere.

'My companions sung for me, again and again, the Evening Hymn of e Tyrolese peasants, beginning, "*Der lieben feüer stunde schleckt;*" The loved hour of repose is striking," or, as our English bard has it, The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

'The burden of this song, or hymn, as they brokenly and imperfectly ndered it for me, is beautiful, the ideas poetical, and the lesson—Content. Even thus prosaically given, the reader will admit its beauty:—

"'The loved hour of repose is striking; let us come to the sun-set tree; us lie down in the pleasant shade. Oh! how sweet is rest after labour! ow I pity those who lie all day on the couch of down, and are fatigued *th doing nothing!* They know not the sweetness of rest like ours.

sweet is this hour of repose, and sweet is the repose of the Sabbath day; but sweeter will be the repose of that long Sabbath, when we all rest from our labours, in the presence of our Heavenly Father! There will be no sun to burn us; there will be no toil, no pain, no poverty, no sorrow, no sin, but sweet and long will be our rest in heaven." '—pp. 215—218.

The Tyrolese have seldom sufficiently attracted the observation of travellers. They are a poor and frugal people. Their reverence for religion is unbounded; and what is at least of equal consequence, they shew this feeling in their conduct. Few of them can read or write; of course, they are ignorant; their manners are simple, pure, and submissive. The country which they inhabit is full of engaging scenery. That which surrounds the town of Saltzburg, is magnificent. About nine miles from this place, are the famous salt-mines of Hallein. They consist of two-and-thirty reservoirs, which are found in the bosom of a mountain. The following striking scene occurs in the principal mine:—

> ' Emerging from a narrow gallery in the rock, I came suddenly upon the edge of a small lake. A faint and lurid light gleamed upon the surface of it; some human figures, indistinctly seen as to forms or faces, further than that all were pale, stood and moved on the bank opposite. I entered a small bark with my guide, and was ferried over it. All that I had ever read of the heathen hell—of the hell that poets feign—rushed to my imagination, and my blood ran chill with an awful delight. The rock above is blackness and darkness, and glistens slimy and damp as the grave. The rock around is so thrown into shadow, as to look cavernous and sepulchral. The water is stagnant and sluggish, without a voice, without a smile: all is severe, all sad; it seems a gulf between life and death, or, rather, between the grave and hell.
>
> ' I lingered long here, fascinated as by some unearthly power; I passed and repassed the gloomy water; I walked on the rocky bank, there where it lay in deepest shadow; and from the sixth book of the Æneid I peopled the melancholy region.'—pp. 231, 232.

This lake, when lighted up, as it sometimes is for royal visitors, must present a strange and superb spectacle. Not far from Hallein, is the lake of Berchtolsgaden, which is said to be as large as any in Switzerland. On its margin the late king of Bavaria had a hunting lodge, whither he often retired to pursue his favourite sports. Here, as in other parts of Germany, the conveniences, and even luxuries of life, may be obtained on very moderate terms. Our author speaks of an officer that lived at Saltzburg, and who kept two men servants, (not *soldiers*), two horses which he rode or drove, and two light carriages, a close and an open one, for two hundred florins a month. His personal expenditure at table, did not exceed two florins a day. There is scarcely any town of consequence in Germany, in which 'a very elegant carriage, with good horses, and a respectable coachman,' may not be had at a very reasonable rate. In Austria, the horses attached even to the common waggons, are generally fine animals of good condition.

is nothing in foreign countries upon which our John Bull
are so apt to pronounce, as the morals of the people. It
ong since, that we had to complain of Captain Head on
f this sort. Though he avowed that he knew nothing of
ty of Santiago, he nevertheless took it upon him to pro-
ost fearlessly upon its moral depravity. We are glad to
he caution of our German tourist in this respect. Al-
quainted with the familiar simplicity and confidingness,
y use such an expression) of continental manners, he does
ssarily infer the corruption of the heart from an external
ce of gaiety. He considers Mr. Russel's judgment "that
not be a more dissolute city than Vienna, or one where
irtue was less prized, and therefore less frequent," to say
of it, 'very harsh, and very hastily pronounced.'

> a total want of principle is universally diffused among the wives
> hters of citizens in comfortable and *affluent* circumstances, that
> e the means of their extravagance they are ever ready to sacrifice
> s to a worthless purchaser, I certainly am not disposed to
>
> in a city where all dance, the abandoned should dance also, and
> should be ball-rooms in which gentlemen are admitted for *six-*
> d females *free*, does not, I confess, surprise me any more than
> nce of many places of resort both in Paris and London, where I
> the meetings are for purer purposes, and where, as in Vienna,
> confined to the very lowest classes. Travellers who know Paris,
> les, and Venice, may bear with, however they may deplore, the
> n of the citizens of Vienna; and it would be well, if, in judging
> countries, we Englishmen kept present in our minds the exact
> hich our own metropolis would exhibit to the eye of a foreigner;
> rash would be his condemnation of us, as a body, if he formed his
> from our theatres, our streets, our Vauxhall, our tea-gardens on
> y evening, or from the various lodging-houses in the vicinity of
> -Square, where foreigners are often made to fancy themselves for
> few days in respectable private lodgings,—to say nothing of the
> at square must present to him every hour.
> regard to the people of Vienna, they are politically degraded:
> not allowed to speak, and they cannot be expected to think, like
> ent men. But I believe them in their families to be an honest,
> te, cheerful race, always ready to make holiday, happy in seeing
> es and children partakers of their pleasures, and in no feature of
> racter more remarkable than in their frank and obliging deport-
> he stranger.'—pp. 269—271.

is a great deal of good sense in these remarks. Our coun-
when they go abroad, are universally disposed to assert
land, a monopoly, not only of wealth, and of every comfort
venience of life, but also of every virtue. Yet we know of
try, in which so many atrocious crimes are committed as
. Nor is there any nation in the world, which permits its
to be converted into subsidiaries of the brothel, save Eng-

land alone. We are, therefore, in no condition to triumph over others on questions of morality.

The amiable character of the present KAISER of Austria is well known. And notwithstanding the philippics of Lord Holland, it is but fair to admit, that he administers the laws of his empire with great justice and wisdom. So parental is his rule, that it is no adulation to say of him, that he is beloved by his people. Travellers in general agree, that in his dominions, crimes are rare, and capital punishments still more so. The Archduke Charles, and, indeed, the whole of the imperial family, are distinguished for the simplicity of their manners.

'It is a remarkable thing that in Austria, where kings and princes certainly possess power the most despotic, their carriage and bearing among their subjects should be, as it universally is represented to be, plain, quiet, and even yielding. No escorts ever drive you out of their way. The fiacre will cut in before the imperial carriage, and in the long line on the Prater the citizen in his hackney, the traveller in his job, the noble and the prince of the imperial family with their splendid equipages take their place in file, and roll along undistinguished in the same crowd. It is not the etiquette to uncover to them; and I was told that the English visitors at Vienna were remarked as being almost the only strangers who saluted them. It is the natural impulse of a gentleman to bow to the members of a royal family. However, I suspect a good many of my countrymen's bows here (could I have seen them) were given in a manner that might have been translated into "Look at me; I am an Englishman, I am a free man. I have made you a bow, and you ought to be, as doubtless you are, struck by my politeness, and flattered by my condescension. My bow is in real value equal to the united *kotou* of all these slaves in the Prater, who, to my astonishment, never bow at all—one reason why I do.'"—pp. 278, 279.

The following particulars concerning the young Napoleon, can hardly fail to be acceptable to the reader:—

'The spot in the garden of Schoenbrunn that most interested me was a small plot of enclosed ground, which is tilled, and looked after, by young Napoleon, who generally resides with his governor in this palace. I naturally looked in the garden of a boy for flowers and plants, but his fancy has been for the growing of potatoes. His amusement, the gardener told me, was to try if he could not so train the tops of the plant as to dispose them into some beauty, and that when he dug his crop, he carried his potatoes as a present, of his own rearing, for the table of the Emperor his grandfather, who is represented as being very fond of him. All persons about the palace spoke of the youth with evident attachment. I visited his apartments, they were plainly furnished, and his escritoire bore marks of its belonging to a young task-writing student. I saw also in this same palace the small secluded cabinet occupied by Napoleon himself, where, as the old servant, who, together with his own domestics, was in waiting on him during his stay at Schoenbrunn, told me, he was wont to read and write for hours alone, and where he is said first to have seen the portrait of Maria Louisa, whom he afterwards demanded for his bride.

'Almost all the time that I was at Vienna, young Napoleon was staying

he neighbourhood of Presburg with the Emperor, and I sadly feared
t I should have no opportunity of seeing him. He came in, however,
he palace in the city for two or three days; and, before his return, an
nt occurred which, as it caused him to appear on a public occasion,
bled me to see him under circumstances, to my cast of thought, pecu-
ly interesting. News arrived in the capital that the worthy King of
aria had died most suddenly. The usual orders were immediately
n for performing funeral ceremonies, in honour of his memory, in the
ate chapel of the palace. The young Napoleon and a brother of the
eror, being the only members of the imperial family present in the
assisted at these honours. There was a vigil service the first evening,
a grand mass and requiem on the morrow. I was present at both;
court only at the first.

In the centre of the chapel a kingly crown and a ducal cap lay glitter-
upon a black pall, which covered a raised (pageant) bier. Innumerable
and massive church candlesticks, of silver, were ranged around the
and the thick pale torches shed on it their white and sickly rays. A
of priests stood, with their clasped hands pointed in prayer, on one
; a rank of the life or palace guards, in scarlet clothing, leaned upon
r halberts on that opposite. At the head of the bier, some twenty
ers of the Hungarian grenadiers, and two or three hussar officers, who
mpanied the commander of the garrison, stood closely grouped. A
persons of distinction sat in private pews, in a gallery above, that have
s windows looking down into the chapel. Among these, in a pew by
self, next that of the emperor's brother, was the young Napoleon. He
ed from the open window during the service; his complexion is very
his forehead good, the lower part of his face short and rounded; his
not very prominent, but well-shaped. The colour of his eyes I could
distinguish, and, except for moments, saw him only in profile; but he
resses you as a very good-looking, gentleman-like boy, with an appear-
e and manner somewhat beyond his age. His hands were clasped to-
er, and he seemed to take that feeling interest in the scene, which is
e natural and becoming in a youth of fifteen.'—pp. 279—283.

he author proceeded from Vienna to Presburg, a distance of
ut forty English miles, for the purpose of being present at a
ing of the Hungarian Deputies, The picture is worth tran-
bing.

The hall is nothing remakable, merely a long lofty chamber. A chair
aised on a step at the upper end, for the president. Tables run the
le length of the hall, covered with green cloth, and supplied abundantly
materials for writing. Immediately below, and to the right of the
ident, sat such bishops and dignitaries of the church as have seats in
assembly. The rest of the members, and there appeared to be more
n three hundred present, wore the national dress of Hungary. It con-
s of a hussar jacket and pantaloon, of brown cloth, and a hussar boot.
ornaments are of black silk lace, plain, warlike, and becoming. A
y few, indeed, were sheeted in gold lace, and a few more wore a tassel
old bullion on the boot, and a gold cord fastening the pelisse. The
son of this difference I learned to be, that some were actually in the
itary service; and the tassel and cord of others were little vain addi-

tions, which men dandified by residence in Vienna had ventured to assume; but nothing could be more plain, or in better taste, than the costume of the many. There was a spur on every heel, a sword on every thigh, and by the side of every man, on the table at which he sat, stood the kalpac, with its rich brown fur, and that falling top of crimson cloth, which, when in former times, the Hungarian galloped to the field, flew bravely in the wind, giving life and menace to his motion. It is impossible to gaze down without interest on this belted assembly, the descendants of a race of warriors ever ready to leap into their saddles,—in fact, the vanguard of Europe against the Turk.

'The debate was carried on in Latin: numbers spoke, and, in general, they had a ready and fluent command of language, and a very animated and manly delivery. Few of their speeches were more than ten minutes in length, and the greater part still shorter. It is true that, as it has seldom fallen to my lot to hear Latin spoken since, as a youth, I listened to declamations, I cannot pretend to speak to the classical correctness of expressions, or the construction of sentences; but thus far I can say, it was not a bald, meagre, thin Latin; and many of the sentences fell richly rounded on my ear. There was one churchman, an abbot, (I think), who spoke rapidly, bitterly, and very well; and there was an elderly deputy, with grey hairs, who replied to him most eloquently, with a fire and a freedom that surprised me. I could not get fully at the subject, but it was some question connected with a tax that had been imposed, under the late viceroy, on salt, and that was felt and complained of by the people. This fine old Hungarian, in the course of his speech, dwelt proudly upon the ancient privileges of his country, and complained that the spirit of them had been greatly invaded during the late lieutenancy. His loyal expressions towards the person and family of the emperor were warm, and seemed to be sincere; but he returned, quite as bitterly, to his attack on the measure on which he sought to impeach the minister; and, in one part, where he was more particularly pleading the cause of the people, he cried out, with animation, "*Vox populi, Vox Dei!*" It electrified the whole assembly. There were many loud "*Vivats!*" not only among the deputies themselves, but also from almost all the persons in the gallery.

'For a brief moment I might have fancied myself in a free assembly, but the calm, complacent smile upon the features of a keen-looking president, who is the representative of the crown, reminded me that there was a bridle upon the Hungarian steed, and, although he is suffered to prance loftily in pride and beauty, and to fancy as he gallops that he is running far and away, his rider sits laughingly at ease in the saddle, and knows better.'—pp. 290—294.

From Presburg our traveller proceeded to Prague and Dresden, and returned by Leipsic, Berlin, and Hamburgh, to England. From this part of his tour we shall only extract the author's pathetic description of his visit to the tomb of the late Queen of Prussia.

'There is a woman's grave near Berlin, which all travellers do fondly and reverentially visit. None needs to be informed of the life, the fortunes, and the fate of the late and beloved Queen of Prussia—beloved, not only by a devoted husband, but by an entire people, who respected her

> e example, as a wife and a mother, and adored her patriot spirit as a een. The subject of indignities, which never have been, and never will forgiven to the iron Napoleon; and the witness of public calamities, ich, although they could not subdue her generous and royal mind, corled the inward principle of life, stole the bloom from her youthful cheek, e light from her fair eyes, bowed down her beautiful form, broke her ung heart, and laid her in the tomb.
>
> 'This tomb is in the garden of Charlottenburgh. Acquainted with it by previous description, I left the palace of Charlottenburgh, and walked wn the garden alone, the person in attendance having pointed out the ection, and promising to follow with the key. It was not without rprise that I came suddenly, among trees, upon a fair white Doric mple. I might, and should, have deemed it a mere adornment of the rounds—a spot sacred to silence, or the soft-breathed song; but the press and the willow declare it as a habitation of the dead. There was aged invalid busily occupied about the portal, in sweeping away the ead and yellow leaves, which gathered there, and which the November ast, in mockery of his vain labour, drove back upon it, in larger and uder eddies. He shook his grey head at me, and, not seeing anybody th me, warned me petulantly away. Nay, when the guardian came, might be fancied, but he seemed ill pleased that the sanctuary should be lated. Upon a sarcophagus of white marble lay a sheet; and the oute of a human form was plainly visible beneath its folds. It seemed as ugh he removed a winding-sheet, to show a beloved corse, when the rson with me reverently turned it back, and displayed the statue of his een. It is a portrait-statue recumbent, said to be a perfect resemblance not as in death, but when she lived to bless and be blessed. Nothing n be more calm and kind than the expression of her features. The nds are folded on the bosom; the limbs are sufficiently crossed to show e repose of life. She does but sleep—she scarce sleeps;—her mind and art are on her sweet lips. It is the work of Rauch, and the sculptor ay, indeed, be proud. He has given to his widowed king a solace for his e. Here the king often comes, and passes long hours alone; here he ings her children annually, to offer garlands at her grave. These hang withered mournfulness above this living image of their departed mother; d each year sees them renewed.'—pp. 391—394.

It is worth observing that the present author, like all our late trallers on the continent, had been frequently questioned concerning e state of Ireland. 'Who, he asks, can explain it to the satisfacon of a clear head and an honest heart? When all is told that is own, or can be thought of, to extenuate, and only to extenuate, our undering legislation for that unhappy country, still the question curs, are these things to be for ever so? Is this crying evil to dure for ever? And the Englishman can only answer by hangg down his head, in sorrow and in shame.' This is exactly the rt of language in which all our intelligent tourists, with the exption of a few clergymen, speak their sentiments upon this great tional opprobrium. It is inconceivable that the people of England can suffer themselves to be so long disgraced in the eyes of

foreign communities, by allowing a mere faction to oppress
fellow subjects in Ireland. We boldly say "a mere faction,"
the late elections have incontestably proved, that if the qu
were put to the country, its verdict would decidedly be in
of a removal of all those unconstitutional and most iniq
grievances by which Ireland is desolated.

We have noticed in the course of this work many inaccuraci
style, which the author should correct if he have any opport
of doing so. For instance, in page 31, we read as follows:—

> 'The day following was a grand holiday, being the King of Pr
> birth-day. Few of his Majesty's subjects enjoyed it more than I did,
> *is a fine cathedral*, the service was well performed,' &c.

The construction here is, that the *birth-day* was *a fine cath*
for we hear nothing of such a building in any previous senten

There are also a few flights of fancy, which, indulgent as we
to those who like our author generally administer that envi
faculty to great advantage, we should wish to see erased from
next edition. We shall particularize but two instances.

> 'The sighing service of sorrow is always, I believe, heard, and spe
> by angels and ministers of grace.'

One should not testify in this manner to a supernatural agen
of which it is impossible that he can have the slightest knowled
even if he should believe in its existence. Again, speaking of t
cathedral of Friburgh, he says, it is

> 'a place where you almost fancy that angels might delight to gather
> round with white wings folded, and all *attent* for human sighs; those
> which grateful love, when chance awakened in the still night, breathes to
> God of mercy.'—p. 127.

We rather suspect that the word *attent* is of the author's coinage. We have certainly never met it before, and we do not think it ought to be received. We shall not pursue these remarks farther. We need hardly add, that we have been much pleased with the general tone and spirit of this work. Though of a devotional temperament, and the disciple of a particular church, yet it is most agreeable to us to have observed the sentiments of liberality on religious subjects which the author uniformly maintains. It is also pleasing to see with how much ease to himself, and satisfaction to his readers, this "Ille ego" of the Peninsula applies himself to the enjoyments of literature, after spending a considerable part of his manhood in the "tented field."

T IV. 1. *Cumberland's British Theatre, printed from the acting opies; with Remarks, Biographical and Critical.* London. 1826. *The Prompter, or Elementary Hints to Young Actors; a Didactic Poem. To which are prefixed, Strictures on Theatrical Education, and a Prologue.* By David Lyddal, Esq. London. 1826. Only welve copies printed.

MBERLAND's British Theatre, of which by himself, and by the mer proprietor, fourteen volumes, comprising in all ninety-six ndard plays, embellished by characteristic portraits and other gravings, and illustrated by clear and minute descriptions of the ge management, have appeared, is without exception the cheap-, as well as the most complete pocket collection of the British rama, that has ever been given to the public. The anecdotes of ays, the notices of their authors, and all the remarks and elucitions with which they are accompanied, are done with considerle discrimination and judgment; and upon reading this collecn, one would be disposed to pronounce that, with such an mirable fund of materials, no play-house in the British islands, where the British language is spoken, could possibly be dull, moral, or deserted. Those by whom this collection has been ade, deserve the praise of good taste and indefatigable industry; d the writers, who enabled such a collection to be made, deserve raise of a still higher cast—so high, indeed, that we doubt wheer, in the dramas of all ages and nations, ancient as well as odern, there could be found so rich a combination of varied haracter, well-delineated emotion, and vigorous and appropriate nguage, as there is to be found in this same British Theatre. The atter of a professed collection does not admit of being criticised: e manner of this one has our entire approbation, and we therere recommend it to all who are fond of select dramatic reading t a moderate price.

The second work on our list consists of three parts—' Strictures n Theatrical Education,' a ' Prologue,' and a critical poem. It as first printed in 1810, and even then it treated of those who ad either left the stage, or had passed the meridian of their fame. he reprint, indeed, contains allusions to late actors; but these are o few in number, and so inconsiderable in value, that viewing the rompter as a critical work, it may be considered at least thirty r forty years old, with only an occasional stricture upon the sins nd follies of the present drama. There is another short and slight xception to be made to ' the Prompter;' and that is, the beau deal of actors and acting, is taken too exclusively from the fragments and criticisms of the classical writers. We have no wish to detract from the merits either of the Greeks or the Romans, and we are very willing to allow that in every part of the fine arts that s not copied from the manners of society, they are still valu as models—nay that, as a hero always looks the more heroic the further off he is, we think that the characters and the costumes of Greece and Rome are, in the heroic way, much better adapted for tragic display than those of the passing or even of very recent times. This is more especially the case when the play is warlike. Even William Tell, with his bow and his apple, at such a distance as that he might almost touch it with his finger, is absurd enough; but whenever the least use of fire-arms is made, it must be behind the scenes, or become wholly ridiculous.

Modern tragedy is therefore reduced to the story of private life, and thus, though there may be as much of pathos and feeling in its tender scenes, there never can be so much glory in its catastrophes as in those of a tragedy, in which hero meets hero in single combat, and where there may be poetical justice in the patriot ridding the world of a tyrant. In the tragedy of private life, there can be no death upon the stage, which can reflect the least honour upon the party by whom the deed is committed. Death by a private person, and not in the field of battle, is always a crime; and however guilty the party killed may be, there can be no legal, and therefore no strictly poetical justice, unless he dies by the hand of the common executioner—a thing that cannot easily be made even tolerable to an audience, and which no talent in a writer, or skill in an actor, can free from that disgust, which persons of taste feel, and feel most properly, when it is represented or even alluded to.

In comedy there are also many reasons why the rules laid down by the ancients should not be exactly applicable to the present times. It is true, that the passions and propensities of mankind are, in all ages, nearly the same; but the way in which they are manifested, depends so much upon the nature and habits of society, that it is doubtful whether the manners of any one age or country can be very well represented by the actors, or very much appreciated by the audience, of another.

Upon these grounds, we are disposed to think that the author of 'The Prompter,' who is evidently a man of no ordinary acuteness or knowledge of his subject, would have made his work more useful, if he had been more exclusively modern in his principles and allusions. Still his book is one which should be printed for sale. We shall present the reader with a few extracts. The following remarks upon the education of actors are very judicious, and there cannot be a question, that attention to them would greatly improve both the art and the morality of the stage.

'Cicero informs us, that the players of Rome employed a considerable portion of their lives in a state of probationary tuition, before they presumed to exhibit their art before the people. It was reserved, it would seem, however, for modern discoverers to hit off a description of theatrical *preparation* infinitely more convenient: for the celebrity which the actors of *former* ages are said to have acquired by patient rehearsal and persevering plication, the more highly-gifted “ young gentlemen” of the present day, rsuade themselves they can more readily attain, by dispensing with the dious process of study, and substituting in its room a certain arrogant etension and invincible effrontery, which set at defiance even the comned powers of hisses, groans, rattles, and cat-calls. To these superficial retenders to the player's arduous art, the sentiment of the Roman satirist ems to be invitingly applicable:

“ Populus me sibilat—at mihi plaudo.”

‘ It is truly preposterous, that while a competent knowledge of a vulgar andicraft trade is with difficulty acquired after years of application and ractice, although it be taught by persons who are skilful in it, in a prossion so extremely complex and versatile as the actor's, the ignorant hould assume to instruct themselves; and ultimately become confirmed a confident opinion of their own merit, merely because the public are oo often humane enough to tolerate indigent stupidity. Before an actor resumes to address a public assembly, says an eminent French critic, he hould cultivate his judgment, by the study of the most celebrated writers ho could assist him in his pursuits. The conversation of men of learnng, the tuition of a judicious instructor, and frequent reflection, should at ength form his judgment, when so matured, to the prevailing taste of his wn age. An individual might, with equal wisdom, expect to excel on a musical instrument he saw for the first time, as a player (so he may be pleased to style himself) hope to master a difficult art, for which he had not patiently qualified himself, by study, contemplation, and practice.'—pp. 5, 6.

The following is a list of what, in the author's opinion, an actor should study.

‘ English Grammar and Composition. Reading, Elocution, and Rhetoric. The English Classics, including the Dramatic authors. English Criticism, particularly on the Drama. Ancient and Modern History. Heathen Mythology. Antiquities, chiefly as they relate to dress, manners, customs, religious rites, ceremonies, triumphs, orations, processions, &c. The modern as well as the ancient costumes of every country.

‘ Several of those last-mentioned subjects an actor may, perhaps, acquire a general knowledge of, by turning over the following authors:—Ferrari, de re Vestiaria, Vecellio, Hollar, Jeffreys, Glen, Montfaucon, Potter, Kennett, Strutt, Hamilton, and Hope; and also by inspecting those volumes of prints and drawings descriptive of ancient and modern costumes, which may be found in any of our well-furnished public libraries.

‘ The study of celebrated Greek and Roman statues, busts, relievos, and gems, and a familiarity with the paintings of eminent masters, will in a great degree chasten and refine the taste of a player, and assist in giving him correct ideas of personal grace.

‘ The author of the Tatler, (no mean authority), in commending an eminent actor, observes, “ There is scarcely a beautiful posture in an old statue, which this gentleman does not place himself in, as the different circumstances of the scene give occasion for it.”

‘ To the catalogue of attainments which I am here recommending for the *actor, Talma, the* French tragedian, adds the accomplishment of drawing; which, he justly observes, will strengthen and embellish the indispensable endowments of nature.

'Dancing, as the term was understood, and as the art was practised among the ancients; by which *they* meant, not merely agility in capering, but rather that graceful deportment of the person, and management of the countenance, by which we are enabled to express our thoughts without the assistance of language.

'Fencing.

'Music.—A science essential in some theatrical departments, and requisite in *all*.

'Here it may be right to observe, that while diversity of theatrical talent requires dissimilar education, it becomes impossible to enumerate the necessary accomplishments for an actor, according to an invariable scale of importance. So true, indeed, is this position, it will be found, upon reflection, that certain acquirements, which are indispensable in some departments of the player's province, become totally unavailable in others.'—pp. 7—9.

The 'Prologue' does not very well admit either of analysis or abridgment; but the following short passage will give an idea of its nature:

'There may be some dramatic characters, drawn from common life, on the just delineation of which, as on the figures of Hogarth or of Teniers, even the ordinary observer may be competent to pronounce; but a relish for the refined beauties of the player's art, like a judgment in the higher branches of the painter's, is not a natural quality, but an acquired faculty; the result of much previous study, experience, and reflection. Of the faithful representation of some of our every-day *Dramatis Personæ*, perhaps, to borrow a familiar phrase, "every man who runs may read;" but how far the characteristic traits of the great historical personages of our stage may be correctly delineated, or *their consistency preserved, throughout an entire performance*, the uneducated or inexperienced spectator can form but a very superficial judgment, indeed; and this is a truism, which I wish to impress on the minds of a great majority of those *small-talkers*, who debate upon our theatrical exhibitions. Such persons may possibly be most learnedly, or if they please, critically, astute, in pronouncing an actor's boot-lace or his shoe-string to be too long by almost the sixteenth part of an inch, or his pronunciation of some syllable "audibly rather too short," by the latest authority, for fashionable prosody; they may play ducks and drakes on the surface of their subject, but they are no more capable of sounding the depths of theatrical criticism, than of teeming out the Atlantic ocean with a tea-spoon. However the opinions of the judicious may vary on the respective merits of celebrated actors, it will be found, I believe, upon mature consideration, the result of all sound and liberal theatrical criticism must inevitably produce this almost demonstrable conclusion. It is not always that actor who hits off the greatest number of popular devices or imposing points, nor even he who obtains the most loud and frequent plaudits from the assembled multitude, that acquires the enviable glory which perpetuates the fame of an illustrious actor. That man alone is the accomplished master of the art of acting, who, after the

has finally closed upon his performance, dismisses the intelligent
lecting spectator to his home, possessed with the most vivid impres-
the magical powers of the player, and the extraordinary fidelity of
traits; that man, whose name will ever after primarily associate
ith the mention of the dramatic character he personated, as Mack-
identified with Shylock, and Kemble's with Coriolanus. *This* is the
; test of an actor's merit; the rest is little more than common-place
ing for the dinner table, or hackneyed filling-stuff for the news-
—pp. 17—19.

poem contains a general system of rules for the conduct of
or; and though we have not the most exalted opinion of
ic verse, and would much rather have had this same work in
yet in general the lines are tolerable.
following satire on the "acting of actors," is equally keen
ell applied.

'To mimic players some buffoons are prone,
Who feel they want a genius of their own;
At IMITATION petty wits excel,
And famous actors though they hit off well,
Without a taste their beauties to admire,
At some defect this breed of apes aspire;
Or grant their likeness—be it where they will,
They *imitate* the *imitator* still.
Nature few actors for themselves explore,
They copy those who copied her before;
Till HE of late who Cato would resemble,
Instead of playing Cato plays John Kemble;
And half the mob our drama's scenes engage
In drawing men and manners *by the stage*,
From real life on principle depart,
And call it nature, while they mimic art.
Would *you* the mien or mind of Shylock trace,
Frequent at once Change Alley, or King's Place;
Nor copy Macklin, though so *like* the Jew
That POPE supposed the bard of Avon drew.
Of nature though we critics make such pother,
Most players filch *their* nature from each other.'—pp. 44---46.

also is this exposè of that extinguisher of dramatic talent in
days, *writing for actors:*

'Playwrights, of late, your empty benches fill,
By sketching parts to fit some player's skill;
These sorry scribes, a sorry taste to please,
Make *canting*, comedy—and *riot*, ease;
Harp on some senseless phrase, with ceaseless din,
Like—"Hope I don't intrude—I just pop't in."
These, too, are deemed *comedians*, who are able
To shatter china or upset a table;
Their object always to be mighty queer,
By dint of bluster they arrest the ear:

This boisterous style facetious punch employs
For those whose merriment consists in noise;
But the chaste mirth an actor would impart
Must flow spontaneous from a feeling heart.
Some merry-andrews labour evermore
To keep their audience in a constant roar;
No matter what the subject of their theme,
Or grave, or gay—they treat them just the same:
Much as I hate that most offensive fool,
Who stifles mirth, and measures wit by rule;
I loathe *stock* jokes, which players think they may,
Like Bayes's prologue, tack to any play:
Though opera-singers strangely now-a-days,
Make any song fit any scene they please;
Though '*by desire*' KING JOHN should *introduce*
In act the fifth—a *dance* from Mother Goose;
Shun *you* the hit that's foreign from your part,
Nor outrage sense to win some worthless heart;
The brute who thus profanes the sober verse,
Would bear the pall, and smile beside the hearse."—pp. 53,

We must now take leave of 'The Prompter,' again recomm
ing that it may be given to the public. It may possibly ten
some degree to introduce a better system of education among
actors, though we do not hope that even this desirable cha
would very materially lessen the present, and we may justly
the merited unpopularity of Covent Garden and Drury Lane t
tres. Among persons of good morals and good taste, it is m
of every-day observation and remark, that those theatres are
must be utterly deserted; and that the new plays, the actors,
accompaniments of the houses, and the whole management g
rally, are a libel upon the taste, an insult upon the morals, a
perfect nuisance to the feelings of the public. Those who
the hardihood to put this remark to the proof, and *suffer* an e
ing or half an evening's pleasure at one or other of those ho
find that there is but too much ground for the complaint.

It is hard to make one's self believe, that a people who have g
birth to some of the most powerful dramatists that the world
saw, and who, at no very remote period, produced a Sheri
should at once have become void of dramatic talent; and, t
fore, we are forced to calculate, that the absence of dramas o
higher, or even of the middle class, is owing to the want o
and liberal patronage. This is confirmed by the fact, that not
of the first rate writers, whether in verse, or in prose, ever thin
attempting a drama. We have nothing upon the boards by any l
man of acknowledged talents, unless it be hashed up, and fitte
the corrupt taste prevailing there, alloyed and debased as it
by some mere hack or hireling. What is the cause of this?
simply, that the men, be they committees, or single managers,
have the conducting of the business, universally fall into the

o well ridiculed in 'The Prompter,' of so ordering matters, as that he actor, who has a peculiarity that can make fools stare, shall xhibit, not the general, or the peculiar character of human nature; ut himself, and himself only. If Shakspeare had drawn his Coriolanuses and his Richards, for the Kembles and the Keans, y whom they were first performed; his Falstaff, for some Elliston, is Touchstone, for his Liston of the day, his plays would have aken no general or permanent hold of the world, and the heroes of he poet would have died in the same hour, and gone into the same blivion as the actors. When a play is written for an actor, there an be no true feeling—no deep human nature in it; and it will not bear transportation even into the next county. Until, therefore, this fetter is broken, and those who would delineate from nature, and write at the impulse of genius, be permitted to come before the public without trammel, either from the cupidity of managers or the conceit of actors, it may be confidently said, that we never can have a good play—a play that will please even the lowest vulgar, after the mimic for whom it is was manufactured has ceased to act, or become tiresome in it.

But again, the actors themselves are at a point of degradation, and seem like Hungarian spaniels, to be admired more for their spots than for their sagacity or spirit. The man must have an ugly face or a limping gate; and the woman must be protected—must, whenever she appears, suggest ideas which make modest women, and even modest men, turn away the head.

Whether the almost total absence of propriety in the private lives of our—we cannot call them celebrated—our notorious actresses, be more owing to the licentiousness of the *esprits forts* of society, or to the conduct and tendency of the stage, we shall not pause to inquire; but thus much is, fortunately for the reputation of the country, true, that while the general character of the female performers is loose and immoral, the audience cannot be expected to be either numerous, or very respectable.

The damning spot of the whole is, however, in that part of the audience which, by the desire or sufferance of the manager, hangs about and pollutes the saloons, and thrusts itself into the boxes in such a way, as to disgust both the eyes and the ears of every one that has any trace of virtue remaining. Even when a gentleman goes alone, unless he takes a whole box to himself, he has no security that there shall not be a harlot at his one elbow, and the bully of a brothel at another. Prostitutes and thieves of the very lowest description throng round the portals, while the saloons and lobbies, are either by authority or by tolerance—which in this case is just as reprehensible as authority—for the whole, or at least, the greater part of the evening, infested by the women of the town, to such an extent, that a stranger would be apt to think, that the chief purpose these *national* theatres are intended for, are nurseries of vice, and grand receiving houses the stews.

The number of abandoned women that crowd all the avenues leading to the theatres, are bad enough. A man cannot pass along without being assailed at every step; and a modest woman can hardly venture to pass at all, even though under the protection of her father, brother, or husband. Then when she gets inside the theatre, she is not a jot more secure; for the very nearest female may continue, during the whole of the evening, to use language and gestures, which one of ordinary delicacy cannot bear; and if a lady wishes to enjoy a promenade in the saloon, either between the acts, or between the entertainments, she cannot help observing, that the majority there are strumpets and their paramours.

Nothing can be more unpleasant, than the situation of decent people, when the hour of half-price arrives. That is the time for pouring in upon the sober and respectable part of the audience, the votaries of Bacchus and the votaries of Folly; the topers who, up to that hour, have been carousing in the taverns, and the young men in offices, just delivered from paternal restraint, and let loose in all the wildness of thoughtless inexperience. It would no doubt be a hardship upon the lessees, to deprive them of this half-price, because it is upon many occasions the only, or, at least, the chief source of their revenue; but still it is very disagreeable to the more regular portion of the audience, and very corrupting to the parties themselves. With such an audience, and such accompaniments, there cannot be much taste for classical plays or chaste acting; and thus, while the loose management tends to corrupt the audience, the audience tends to corrupt the acting.

This is a real grievance in the regulation of our theatres, great and small, which public writers have treated with a culpable degree of negligence. Our newspapers are seldom without long notices of the performances on the stage; but they never deal, in the bold and unsparing manner in which they ought to do, with the gross outrages of all decency, which are nightly witnessed in the upper box circles, and in the saloons. It is well known that the latter chambers are positively fitted out and decorated for the purpose of attracting the mere votaries of vice. All that the splendour of mirrors, and gildings and paintings can effect, is done, in order that the fallen sisterhood may exhibit themselves there to the satisfaction of their own vanity; but above all, that they may collect around them all the young men about town, who have no better mode of spending their evenings. This brings money to the treasury of the theatre, and that is simply the grand object in view. We have heard, that many of these unhappy females, who are not rich enough to buy free admissions, are absolutely provided with them gratis, in order that they may perform their infamous part, in seducing those who can pay, to the theatre.

Such a system of open, unblushing, encouraged and increasing depravity as this, is not merely disgraceful to the theatres and the nation, but is manifestly one of the most powerful of those combined causes which have of late years produced so great and general a distaste for the British drama, among the respectable classes of our society. Such a system has never existed any where but in England. In France, Spain, Italy, the tainted of the sex put on at least an appearance of decorum at the theatres, and thus pay an involuntary homage to virtue. In Germany, as we know, from a recent entertaining traveller*, "the theatre is, apparently, as free from bad female company as a private assembly; or if they do venture there, it is under that concealment of dress and demeanour, which forbids even a suspicion of their character." Every person of common propriety and taste will cordially join with the same agreeable writer in exclaiming—"Would it were so with the theatres of England!"

The only thing, indeed, which is at all tolerable about these theatres is the scenery, which is always showy, and in many instances appropriate and beautiful; but there is an incongruity even in that. There should be some sort of keeping between the scenery and the actors; or if they are to be at variance, then homely scenes and good acting would be much better than bad acting before the most gorgeous scenes that pencil can paint. As the matter stands, it puts one in mind of those productions of the press, which would fall instantly into oblivion—or rather never come out of it, were it not for the kindly aid of the engraver—those miserable works,

> "In which the pictures for the page atone,
> And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own."

What is the grand cause of all this vice and imperfection? Let us, if we can, save the managers, the actors, and the public, and lay the blame upon the bricks and mortar. In one word, then, the theatres are too large,—too large for any manager to superintend, any audience to pay, or any actor to command, without roaring every word, and throwing every gesture into broad caricature. There is so much wasted upon the machinery, the lighting, the heating, and the mere tradesmanship of the houses, that there are not funds left for adequately rewarding the proprietors. The consequence of this is, that extravagant salaries are given to a few who have got names, and the rest of the company is vamped up of the cheapest materials that can be procured. Thus the proper balance of characters, even in an ordinary play, is not preserved: and the attention of those who would otherwise attend, is directed from the drama to the favourite actor, or the fascinating scene. If one be sufficiently near the stage, one is disgusted at the mouthing, the grimace, and the wide, wild, and outrageous motions; and if one be so far removed, as that the harshness of these is taken off by distance, then the dialogue and intellectual part of the entertainment are lost, and one hears nothing but the clap-trap words, which are meant as the signal-guns for provoking the gods to thunder.

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* Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany.

One step towards the reformation of the drama would therefore be, the *Macadamization* of these great theatres. This becomes apparent when one sees the same performer at one of them, and then at a theatre of moderate dimensions—the Haymarket, for instance. The latter must of course partake of many of the faults of the former; because, when the major is corrupt, the minor cannot well be pure; but still one finds, in the comparative numbers, character, and attentiveness of the audience at the small theatres, that the drama there is much more a treat than at the great houses. The patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden should, therefore, either be broken down, or, which would be far better, abolished; and a system of free trade introduced in the drama, as well as every where else. The monopoly has led to the erection of those stupidly large houses, which have never regularly paid the proprietors, and which never will regularly pay them, under any management; while it destroys emulation, and limits to a very few the actors who have the means of attempting the higher characters, and also the number of those who, were the system more rational, would, no doubt, write for the stage.

It is not easy to say into how many theatres each of the great national deserts should be broken down. The public would determine that; and were the trade free, the supply of theatres, like that of every other commodity, would be regulated by the demand. There would then be rival patrons, rival managers, rival actors, and rival authors; the energies of all would be fully and fairly excited; and the public would apply the grand stimulant and corrective, by encouraging the most deserving. But in the meantime the public have no alternative, no choice, no control; and therefore, no interest. Hence the drama, deprived of those who would both encourage and refine it, is left desolate and foul; nor can it ever be better, until the grand sources of all its desertion and depravity be closed.

If it be worth anything—and civilized nations have always given a high place to it among their public recreations, the drama is worthy the attention of the legislature; and when weightier matters are disposed of, the two houses of parliament might be worse employed than in breaking up the monopoly, and following up on this subject that system of liberality which they have so profusely introduced in other matters. This might not immediately correct the abuses of which there is so much reason to complain; but it would divide them; and that would be, to say the least of it, the *beginning* of conquest.

RT. V. *The Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, represented and illustrated in a series of Views, Elevations, Plans, Sections, and Details, of various English Edifices: with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each.* By John Britton, F.S.A., &c. Volume the Fifth. Containing a Chronological History and Illustrations of Christian Architecture, Eighty-six Engravings, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 260. Large paper, 11*l.* Small, 6*l.* 12*s.* Longman and Co. 1826.

R. BRITTON is sufficiently known to the world, and deserves to generally characterised, as the most indefatigable and success-l illustrator of the "Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain." he five volumes which he has now successively published on this mprehensive subject, and under this particular title, may be de-gnated as the most elaborate of his works; and the fifth volume, hich is here before us, is undoubtedly, both in literary and gra-ic execution, very superior to any of the preceding four. Offer-g in itself a complete historical essay, it is adorned with very merous and beautiful specimens, in chronological order, of the ogress of religious architecture in England during the middle es; and it is altogether a composition, in which a great deal of ry interesting knowledge is united with the utmost skill and lendour of art.

The excellence of the plates, which are principally by Rawle and e Keux, demands the first homage of the amateur. These may e classed under two heads,—outline tracings, and finished en-ravings. The former have been executed with such wonderful ccuracy and precision, even to the development of the most inute mouldings and fretwork, as to leave nothing to regret, xcept that they have not all been filled up and completed alike. his denial of final labour, which has perhaps been prompted by a ecessary attention to economy, has left them *too white*, and defec-ve in expression. But the more finished plates are absolutely he finest illustrations of their kind which we have ever seen. Most of the original drawings were by Mackenzie, Pugin, and Cattermole; and we can suppose both the sketches themselves, nd the management of the lights, to have been in every way wor-hy of the reputation of those clever architectural draughtsmen. t is seldom that the pencil and graver are employed in such wor-hy co-operation.

Among the plates, we may refer in particular to some superb nteriors by Rawle—of the churches of Lastingham, Yorkshire; St. Cross, near Winchester; St. Peter's, Oxford (the crypt); St. Peter's, Northampton; and above all, for its surpassing richness of detail, of Romsey, Hants. Nor must we omit to notice with praise the highly-worked plate, by the same hand, of the view of the Abbot's Tower at Evesham. In Le Keux's share of the un-dertaking, we must specify the tower of Earl's Barton Church, the east views of Lincoln Cathedral and Beverly Minster, the ruins of

St. Lawrence's, Evesham, and, finally, the tower of Boston Church, the *chef-d'œuvre* of the whole volume. These specimens by Le Keux, and the last particularly, are exquisitely wrought, with all that minuteness and delicacy of finishing which the subjects admit and claim, and which the graver of that admirable artist—the first in his line—is so capable of bestowing. These special subjects are of course the most elaborate in the volume; but Le Keux has also contributed several plates of details of charming workmanship; such as various windows, circular and elongated, doorways, pinnacles, spires, towers, &c., of successive eras; and it is these specimens which really render the engravings in themselves so perfect a chronological story.

But our business must be rather with the letter-press, which constitutes Mr. Britton's own more immediate share of the volume. It is ominous to stumble on the threshold; and Mr. Britton's first step is here a false one. He has prefixed to the volume a preface, so filled with complacent praises of himself and querulous complaints of others, so overflowing with pretension and egotism, that it is almost sufficient to disgust the reader in the very outset, from attempting to proceed through the work. Mr. Britton's merit in his department of literature is certainly great; and his exertions and example, in promoting the study and illustration of our ancient religious architecture, must always be acknowledged with respect. But his talent and industry would not be less highly appreciated, if he were more reluctant to exhibit them himself in prominent relief. His works have been rewarded with fully as great a share of public attention and patronage, as he had any right to expect; and if it be true, as he says, that 'the same assiduity and zeal, with a fair portion of mental activity' which he has devoted to them, would have secured to him, in many of the trades and professions of London, 'a handsome fortune,' the world have still nothing to do with this question of his private interests, and cannot be responsible for the misapplication of his abilities, or the mistake of his pursuits. But we gladly turn from the discussion of his personal grievances, to the more attractive theme of his volume.

He has divided his Chronological History of Christian Architecture, into four chapters or parts: of the last of which, as it is merely occupied with a description of the various buildings delineated in the plates, we shall omit all farther mention. The first, or introductory part, is devoted to an account of the origin of Christianity in Britain, and of its influence on society and manners among the Anglo-Romans, the Britons, the Anglo-Saxons, and the Normans: with remarks on the origin, progress, decline, and suppression of monachism. Into any detailed notice of this introductory chapter, it is not our purpose to enter. Such an essay formed perhaps no necessary part of the author's undertaking; although it might have been rendered, if composed with good judgment, candour, and sufficient knowledge, a very interesting reliminary sketch to the more peculiar matter of his subject. But Mr. Britton has unfortunately compiled this chapter in a far ess commendable temper. He does not, we apprehend, possess ufficient learning to have written the ecclesiastical history of this sland during the middle ages, from such original authorities as re to be found for the task: even if he had been capable of weighng their evidence with an impartial and liberal mind; but he has, n the contrary, brought only to his superficial inquiry a warped nd narrow spirit. Satisfied with copying all the exaggerations of olemical fury, he has adopted such a bigoted view of his subject, s they must ever receive who are contented with seeing through he medium of the prejudices of others. The very nature of his ursuits, which have led him to the contemplation and study of he monuments of our forefathers' faith, should have protected him rom the vulgar errors into which he has fallen. The men who rected to the honour of God those solemn edifices, which no Chrisian, whatever be his shades of belief, can still enter without feelng his mind humbled and his heart uplifted in awful adoration, ust at least have been inspired, in their sacred undertaking, with pious sincerity and sublime conceptions, which their descendants ould do much better to emulate, than to overcast with suspicion nd obloquy.

Mr. Britton's next chapter is not open to the same objections. t is occupied with an account of the terms used by different riters to denote the various styles of ecclesiastical architecture, nd with a review of the theories and opinions which have been ublished relative to their origin, including a brief analysis of the rincipal works on the subject. Here our author has collected, ith praiseworthy industry, an abstract of the conflicting suggesions of a great number of distinguished antiquarians, on the most ppropriate titles to be adopted for marking the progressive orders f our ancient religious architecture; and he also sets before us he numerous hypotheses which have been produced in continued ttempts to ascertain the local and deductive origin of the form and rinciples of these constructions. Discreetly avoiding to record ny positive conviction of his own mind on the subjects of this nquiry, he has gone no farther than to place the state of the arious arguments before his readers with remarkable fairness and mpartiality; and if he has any theory of his own to propose, he as here exercised self-denial enough to withhold it. We might bject, against this analysis of opposing authorities, that it is not ramed with any regularity of plan or lucid arrangement of sysems. The opinions of different writers are given in a kind of hronological succession by the dates of their publications, instead f being classed according to the hypotheses which they respecively support; and the inquirer, who would learn whatever has een said in favour of each conclusion, must take the chapter to ieces and arrange its matter anew. But it is only right to acknowledge that, in a digest of this description, no division of matter could have been adopted which would not be open to some inconvenience.

These questions of the national origin of the ecclesiastical architecture of England in the middle ages, and of the terms by which its varieties should appropriately be designated, cannot be separated; or rather they are, in fact, one and the same. The rival hypotheses, which have gained most support, may be stated as six in number: respectively attributing the invention of this style, to the Romans in the corruption of the classical orders; to the Goths; to the Germans; to the Saracens, or some other oriental nation; to the English; and, finally, to the French or Normans. No subject of antiquarian inquiry has been more agitated, or is more interesting, than this; and we may add, that no question of the kind is attended with greater difficulty. As usual in all such controversies, a mass of conflicting evidence has been accumulated from all sides; and the sum of proof has militated rather against the truth of every supposition than in favour of any one.

It may not be uninteresting to refer briefly to the suggestions which have been adduced in favour of each of these various hypotheses. They who contend for the ROMAN origin of our ancient religious architecture, from the corruption of the classical orders, point to the round Saxon arch as unquestionably copied from the Roman; and it has been often positively asserted, that the peaked arch of later styles is to be found in edifices both of the higher and lower empire. Dr. Ledwich insists that the pointed or lancet arch was known and used for centuries before the barbarian settlements in Europe: and he refers, in proof of this statement, to "the temple built in Egypt by the Emperor Adrian, in commemoration of his minion Antinous, and to figures of pointed arches in Syrian MSS. of the sixth century." Whitaker is an advocate for the same opinion, and specifies particularly the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, built by the Empress Helena, the doorway of which he declares to be "a tall arch peaked, and *sharply peaked* too." He also, in his confident manner, advances a few other not very satisfactory examples, as demonstrating the infallibility of his conclusions. But the celebrated Barry, the painter, upon whose impetuous judgment it is not always much more safe to rely, has settled the debate yet more dictatorially. In a letter to Burke, he reprobates the pointed architecture as *vulgar*, and adds, that "it is nothing more than the architecture of the old Greeks and Romans in its state of final corruption!" Without going all lengths in this monstrous heresy of taste, a very ingenious antiquarian, the Reverend Mr. Gunn, so entirely accedes to the same opinion, as to suggest that the title of *Romanesque* instead of *Gothic* should be applied to designate the pointed style of architecture: which we presume, therefore, that he and these writers would conceive to be derived from the Roman, by much the same

of progress that, in language, corrupted the Latin into the
n.

t in commenting on this theory altogether, we cannot help
ving that, even if evidence could be given, in the few cases
ich peaked arches are assigned to Roman buildings, that
were not additions of later ages to the original structures—
uch evidence *cannot* be given—yet so small a number of ex-
s would be very far in itself from satisfying our minds. For,
pointed arch had really been employed in the works of the
Roman empire, it must have appeared so plainly, not in
or four instances only, but in remains so various, as to have
e fact in no great state of uncertainty.

older belief, which gave the invention of the pointed style to
OTHS, and which seems to have fastened that national appel-
upon it beyond the possibility of removal, is now almost
rsally abandoned. The history of the application of the term
ner curious. It was originally bestowed, more in opprobium
in honour. After the revival of classical letters and art, every
German was viewed in national hatred and learned contempt
e more polished Italians, as barbarous and valueless. In the
nth century, Vasari applied to the architecture of the middle
the title of *Maniera Tedesca,* the German or Teutonic man-
and he speaks of it as a disgrace to those who practised it.
same spirit, Palladio and other Italian artists employed the
of Gottica, or Gottica-Tedesca: for the specimens of the
d style, with which they were best acquainted, existed in
any; and the few structures of the kind in Italy had mostly
raised by Germans. The current phrase was copied by later
n writers; and from them the celebrated Evelyn appears first
ve introduced the term *Gothic* into the architectural vocabu-
f this country. Here it was readily adopted without investi-
, though in a more honorable sense; and there is not a word
language which has acquired more pleasing and poetical
ations than this.

. Britton should not, however, have omitted to caution his
rs, that the Gottica-Tedesca style of the Italian writers, of
the cathedral of Pisa is perhaps the oldest monument, ad-
no probability whatever of a (true) Gothic origin; nor, if it
an it, with its cupolas and Grecian columns, be identified
the (mis-called) Gothic of the north. The Gottica-Tedesca
Italians, though grand and beautiful, is too impure to be
, but still more remote from our northern pointed manner,
hould rather have been termed Lombard; as it first appeared
ly, not so early as the Ostro-Goth era, but under the Lom-
princes. If, then, "the Goths had no more claim to the
r of giving a name to our ecclesiastical architecture, than the
ians or the Chinese," the GERMANS do not appear to be
better entitled to the praise of the invention, and the opinion

which would ascribe it to them has, we believe, no longer any s
porters—except in Germany itself.

The next theory, the fourth in the order which we have tal
that the style is derived from the SARACENS, or some other or
tal people, through the agency of the crusaders, is far more pla
ble; and it has been supported by some great authorities, am
whom Sir Christopher Wren and the poet Warton (Thomas)
to be numbered. In our own times, Lord Aberdeen and ot
have also argued strenuously for this derivation. Certainly
has been observed, the pointed style has a very oriental chara
in the profusion of its ornaments; and some of the varieties o
pinnacles, in the later specimens, may have been copied
Saracen, or Arabesque, or Moorish structures. But in all arch
logical inquiries, priority of time is the only safe criterion,
dates are stubborn evidence. There is no proof that any of
few pointed remains of the east are older than the crusades:
on the contrary, they are almost undoubtedly of later erection
the period at which that mode of building had become establi
in the west; and the orientals were probably, therefore, the s
lars, not the masters, of the crusaders. The church of St.
d'Acre, the only eastern structure of the real pointed order w
can be adduced, was, according to every probability, built by
ropean artists; for the Latin Christians were in possession of
city almost throughout the thirteenth century. But, upon
question of the Arabian derivation of the pointed style, w
surprised that the shrewd objection of the poet Gray—whose
quarian learning and poetical taste had equally attracted hi
the subject—has not been considered as at once conclusive.
observes, that "there is one thing which runs through the M
buildings, that an imitator would certainly have been first s
with, and would have tried to copy;" and that is the cu
which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitc
yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola?

We next come to the opinion, which would establish the p
style as an *English* invention. In support of this pretensio
society of our antiquaries have laboured with a pious zeal an
triotism in which we would willingly concur. But, unfortun
the labour of love is at once annihilated by the incontrovertibl
that the earliest pointed structures of Normandy and France
older date than any of our island specimens of the same order
Dawson Turner's examination of the single cathedral of L
which was commenced as early as the middle of the eleventh
tury, and completed on the same uniform plan, has, we con
set this question completely at rest.

In merely concluding our notice of the several hypotheses
invention of the pointed architecture, with the last—that
ascribes it to the *Normans*—perhaps we should do well to i
Mr. Britton's caution, by avoiding to express an opinion o

a question. But we cannot resist the confession, that we ogether disposed to believe in the Norman origin of the d style. Without entering into argument beyond our limits, y observe, that there appears, at least, more presumption in of this opinion, than of any other that has hitherto been l. Normandy possesses the earliest undoubted buildings of yle; Norman or French artichects and masons were cer- engaged in the building of some of our oldest cathedrals hurches; and there is abundant testimony of the zeal with , in their own duchy, in their southern Italian conquests, England, the Normans devoted themselves to the erection igious structures. The fierce Northmen, after establishing elves in the French seats which they had scathed with fire eluged in blood, had no sooner been converted from the ip of Odin, than they became the most devoted servants of hristian church. Their enthusiastic devotion was manifested in their love of pilgrimages and their passion for the dedica- f sacred edifices; the same adventurous and ardent spirit, which em as pilgrims and warriors to the holy sepulchre, established in their Italian and oriental conquests; and wherever they ated, they have left the monuments of their prowess and devotion. The most remarkable and enterprising race of the e ages, it is quite in accordance with the strong originality ir mind, and the prodigality and grandeur of their taste for us structures, that the most sublime and stupendous creations art should have been the fruit of their inventive genius.

s of much less import to inquire by what process the transi- was produced from the more ancient circular to the pointed The change may have been prompted by any of the circum- s which have been suggested to account for it: but, that it erived from observation of the effect of intersecting semicular s in the older Saxon and Norman buildings, is certainly the feasible conjecture. Yet we cannot help thinking that one hesis on this subject—that of Bishop Warburton—has been d with rather more contempt than it deserved. The Bishop tured, that pointed ecclesiastical architecture might have ori- ed in imitation of an avenue of trees; as groves were the temples of Druidical worship. This idea has been laughed visionary; and Horace Walpole has pertly declared, that the hop's groves are nonsense." Warburton's theory was possibly too fanciful; but its coincidence with the form of the ed aisle is at least pleasing and curious; and we agree with that few persons can enter an oak grove or avenue, without struck with the similarity. The spring of the arching hes from their trunks, the tiers of natural spandrils, the inter- and groining, as it were, of the leafy roof, the trefoil and *efoil spreading of* the foliage, even the broken lights and re- *ing shadows* casting their mellowed tints through the per-

spective, are all so many resemblances to rise upon the imagi
mind. The Bishop had a thousand times more poetry in his
than the fastidious petit-maître of Strawberry Hill:—but,
he was no architect, and architecture is our theme. Proceed
discuss Mr. Britton's next chapter.'

This is by far the best executed literary portion of the vo
and contains an admirable inquiry into the history, progress
characteristics of ancient Christian architecture in Britain.
as the costliness of the work must exclude it from general ci
tion, we shall make a few extracts for the benefit of our re
The author divides the orders, or styles, of this ecclesiastical
tecture into five: the Saxon, the Norman, and the first, se
and third pointed orders. In his judicious remarks on the a
tage, and indeed absolute necessity, of adopting some such
ceptionable nomenclature as this, to mark the divisions of th
ject, without exciting any erroneous or doubtful association
perfectly concur. To prevent confusion and vague understan
precision in phraseology of art is a great desideratum: while
expression which can provoke argument, or mislead in its ap
tion, should be carefully avoided. His generic term of *Ch*
architecture is unobjectionable and quite sufficiently precise
also is his application of the epithets, Saxon and Norman,
two first styles which had been indisputably practised by
people. His three last divisions, into the first, second, and
pointed styles, are less satisfactory. Or, we should say
that we imagine they might without risk of misleading, be r
ed more descriptive, by the partial adoption of some terms
he has rejected from their previous connection with an inac
nomenclature. Why not have distinguished the three n
changes of the pointed style, as—the Early-Pointed—the
rate-Pointed—and the Florid-Pointed? We do not think
Britton appears to do, (p. 169), that the terms Decorate
Florid, form a distinction without a difference: the former i
only moderate ornament, while the latter infers its gorgeo
less chaste multiplication. And such are in fact the chara
tics of the two styles.

Of the SAXON order, low circular arches, resting on shor
sive columns, debased probably from Roman examples, are
cient characteristics. But this plan of construction is rathe
concluded from imperfect extant description, than ascertai
existing examples. For it may reasonably be doubted w
there is even a single specimen of a complete Saxon churc
remaining in England; although there is cause to believ
portions of different religious structures still exist, which
originally built in the Saxon era. Here Mr. Britton ex
himself with very proper caution.

'Let us not, however, be misunderstood; for it is not intende
affirmed, that remains of *Anglo-Saxon* buildings do not exist, bu

warranted in assigning our more antient buildings to the Saxon in the total absence of historical record, nor even then, until we t trace a corresponding similarity of style between *them* and some thenticated production of our Saxon progenitors.

ere are considerable remains of one building yet standing, though ncipally confined to vaults and cellaring, which may be justly at- l to the Saxon era, since there can be no doubt that they once a part of the monastic edifices of Westminster Abbey, probably urch, which was rebuilt by Edward the Confessor, in the latter f his life. These remains compose the east side of the dark and l cloisters, and range from the college dormitory on the south to pter-house on the north. The most curious part is the vaulted r, opening from the principal cloister, in which the standards for *als of the Pix* are kept, under the keys of the Chancellor of the uer, and other officers of the crown. The vaulting is supported by oins, and semicircular arches, which rest on a massive central co- aving an abacus moulding, and a square impost capital, irregularly In their original state, these remains, which are now subdivided ral cross walls, forming store-cellars, &c. appear to have composed e apartment, about 110 feet in length and 30 feet in breadth, the cular arches of which were partly sustained by a middle row of hort and massive columns, with square capitals diversified by a ce in the sculptured ornaments. These antient vestiges now form ement story of the College School, and of a part of the Dean and r's Library.'—p. 132.

he *Norman* style, which was introduced into England at the est, there are certainly numerous remains, that have so often nistaken for Saxon. Here we have still the circular arch, th enlarged dimensions, increased height of column, and a regularity of plan. The cathedrals of Exeter, Norwich, , Peterborough, and Durham, besides many parish churches, e cited as still exhibiting specimens of this early style; Mr. Britton thus describes.

essential characteristics of the architectural style observable in the gs erected by the Normans, in the century succeeding the Con- consisted in cylindrical massive columns, with regular bases and , having semicircular arches springing from the latter. The walls ry thick, and were generally supported, or strengthened, by broad perpendicular buttresses. Sometimes the columns were square or lar, or had smaller pillars joined to them; they were also occa- ornamented with spiral grooves, or flutings, passing round them, covered on the surface with a kind of raised diamond-shaped resembling net-work. The doors and windows were round-headed, latter were mostly high and narrow. Though the smaller arches ain and simple, the principal ones were decorated with a variety of gs. Among these were the chevron, or zigzag, the embattled fret, k-head, the billet, and the nail-head. The roofs of the Anglo- churches were often of timber, but there are various examples of oined roofs to be found in crypts, small churches, and in some of edrals. They were formed with cross-springers, and sometimes additional ribs; but are much plainer than those of the Pointed style. The Anglo-Norman *Towers* were massive, square structures, rising to no great height above the roof of the buildings to which they were attached. The exterior of the walls was generally plain; the portals had sometimes figures sculptured in low relief over them. The west fronts were occasionally ornamented with series of small circular arches, arranged separately, or intersecting each other so as to form pointed arches at the intersectional crossings; this peculiar embellishment, of which the Priory of Castle Acre, Norfolk; St. Botolph's, at Colchester; Wenlock Abbey, Shropshire; Croyland Abbey, Lincolnshire; Malmesbury Abbey, Wiltshire; and other Norman buildings furnish examples, has been supposed, as antecedently stated, to have afforded the first idea of Pointed architecture, as an independent style.'—pp. 134, 135.

The exact epoch of the introduction of the *first* or *Early-Pointed* style, as we have chosen to call it, cannot be accurately determined; but Mr. Britton thinks that the general adoption of this remarkable change in Christian architecture, may safely be dated from the opening of Stephen's reign (in 1135). It commenced with small lancet-headed recesses and trefoil-headed windows. In the next reign, the massive character of the original Norman style began to change in the forms of its mouldings, capitals, and ornaments. The trefoil and quatrefoil leaves were introduced as enrichments upon the members between the columns and on the vaussure of the arches; and the chevron, billet, embattled fret, cable and other mouldings of Saxon and Norman character, were gradually discontinued. Durham Cathedral displays the transition from the Norman to the Early-Pointed order; and that of Salisbury, and Westminster Abbey, the highest perfection of the latter style.

'In Salisbury Cathedral, the short massive Norman column, and expansive semicircular arch were entirely superseded by the tall clustered shaft, and narrow lance-headed arches, excepting in those of the body of the edifice, which nearly approach to the triangle. The groining is of the most simple form, being merely a single intersection over each compartment, (centering in a foliated boss, or knot), and an intervening rib. In the *triforium*, a sweeping elliptical arch incloses two double pointed ones, the smaller arches having cinquefoil heads: the vacant space below the point of each double pointed arch is pierced with a quatrefoil, and that under the segment arch with a rosette of eight leaves. The windows of the upper story are each formed by three lancet divisions, the middle one being considerably higher than the others; an arrangement and mode of construction that became very prevalent in buildings of that age. It must be noticed, that the light shafts which surround the columns of the nave and choir are completely *detached*, of a different kind of marble, and are not, as in most of those in other Cathedrals, wrought out of the columns themselves. The upper part of the tower and lofty spire of this edifice are of later date, yet both in design and ornament they very admirably combine with the general style of the fabric of the cathedral.'—pp. 145, 146.

This style continued until the end of the reign of Henry III.—that is, about a century and a half. Its other most remarkable specimens are the cathedrals of Lincoln, Winchester, Wells, Lichfield, Worcester, Chichester, Ely, Carlisle, Llandaff, and Peterborough, the minster of Beverley, the abbeys of Fountains, Kirkstall, Rivaulx, Tintern, &c.

The *second*, or *Decorate-Pointed* style, may be said to have extended over about a century, and through the reigns of the three Edwards; during which perhaps, says Mr. Britton, for grace and elegance of proportion, for richness of decoration without exuberancy, and for scientific skilfulness of execution, the Pointed style received its greatest improvements.

> ‘The remarks of Dr. Milner on this division of the Pointed style are extremely apposite; except perhaps, that at the outset, he limits its improvement too immediately to the time of Edward the First, instead of extending it through the two following reigns.—“ During the reign of our first Edward,” says that writer, “ the architecture of this country, through the genius, industry, and piety of its architects, and artists, acquired a new character, or rather transformed itself into a new order of the Pointed style. The first feature of this was the general adoption of the well-proportioned and well-formed aspiring arch. The pointed arches, which had hitherto been constructed, though sometimes accidentally, graceful and perfect, were almost always too narrow, too sharp in the point, and ungracefully turned, as appears, amongst other instances, in the windows of the nave of Winchester, and in the old parts of Lichfield Cathedral; but those of the present period were universally well turned and duly proportioned: they were also invariably adorned with one or more cusps, on each side of the head, so as to form trefoils, cinquefoils, &c., as also with new invented and highly finished mouldings. The pediments raised over these, and other arches, were universally purfled; that is to say, adorned with the representation of foliage along the jambs, called crockets. Pinnacles, which had hitherto been rare and quite plain, were now placed at the sides of almost every arch, and on the top of every buttress, being invariably purfled, and ornamented with an elegant flower, called a finial. A pinnacle of a larger size being placed on the square tower of former times, as was the case at Salisbury, and elsewhere, became a spire. That bold feature of this style, the flying buttress, for supporting the upper walls of the nave, which had hitherto, for the most part, been concealed within the roof of the side aisles, was now brought to view, with suitable dressings, as an ornament. The window no longer consisted of an arch divided by a mullion or two, and surmounted with a single or triple circle, or quatrefoil, but was now portioned out by mullions and transoms, or cross bars, into four, five, six, and sometimes into nine bays, or days, as the separate lights of a window were called; and their heads were diversified by tracery work into a variety of architectural designs, and particularly into the form of flowers.—The plain niches of the thirteenth century, early in the fourteenth became gorgeous tabernacles—these tabernacles, as well as various other parts of the sacred edifice, were filled with statuary, which frequently exhibited *equal spirit in the* design and art in the execution. Finally, the *ribs supporting the* groined ceilings were no longer simple, intersecting

> arches, but they branched out in tracery work of various devices, still more rich and elegant than that in the larger windows; and wherever these ribs met, they were tied together by an architectural knot, called a boss or orb, which generally exhibited some instructive device.'—pp. 155, 156.

Exeter Cathedral, and St. Mary's Church at Ely, and *St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster*—afford the most remarkable examples of whole edifices in this style. But the best feature of this era of architecture is the beauty of its spires:

> 'Before quitting this division of the subject it may be expedient to state that the *spire*, that graceful addition to a Christian church, which came into use during the first period of the pointed style, was now pretty generally adopted, and many very elegant specimens could be referred to which decidedly belong to this era. During the former period, the squat and massive proportions of the Norman tower were gradually departed from, and as our builders obtained a higher knowledge of the scientific principles of their art, they became more bold in design and more skilful in execution, and were thus enabled to construct edifices of a far more lofty and aspiring kind than those of their immediate predecessors. Hence the early English towers were carried up to a greater height than those of Anglo-Norman design, and as though still further to direct our thoughts "heavenward," the tapering spire was superadded. The pleasing effect of this ornament, in breaking the monotony of straight lines and level ranges of buildings, is obvious to every observer; and four of our Cathedrals, in particular, may be named as instances in which both the home and the distant scenery of each respective city derive a very important and impressive interest from this feature; namely, Chichester, Salisbury, Lichfield, and Norwich. That of Chichester is supposed to have been erected in the latter years of Bishop Langton's prelacy, which lasted from 1305 to 1337: it is designed with much simplicity, and its proportions are good. Salisbury spire, that far-famed "wonder of the west," is unrivalled in England, both from its altitude and beauty of proportion: the ornaments are of a more advanced period than those of Chichester, and the tower from which it rises is most judiciously contrived, from its sculptured richness and elaboration of pinnacles, to give increased interest to the general effect. The three spires of Lichfield, called the three sisters, are peculiar in England, although there are similar examples in Normandy. Seen from the west, they form a beautiful group, and in every approach to the city, naturally attract the eye, and interest the imagination. The spire of Norwich cathedral was the earliest of the four, and is also the plainest: this is supposed to have been erected by Bishop Walpole, about the end of Edward the First's reign.'—pp. 167, 168.

The last, or *Florid-Pointed* order, commencing with the reign of Richard II. extended to that of Henry VIII.—a period also of about a century and a half—until an over-wrought elaboration of magnificence brought the whole style into disrepute, and produced *the* "decline and fall" of this entire system of architecture. The *Florid-Pointed* style, however, needs little illustration for a public *familiar* with the gorgeous beauties of the chapels of King's College, Cambridge, St. George's, Windsor, and, above all, Henry VII. Westminster. Here the depressed, or obtuse arch, with its endless mouldings, the lofty and fretted roof, the exuberant details of enriched pannelling, embossed niches, and heraldic sculpturing, all bespeak the very wantonness of decoration; but the superb fan-like and pendent tracing, which overspreads the vast vault of this last chapel, is certainly an unparalleled prodigy of scientific daring and art.

But, to our minds, the most pervading grandeur of ecclesiastical architecture, and its deepest influence upon the imagination, are not to be found in the luxuriant vaulting of these later structures. This pointed style, in its sumptuous cultivation and rapid maturity, hastened to its corruption: for, as it has been well said, arts appear to have, like individuals, their natural progress and decay. The pointed style we should consider, for ecclesiastical purposes at least, to have reached its highest pitch of excellence at the instant of its transition to the second or decorated variety. For the hall of the castle-palace, the chapter-house of knighthood, or the banquetting chambers of regal state, the prodigal exuberance of the florid order may offer its appropriate magnificence. But this splendour—the splendour of the chapels of St. George at Windsor, and King Henry at Westminster—is not the beauty of holiness; nor does it excite the same thrilling emotions of pious veneration, which steal over the mind in the quiet solemnity of Winchester and Salisbury. We are enthusiasts in admiration of the religious architecture of the middle ages: we hold it worth an age of every-day feelings to lose ourselves for an hour in that silent adoration of the heart, that mysterious influence of awful associations, which presses upon the spirit in the over-arching but translucent gloom of the elder cathedrals. But it is only in these earlier edifices that the solemn purposes of the structure are undisturbed by excessive ornament: in the florid order, the silent and sacred influence of the place is destroyed, just as the lengthened and mellow shadows thrown by the deep mouldings of the more ancient style, are here lost in the glare of sunshine that plays and floats over the frittered and shallow tracery.

ART. VI. *The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, for* 1827. Edited by Alaric A. Watts, Esq. 12mo. pp. 402. 12*s.* London. Longman and Co., and J. Andrews.

THOUGH Mr. Watts cannot claim the merit of originating that class of annual publications, to which 'The Literary Souvenir' belongs; yet we think that it is to his superior acquirements and taste, we are mainly indebted for the degree of perfection, to which those elegant productions have recently attained. In the two volumes which he has already published, his own poetic powers and those of his numerous and distinguished auxiliaries have appeared to much advantage, joined as it were hand in hand with the sister arts of the pencil and the graver. If the volume now before us be not illumined by quite so many literary gems as its predecessors, it greatly excels them, and indeed all other works of the kind that have yet appeared in this or any other country, in the beauty of its plates. In this respect it is in truth a curiosity. Indeed, unless a great number of impressions had been disposed of, (we understand that it already exceeds seven thousand), we know not how the price affixed to the small paper copy could afford an adequate compensation for the expenditure which must have been incurred for the engravings alone; all of which, with, perhaps, one or two exceptions, are executed in the very best style. Any one of these plates, it is no exaggeration to say, is well worth the sum demanded for the volume, particularly of those on India paper, which are to be found in the large paper edition.

The 'Girl in a Florentine Costume,' of the year 1500, is from an original painting by Henry Howard; a portrait, we believe, of his own daughter. This plate forms the frontispiece, and, with the exception of the nose, which is larger in proportion than that in the painting, it is admirably engraved by Charles Heath. Tastes will differ about the band, which is tied low on the forehead. We own we do not like it, though jewelled, and, for aught we know, in strict costume. It interferes with the fine oval sweep of the countenance, and reminds one unnecessarily of the artifices, which modern fashion has applied in order to press to the head clusters of ringlets that are not its own. The drapery is exquisite. But capital as this plate undoubtedly is, it is more than rivalled by 'the last Portrait painted of Lord Byron.' It must at once strike every one as extremely unlike any of the engraved heads, which have been hitherto published of that distinguished person. But it should be remembered, that this is the *last* resemblance taken of him, and that those were made from paintings, which, if they told any truth at all, must have referred to a much earlier period of his life. Most of us may have observed the great alterations, which time is capable of producing in the human countenance; and when to that are added the effects of high intellectual exertion, of a wounded spirit, and of travel in distant climates, we should in fact expect a very considerable difference between the latest portrait of Lord Byron, and those of him which we had seen before. Indeed, whether this reasoning be admitted, or not, no doubt can be felt concerning the truth of the likeness in the present instance. It was painted by Mr. W. E. West, an American artist, in August 1822; and in addition to the testimony of Mr. J. C. Hobhouse, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, it appears from a letter inserted in the preface, addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. West, that his lordship must have been perfectly satisfied with the picture, since he took *steps in order* to get it engraved by Morghen, at his own expense. *This design* was abandoned, as that artist would not undertake to finish it in less than three years. It comes before us from the graver of F. Engleheart, and we believe it will be admitted on all hands, that he has done both the subject and the painter justice. The aspect of the countenance is mild and melancholy; a flood of intellect is gathered behind the eye, and were it not for a marked cure of the upper lip, we should look on the face in vain for an expression of that hatred, which the poet had boasted of entertaining towards his fellow men.

Another very interesting and valuable plate in this volume represents the well-known subject of Alexander and Diogenes. It is a miracle in the art of engraving, for it comprises within a duodecimo compass every particle of the original splendid drawing by J. Martin. The cynic is seen sitting near a tent, unaffected by the presence of the proud Macedonian and his glittering banners and suite, and in return for all his proffered imperial favours, giving him that satirical reply—" Do not keep the sun from me." Corinth, with its acropolis, appears in all the grandeur of Grecian architecture in the back ground. An aqueduct is nearer in the scene, and through its lofty arches shoot those sun beams, which the philosopher preferred to the favour of a court. A fountain and a rich dense grove of trees form the shade of the picture. We are not aware of Mr. Martin's authority for the tent. It is well known that Diogenes lived in a tub, and though such an object might be beneath the dignity of this truly epic composition, yet it is essential to the character of the story. But for this, Mr. Edward Finden is not responsible.

We have tried to persuade ourselves that 'The Spanish Lady,' by J. H. Robinson, from an original picture by G. S. Newton, looks of the south. The drapery is beautiful, though not peculiarly Spanish, and the guitar would fain speak to us of Seville or Grenada. But the countenance belongs to no province of the Peninsula. It is sharp, and almost acid. Wondrous indeed were the power of music, if it could subdue the domestic eloquence which lurks between her lips. One would apprehend that wherever she ruled, there would be no alternative between a fiery lecture and an excruciating song—either enough in all conscience for the penance of a whole life. But we gladly leave her in "her airs," as we are in quest of a fair Bernese, of whom we caught a glance towards the end of the volume. Here she is, a thing of smiles, innocence, affection, and true Swiss beauty, apparelled in her native costume. She almost lives. A tiny, new-fledged bird is perched on her lifted hand, just learning to fly; and her head-dress, which is not unlike a pair of gossamer wings, aided by her slender form and buoyant attitude, makes one think that she is herself about to fly after it. Here Edward Finden shines again. He has really bestowed on this Rosalie a world of charms. There are five or six other engravings in this work, which though inferior to those we have mentioned, are possessed of great merit; particularly 'The Contadina,' and 'Auld Robin Gray.'

The literary matter of the present volume is much more various than that of its immediate predecessor, though we must observe that it contains nothing equal to the "Lovers' Quarrel," or 'The Death of the First-Born." The remembrance of the latter, which we look upon as one of the most exquisite poems in our language, compels us to regret that Mr. Watts has contributed so few of his own effusions to the publication now before us. There is a tenderness of expression, and a musical sound in his verse, which remind us of Hammond. His judgment has led him to disdain, at least in his own writings, the loose and capricious metre of the modern school of poetry. We never read one of his stanzas without feeling that he draws his inspiration from the heart, and his style from the best models of our language. We have therefore suffered some disappointment in finding so many of his pages thrown away upon the compositions of writers, some of whose names indeed stand high in our literature, but all of whose contributions Mr. Watts must have rejected, had they depended only on their intrinsic merit for his approbation. Indeed, the custom of affixing real signatures to writings intended for works of this description—a custom so inconsistent with the practice of our best periodical works—has become a public nuisance. The weak ambition of having their names blazoned in a handsome volume, which is likely to be seen and read by every young lady in the country, has not only reached the matured and acknowledged bards, but has moreover generated a dandy race of poetasters, who leave no means of solicitation untried, in order to get their gilt gingerbread sonnets placed side by side with those of Southey or Campbell. And the latter, as if to augment the evil, whenever they condescend to write for a compilation of this kind, appear really to exert all their industry in reducing their offerings to the lowest degree of insipidity. We might instance, in proof of this observation, 'The Soldier's Epitaph,' and 'The Lines on Greece,' in the volume before us. The former is by the "celebrated" author of Roderick.

> —'The standard of the Buffs
> I bore at Albuhera, on that day
> When, covered by a shower, and fatally
> For friends misdeemed, the Polish Lancers fell
> Upon our rear.'
>
> * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> My name is Thomas: undisgraced have I
> Transmitted it. He who in days to come
> May bear the honoured banner to the field
> Will think of Albuhera, and of me.'—pp. 89, 90.

We ask Mr. Watts, would he have inserted this trash in his

enir, if it had reached him anonymously, unless it was in-
d to be a *Souvenir* of Mr. Southey's puerilities?
ho would have believed, if he had not the best evidence of the
that the following stanza was written by Campbell,—on
e too, a theme which should have called forth all the light-
of his genius?—

'The Christian world has seen you, Greeks,
Heroic on your ramparts fall;
The world has heard your widows' shrieks,
And seen your orphans dragged in thrall.'—p. 107.

. Watts should issue his proclamation, stating that in future
ould permit no signatures to the compositions of which his
may consist. He will then be, to a great degree, unfet-
in his discretion; and besides getting rid of a whole host of
erends," and "Misses," and "Misters," and "Esquires,"
were never intended by nature for literary pursuits, and who
e after them only for a drawing-room name, he will teach the
ates of Parnassus, that celebrity, in order to be preserved,
still be suitably courted.

ere may be some merit in Washington Irving's sketch of 'The
ented Man,' who, by the way, is after all a very *dis*contented
but we own that we do not admire it. It has none of the
raciness of his style. As a picture of the vicissitudes to
Frenchmen were exposed by the events of the Revolution
Restoration, by confiscations, exile, and indemnities, it may be
ct enough; but it is a cold and cheerless picture, exhibiting in
rt of it the touch of a master. 'The Breeze from Shore,' by
Hemans, is too mystic for our comprehension. 'The Lass of
eslan-mill,' is rather a favourable specimen of Allan Cunning-
s muse. We omit the second stanza, as the sentiment of the
line, however innocent in itself, is indelicately expressed.

'The laverock loves the dewy light;
The bee the balmy fox-glove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn
When song and sunshine fill the air:
But I love best the summer moon,
With all her stars, pure streaming still,
For then in light and love I meet
The sweet Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
O'er Blackwood-brow bright glowed the moon,
Rills murmured music, and the stars
Refused to set our heads aboon:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths, all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks—
Farewell Lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
  Had I the eye of worldish care,
I could not think thee half so sweet,
  Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dew-drop dim mine eye,
  This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,
Thine every wish of joy and love
  My Lass of green Glenesłan-mill!"—pp. 13, 14.

Of the story of 'The Two Fathers,' by the author of "Lig and Shadows of Scottish Life," we never could for a moment dou the authenticity. Any one who has ever read a single page fr the pen of this writer, would be able to discern his style, even an Encyclopædia. He does not "die," but he seems to be alwa sick "of the rose," and languishing in "aromatic pain." Co mon phrases will not suit his purpose; if his sentence be not el borate, circuitous, and splendid, he fears that it will not be read. He has a perpetual ambition to shine: he revels in all the luxuries of our language, but never dreams that there is the slightest charm in simplicity. He sports his holiday dress *every* day. He is one of the greatest coxcombs we know of in literature. This story of 'The Two Fathers,' is one of the most specious absurdities which he has yet attempted to impose on the world. His idea was to contrast a father resigned to the will of Providence, with one murmuring against it. Each had lost a favourite child: the following is meant, we presume, as a *natural* picture of the death of one of the children:—

'Hurried feet were heard descending the stair, and the sound died away at distance in the outer night. The old nurse ventured into the room, and lo! with one arm below the head of the corpse, and the other across its breast, lay *the mother in a profound sleep!* Both faces were alike pale, and the same angelic smile was on both,—but no one else was present; and it was plain that the father had sought, in his distraction, the less insufferable solitude of the woods or glens, now shone over by the midnight moon and stars.'—p. 21.

The mother in a profound sleep by her daughter who had just expired! Whence does this author derive his ideas? From no source, surely, which we know of in this nature of ours, for he continually stems against the current of our common feelings. His next effort is to represent the discontented father as soothed and reformed by him of the happier character. But such a result as this could not be described in any moderate style. Let us hear his refined jargon.

'There was a long silence, during which the heavens became more serene, each large luminous star seeming nearer to the earth, *and the solitary church-yard to be received into the very bosom of the sky*. The soul of the bereaved father felt its immortality; and the *dreadful darkness* rolled off from the decrees of Providence. The mystery of the dream of

w more supportable; and he thought he heard the voice of an angel
a hymn.'—p. 24.

r. Watts understands what is really meant by 'the solitary
-yard being received into the bosom of the sky,' tombstones,
charnel-house, church and all, we must acknowledge his ca-
of conception to be infinitely beyond our own. It really is
e for our plain faculties; to the "Children of the Mist," it
e intelligible, though we should imagine that they would
n need of all their powers of "second sight," in order to dis-
l the fine fantasies of this artist in "lights and shadows."
poem, called 'A Retrospective Review,' from the pen of
ood, follows this rhodomontade, and fully expiates its dul-
It reminds us of the delicate humour of some of Goldsmith's
s.

'Oh when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from mine eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,
With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipt his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite,—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas papered o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote,—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall:
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football 's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro,—

My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school.—
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake
It makes me shrink and sigh,—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;—
The crownless hat,—ne'er deemed an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke,—and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The' Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!—
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home,—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,—
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach!—
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams"!

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!'—pp. 28—32.

nes written beneath the portrait of Lord Byron, by Miss are worthy neither of the subject nor the poetess. What mean by

'An altar into which *was* given,
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.'—p. 33.

if the grammatical construction were amended, we do not flowers could be given '*into*' an altar. 'Light' might *on* an altar, but why 'given into' it? One of the stanzas, , is unexceptionable.

'At the first glance that eye is proud,
But, if I read aright,
A fountain of sweet tears lies hid
Beneath its flashing light:
Tenderness, like a gushing rill
Subdued, represt, but flowing still.'—p. 33.

Benger's sketch of Elizabeth Woodville possesses a good nerit. It is by turns lively and pathetic, and displays a cquaintance with the history of the age (the fifteenth cen- which her scene is laid. We should certainly have made some part of it, had we not been pledged by a prior en- t to '*The Grey Hair.*' The stanzas are written by Mr.

'Come, let me pluck that silver hair
Which 'mid thy clustering curls I see:
The withering type of Time or Care
Hath nothing, sure, to do with thee!

Years have not yet impaired the grace
That charmed me once, that chains me now;
And Envy's self, love, cannot trace
One wrinkle on thy placid brow!

Thy features have not lost the bloom
That brightened them when first we met:
No:—rays of softest light illume
Thy unambitious beauty yet!

And if the passing clouds of Care
Have cast their shadows o'er thy face,
They have but left, triumphant, there
A holier charm—more witching grace!

And if thy voice hath sunk a tone,
And sounds more sadly than of yore,
It hath a sweetness, all its own,
Methinks I never marked before!

Thus, young and fair, and happy too—
If bliss indeed may here be won—
In spite of all that Care can do;
In spite of all that Time hath done;

Is yon white hair a boon of love,
To thee in mildest mercy given?
A sign, a token from above,
To lead thy thoughts from earth to heaven?

To speak to thee of life's decay;
Of beauty hastening to the tomb:
Of hopes that cannot fade away;
Of joys that never lose their bloom?

Or springs the line of timeless snow
With those dark, glossy locks entwined,
'Mid Youth's and Beauty's morning glow,
To emblem thy maturer mind?—

It does—it does:—then let it stay:
Even Wisdom's self were welcome now;
Who'd wish her soberer tints away,
When thus they beam from Beauty's brow?'—pp. 6

'The line of timeless snow,' appears to us to be an exce felicitous phrase. The feeling conveyed through the whole beautiful little poem, springs manifestly from no fictitious It is more the effusion of the man than of the poet. We m *as a fit* companion to these lines, 'The Better Land,' t *Hemans.*

' " I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle-boughs?"
—" Not there, not there, my child!"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—" Not there, not there, my child!"

" Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—" Not there, not there, my child!"

" Eye hath not seen it my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!" '—pp. 65, 66.

ave seldom read a more fantastical piece of prose than that 'The Lazzaroni.' The author tells us a long story about g at Palermo, and about his being bewitched by a glance r sybil into the house of a lazar, where, stretched upon a beheld a poor wretch covered with the leprosy. Instead ing off from such a place, as any man in his senses would ne, our knight-errant remains in this miserable cabin hour ur, for no earthly purpose but to see the invalid die, and is obliged to take an antidote against the disease. We had bestowed some of the said antidote upon his readers, uth his paper is sufficient to give one the horrors, it is so eetles, scorpions, and lizards.

Mitford (one of our declared favourites) has contributed papers in prose and verse to the present volume. Her Charade' is not, however, to our liking, and her poetry is felicitous. But there is one sketch from her pen quite in uliar way. It is called 'The Queen of the Meadow,' and rough country story.

winding unfrequented road in the south of England, close to a low, two-arched bridge thrown across a stream of more beauty than c quence, stood the small irregular dwelling and the picturesque bu of Hatherford mill. It was a pretty scene on a summer afternoon wa old mill, with its strong lights and shadows, its low-browed cottage co with the clustering pyracantha, and the clear brook, which, after da and foaming, and brawling, and playing off all the airs of a mou river, whilst pent up in the mill stream, was no sooner let loose th subsided into its natural and peaceful character, and crept quietly a the valley, meandering through the green woody meadows, as tranq trout stream as ever Isaac Walton angled in. Many a passenger h stayed his step to admire the old buildings of Hatherford mill, backed its dark orchard, especially when the accompanying figures, the jolly m ler sitting before the door, pipe in mouth, and jug in hand, like one of T nier's boors, the mealy miller's man with his white sack over his should carefully descending the out-of-door steps, and the miller's daughter f ting about amongst her poultry, gave life and motion to the picture.

‘ The scenery on the other side of the road was equally attractive i different style. Its principal feature was the great farm of the parish, old manorial house, solid and venerable, with a magnificent clump of wi elms in front of the porch, a suburb of out-buildings behind, and an o fashioned garden with its rows of espaliers, its wide flower borders, and close filberd walk, stretching like a cape into the waters, the strawber beds sloping into the very stream ; so that the cows which, in sultry w ther came down by twos and by threes from the opposite meadows to c themselves in the water, could almost crop the leaves as they stood.

‘ In my mind *that* was the pleasanter scene of the two ; but such co hardly have been the general opinion, since nine out of ten of the pas by never vouchsafed a glance at the great farm, but kept their eyes stea fixed on the mill ; perhaps to look at the old buildings, perhaps at miller's young daughter.

‘ Katy Dawson was accounted by common consent the prettiest girl in parish. Female critics in beauty would to be sure limit the commendati by asserting that her features were irregular, that she had not a good f ture in her face, and so forth ; but these remarks were always made in absence ; and no sooner did she appear than even her critics felt the po of her exceeding loveliness. It was the Hebe look of youth and hea the sweet and joyous expression, and above all the unrivalled brillianc colouring, that made Katy's face, with all its faults, so pleasant to l upon. A complexion of the purest white, a coral lip, and a cheek like pear, her namesake, on “ the side that's next the sun,” were relieved rich curls of brown hair of the very hue of the glossy rind of the h chesnut, turning when the sun shone on them into threads of gold. I figure was well suited to her blossomy countenance, round, short, childlike. Add to this, “ a pretty foot, a merry glance, a passing plea tongue,” and no wonder that Katy was the belle of the village.'—pp. —179.

Katy, however, was kept so close at home by her father, (mother had been long dead), that she reached eighteen withou *lover.* *Offers* she had indeed, but they were peremptorily reject *At length* an intelligent young farmer, named Edward Grey, w s appearance in the neighbourhood, and "located" himself in a ot of ground, which he cultivated after the most improved plan. e found out Katy, and Miss Mitford paints in her happiest style e coy and modest reception which the lass of Hatherford mill ve the young stranger. 'First she began to loiter at the door; en she staid in the room; then she listened; then she smiled; en she laughed outright; then she ventured to look up; then e began to talk in her turn; and before another month had past ould prattle to Edward Grey as freely and fearlessly as to her wn father.' Soon after matters had been thus far matured, a ousin of Katy's, Sophy Maynard, came down to the mill on a sit. Between Sophy and Edward an incomprehensible sort of ecret soon grew up. In short, the young man made her the con-dante of his affection for her cousin.

'Affairs were in this posture, when one fine evening towards the end of une, the cousins sallied forth for a walk, and were suddenly joined by Edward Grey, when at such a distance from the house as to prevent the ossibility of Katy's stealing back thither, as had been her usual habit on such occasions. The path they chose led through long narrow meadows sloping down on either side to the winding stream, enclosed by high hedges, and seemingly shut out from the world. A pleasant walk it was through those newly mown meadows just cleared of the hay, with the bright rivulet meandering through banks so variously beautiful; now fringed by rushes and sedges; now bordered with little thickets of hawthorn and woodbine and the briar rose; now overhung by a pollard ash, or a silver-barked beech, or a lime-tree in full blossom; now a smooth turfy slope, green to the eye and soft to the foot; and now again a rich embroidery of the golden flag, the purple willowherb, the blue forget-me-not, and a "thousand fresh water flowers of several colours," making the bank as gay as a garden. It was impossible not to pause in this lovely spot; and Sophy who had been collecting a bright bunch of pink blossoms, the ragged robin, the wild rose, the crane's bill, and the fox glove, or to use the prettier Irish name of that superb plant, the fairy-cap, appealed to Katy to "read a lecture of her country art," and shew "what every flower as country people hold did signify"—a talent for which the young maid of the mill was as celebrated as Bellario. But poor Katy, who, declining Edward's offered arm, had loitered a little behind gathering long wreaths of the woodbine and the briony and the wild vetch, was, or pretended to be, deeply engaged in twisting the garland round her straw bonnet, and answered not a word. She tied on her bonnet however, and stood by listening, whilst the other two continued to talk of the symbolic meaning of flowers; quoting the well-known lines from the Winter's Tale, and the almost equally charming passage from Philaster.

'At last Edward, who, during the conversation, had been gathering all that he could collect of the tall almond-scented tufts of the elegant meadow-sweet, whose crested blossoms arrange themselves into a plumage so richly delicate, said, holding up his nosegay, "I do not know what mystical interpretation may be attached to this plant in Katy's country art, but it is *my favourite* amongst flowers; and if I were inclined to follow the *eastern fashion of courtship*, and make love by a nosegay, I should certainly send it to plead my cause. “ And it shall be so,” added he, a short pause, his bright and sudden smile illumining his whole c nance. “ The botanical name signifies the queen of the meadow; wherever I offer this tribute, wherever I place this tuft, the homage heart, the proffer of my hand shall go also. Oh that the offering find favour with *my* fair queen !”——Katy heard no more. She away to a little bay formed by the rivulet, where a bed of pebbles, hung by a grassy bank, afforded a commodious seat, and there she her down, trembling, cold, and wretched, understanding for the first her own feelings, and wondering if any body in all the world had been so unhappy before.

‘ There she sate, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, unconsci making “ rings of rushes that grew thereby,” and Edward's dog Ra who had been watching a shoal of minnows at play in the shallow and every now and then inserting his huge paw into the stream as if tr to catch one, came to her and laid his rough head and his long br curling ears in her lap, and looked at her with “ eyes whose human ing did not need the aid of speech,” eyes full of pity and of love; Ranger in common with all the four-footed world loved Katy dearly; now he looked up in her face and licked her cold hand. Oh, kinder faithfuller than your master! thought poor Katy, as with a fresh gush tears she laid her sweet face on the dog's head, and sate in that positi as it seemed to her for ages, whilst her companions were hooking landing some white water lilies.

‘ At last they approached, and she arose hastily and tremblingly an walked on, anxious to escape observation. “ Your garland is loose Katy, said Edward, lifting his hand to her bonnet. “ Come and see how nicel I have fastened it! No clearer mirror than the dark smooth basin water under those hazels—Come!” He put her hand under his arm an led her thither, and there, when mechanically she cast her eyes on t stream, she saw the rich tuft of meadow-sweet, the identical queen of t meadow, waving like a plume over her own straw bonnet: felt hers caught in Edward's arms, for between surprise and joy she had well ni fallen; and when with instinctve modesty she escaped from his embra and took refuge with her cousin, the first sound that she heard was Soph affectionate whisper—“ I knew it all the time, Katy! Every body kn it but you! and the wedding must be next week, for I have promised E ward to stay and be bride's-maid.”—And the very next week they w married.’—pp. 185—188.

‘The Peasant of Portugal,’ an episode of the Peninsular war, a highly dramatic and affecting sketch. It depicts, in the m glowing colours, the rage by which the people of that country w animated against the French. The catastrophe is terrific. Ju Taxillo is the name of the hero. He is represented as hav just clasped to his bosom his beautiful and newly-made bri Marguerita, at the time Soult and Junot entered Portugal. T village where he lived was suddenly invested by a regiment French cuirassiers; Marguerita was forced to become the vic of their licentiousness, and died from the intensity of her sufferi and shame. Juan vowed revenge against the whole regi

ked at night about their quarters, and his unseen hand sent
f them to their account in another world. He contrived
e the remainder to a cave in the mountains, where he led
expect they would find their secret enemy; and when they
secured within the range of his powder train, he applied
h, and perished with his foes. We know not how much
there is in the story, but it has probably some foundation
It is related in a masterly style.

uthor of 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' which we have already
ed in terms of deserved praise, has attempted to illustrate
of Rosalie in a paper, to which he has given the incom-
ble title of 'Parthian Darts.' It savours, in some degree,
greeable humour, but it borders too closely on caricature,
n fact, little short of a failure.

. Malcolm has contributed several poetical pieces to this
which may be justly enumerated among its ornaments.
l give one of them, 'The Return,' written on re-visiting
gh.

'From wandering on a foreign shore,
Fair city, in the evening skies,
As on my raptured gaze once more
Thy long lost scenes arise,—
A thousand sweet emotions start,—
My frame a gush of feeling thrills,
And strays in distant dreams my heart
With years beyond the hills.

Again amid thy scenes I rove—
Those scenes that sweetly can restore
The day dreams of my youth and love
In all the charms they wore;
But on each well remembered face,
As through thy varied crowd I range,
I sigh to mark the dreary trace
Of ruthless time and change:—

And more than all, of wasting care
That lurks in lines his hand hath made;
And, ere the blight of time is there,
Bids Beauty's blossom fade.
Thus even life's gayest scenes supply
Thoughts less to joy than sadness near,
Till mirth oft melts into a sigh,
And smiles into a tear.

I too am changed:—bright eyes impart
To me a raptured thrill no more,
Awake not in the withered heart
The throb they waked before.
Alas! what renovating power
The charm of life again can bring,

The sweets of love, that fleeting flower
Which feels no second spring!

First Love!—oh, how these two brief words
Wake thoughts too deep for speech that lie!
Which steal along the bosom's chords
Like long-lost melody—
Thy blessed days once more to live,
With all their magic sweetness fraught—
With words—if I had such to give—
Methinks were cheaply bought.

Then—oft as one dear name I heard—
The tell-tale blush unbidden came,
And a fair woman's soft regard
Was more than wealth or fame;
But now the charm of Beauty's glance
Falls on my bosom cold and weak,
No more her smiles the heart entrance
Or tinge the faded cheek.

Yet as a glow upon the hill
Remains when summer's sun is set,
Thy image, dearest, lingers still
Bright as when first we met;
And 'midst the crowd, if passing by,
Perchance some radiant form I see,
Her loveliness still prompts the sigh
That Memory breathes to thee!'—pp. 93—95.

The only composition we find in this volume from th
Mrs. C. B. Wilson, is a ballad, which, though we have alr
ceeded our limits, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure
scribing. It is so charming a picture of an affectionate w
we must excuse the grammatical error in the fourth line.

'I watch for thee, when parting day
Sheds on the earth a lingering ray;
When his last blushes o'er the rose,
A richer tint of crimson throws;
And every floweret's leaves are curled,
Like Beauty shrinking from the world!
When silence reigns o'er lawn and lea,
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee! when eve's first star
Shines dimly in the heavens afar;
And twilight's mists, and shadows grey,
Upon the lake's broad waters play.
When not a breeze nor sound is heard
To startle evening's lonely bird!
But hushed is e'en the humming bee!—
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee,—when on the eyes
Of childhood, slumber gently lies!
When sleep has stilled the noisy mirth
Of playful voices round our hearth;
And each young cherub's fancy glows,
With dreams that only childhood knows,
Of pleasures past—or yet to be—
Then, dearest love! I watch for thee!

I watch for thee, hope of my heart!
Returning from the crowded mart
Of worldly toil, and worldly strife,
And all the busy scene of life!
Then, if thy brow of brightness wear,
A moment's space, the shade of care,
My smile, amid that gloom, shall be
The rain-bow of the storm to thee!'—pp. 394, 395.

ie stanzas, from the pen of the Reverend Mr. Dale, are pret- ritten, though rather dull in sentiment. Among the other its of the work, we observe one or two sonnets by the Rev. isle Bowles, a 'Reflection' on the last words of Berengarius, t prince of dreamers, S. T. Coleridge, several love-lorn strains iss Landon, and one or two songs by Barry Cornwall. Upon and all of these we must leave it to the reader to form his udgment; for after what we have said of the attractions of Literary Souvenir,' we can hardly doubt that he will give it mediate and distinguished place in his library. If he have id to make a new year's present to an intelligent niece or ter, we know of no single volume better suited to his purpose.

VII. *An Essay on the War-Gallies of the Ancients.* By John well. 8vo. pp. 61. Edinburgh and London. Blackwood and lell. 1826.

mere objects of antiquarian research have already afforded a fruitful harvest of conjectures and doubts, or still remain in pier condition to provoke fresh inquiries, and repay them new uncertainties, than the attempt to determine the con- ion of the ancient war-galley, and the arrangement of its The question is one which, chiefly perhaps on account of rplexities, antiquarians have specially delighted to honour; e marvel whether it may not prove to have been the iden- theme of that erudite and interminable correspondence be- our friend Jonathan Oldbuck, of Monkbarns, and the Rev.)ryasdust, of York, which is obscurely referred to in the ous memoirs of the former right excellent person.

investigation, indeed, is so felicitously full of difficulties, it *sts so many* an apparent solution, " and ne'er a true one," it is so susceptible of new interpretation by every fortunate commentator, and affords him so obvious an occasion of exposing the ignorance and vituperating the stolidity of all previous inquirers, that its attractions for the genuine archæologist are perfectly irresistible. Accordingly, we find that essay upon essay, dissertation and commentary, reply and rejoinder, have all been put forth on this teeming subject: rival systems of explanation have been upheld and assailed with conflicting learning; texts have been wrested, and arguments perverted, to prove the truth of every successive position; and the advocates of each have very commendably struggled in turn for the victory of their opinions, with all the true zeal, intolerance, and obstinacy of good partizans.

For our own parts, we are very far from being surprised at the continuance or revival of this notable controversy: for the inquiry, if not of deep importance, is in itself really curious, and is rendered doubly amusing by the very uncertainty in which it is involved. As one of the unsolved problems of antiquity, there is an excitement in its examination, which is strengthened by previous failures; and we can ourselves feel some portion of that increasing ardour of pursuit, which has been thrown into the subject, just in proportion as it has appeared to bid defiance to all elucidation. We have turned, therefore, more in the spirit of antiquarian affection, than of critical severity, to the perusal of the little essay before us; and it has amply repaid our attention, with half-an-hour of very agreeable and rational entertainment.

Avoiding the common sins of such treatises, Mr. Howell has made his essay neither long, nor ponderous, nor dogmatical. He does not fatigue us with argumentative prolixity, nor overpower us with the multitude of his quotations and references; but at the same time he evinces all requisite learning and research. He is not dull, but neither is he superficial: he says all that his undertaking demands, and has the great merit of saying it concisely in some sixty pages. Moreover, though he, too, has his new and special explanation to propose, he advances it modestly, and with no vaunt of his superior acumen over preceding inquirers. He details the suggestions of others with accuracy and fairness; he briefly exposes what he conceives to be erroneous deductions, without violently distorting the meaning of authorities in an opposite direction; and his own manner of treating his theme altogether is as candid, simple, and clear as possible.

With respect to the particular conclusions which he has been led to form on the construction of the war-galley, they are certainly novel, plausible, and ingenious; but, we are bound to confess, to our apprehension at least, not wholly satisfactory. We shall, however, be contented rather to sketch off a general estimate of the merits of the discussion, and to leave our readers to judge as they will, than to engage formally ourselves in the debateable points of the subject. And lest, in refusing our entire conviction to the truth of Mr. Howell's conjecture, we should be suspected of holding also in reserve any little favourite plan of our own, we are careful to disclaim to that gentleman, with all due solemnity, the least intention of setting up a rival system; protesting that we do not happen to have "made up our minds" on a matter of such grave deliberation. With this safe declaration of neutrality, we venture to proceed.

The object of discussion on the nature of the ancient galley lies in a very narrow compass. It is familiarly known to every schoolboy, by the common allusions and universal agreement of classical authors, that the war-vessels of the ancients were designated and rated according to the number of the *banks of oars* by which they were impelled. There were, generally, two classes of war-gallies: one of a single line of oars, and the other with two or more banks. Of the former, the Liburnian were most famous for their lightness and swiftness: but the nature of all vessels of this order is sufficiently obvious and intelligible. The construction of the numerous class of gallies of more than one bank, is the point which has perplexed our modern world. Of these, there were the bireme, or galley of two banks, the trireme of three, the quadrireme of four, the quinquireme of five, the hexireme of six, the septireme of seven, and so on. All the rates here enumerated were at different epochs employed in naval engagements; though the quinquireme seems to have been the largest ever in very general use. It was the common galley of both Carthaginians and Romans in the Punic wars; but the Greeks, at the great epoch of the Peloponnesian war, used few larger gallies than the trireme; and this continued longest the favourite and usual rate for "*line of battle-gallies*," if we may so term them: just as seventy-four-gun ships have in modern warfare been much more frequently constructed than three-deckers, from their superior utility as compared with the expense of construction.

Of the mode in which the banks of oars in all these rates were arranged, not a tittle of explicit and indubitable evidence has come down to us. No ancient treatise whatever on ship-building has been preserved; and the only source of our defective information on the subject is to be sought in the scanty and casual allusions of historians and poets, who have naturally avoided to encumber their narration with technical details of construction. It is much more strange that neither painting, gem, nor sculptured delineation has been found to aid the inquiry. Upon Trajan's column, vessels indeed have been discovered; but here, with the incorrectness which, as Mitford observes, the ancient sculptors allowed themselves in such representations, the artist has been so regardless of mechanical proportions, and has so confused and crowded his figures, that nothing can be safely determined from his authority. So also, in the rostrated column of Duilius, erected to commemorate his naval victory over the Carthaginians, and which was dug up at Rome, about two centuries and a half ago, only the beaks of gallies are projected from the shaft of the pillar; and no part of the banks of oars is exhibited.

In the absence of all direct evidence, then, recourse has necessarily been had to conjecture; and the first obvious idea which would occur to the mind of, perhaps, every man is, that the banks of oars in the different rates were placed one above another—if not perpendicularly, at least in a chequered or quincunx order. There would be no difficulty in imagining that three or five tiers should be so disposed; and we may even admit the possibility of raising six or seven tiers in the same manner, though with increased unwieldiness and inconvenience of action. Thus far the natural supposition might be carried without much outraging probability, if the rating of the gallies had ascended no higher. But here the difficulty only commences. It is as indubitable as any point of ancient testimony, that gallies were constructed and used in naval warfare, not only of seven or eight banks of oars, but even of twelve, by Alexander the Great; of fifteen, by Ptolomy Soter; and of sixteen, by Philip, father of Perseus. And finally, Ptolomy Philopater built one of no less than forty banks. This last was designed, doubtless, for mere pomp and extravagant display; but still it was used, and the gallies of fifteen or sixteen banks were certainly employed in actual warlike service. Of this we have the separate and concurrent testimony of various authors; and we perfectly agree with Mr. Howell, that nothing can be more idle than the attempt of some moderns to impugn the fact, for the mere sake of supporting a favourite conjecture.

Now, on the absurdity of supposing—without taking other incongruities into account—that any oar could be constructed of sufficient dimensions to be worked at the height of forty, or even fifteen tiers from the water, it is utterly needless to dwell. The enormous length of oar, which such an arrangement would require, may be seen by a proportional diagram of three lines, and will at once render the idea perfectly incredible to any rational mind. In the same manner it is demonstrable, that an oar fifty-seven feet long cannot be placed to pull with any effect, if its row-lock be more than ten feet above the horizontal line of the water, without rising at the upper end to a strangely inconvenient height, while, with the blade or lower end, it will make a most immoderate and impracticable dip. Yet thirty-eight cubits, or fifty-seven feet, is the precise length assigned by Athenæus to the longest oars of Ptolomy's galley of forty banks. If these oars, then, could only have been ten feet above water in the highest tier, how are we possibly to imagine any consistent arrangement of forty, or even ten tiers below, ascending either perpendicularly, or obliquely in chequer? The laws of reason and mechanics will equally revolt at the supposition.

Yet even the absurd opinion that the banks were tiers of oars n perpendicular ascent, one over the other, has not wanted stinate advocates. Mr. Howell has quoted the argument by Morisot from the Tactics of the emperor Leo, to prove -gallies had at least two tiers of oars, and might therefore re. But he has omitted to observe, as he ought, that the actice of the Byzantine empire can prove nothing on this . Since the victory of Actium, which Augustus ascribed iburnian gallies of one bank, the naval science of anti- d certainly declined. The galleys of many banks had been le; and the dromones, (or vessels of two tiers,) of Leo, would y a faint resemblance to the majestic construction of more ages. The reasoning of Morisot scarcely deserves to be ; but it is singular, that the accurate spirit of inquiry, and acteristic incredulity of Gibbon, did not reject the notion se stupendous machines," as he is satisfied to describe hich displayed fifteen or sixteen ranges of oars, "*rising* r falling behind each other."

to the palpable impossibility of applying to gallies of the tes this opinion, that the banks of oars were ranged one other in parallel lines, that we owe all the controversy on ject. The first idea that appears to have been started for tion of the problem, (and here Mr. Howell shall speak for

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> the different banks of oars were ranged, not one above another, e continuous line along the side of the galley; the first in her second in her waist, the third in her stern, when a trireme; and eater rank, the different banks were still added on the same line to poop, with intervals between. This opinion has many sup- great learning and merit. Though maintained by Stewechius ilionius, it is not more tenable than the last, and the faint repre- s left on Trajan's column, are directly contrary to this hypothesis. necessary here to quote the numerous passages in almost every hich occur at variance with this theory, and not to be reconciled ne objection I shall only state, which I think sufficient for its , as I mean this not so much a dissertation upon the ancient au- an essay upon the galleys themselves.
>
> ilding a galley after this manner, the loss of power is great, and y thrown away, by breaking up the continuous range of oars that would have been obtained along the sides of the vessel, to gain ent advantage.
>
> oubt, the difficulty as to height and length of oar are (is) by this ot rid of, but the sacrifice of space and power is too evident not to ved; and this arrangement is accordingly not supported by the ts of antiquity, nor a consistent interpretation of those authors e any mention of the galley. Finally, were a galley to be con- of ten banks, and there were many of a greater number, their ust have been enormous, far exceeding what Athenæus ascribes to raconteres of Ptolomy. Her length, he says expressly, was 280 *r 420 feet.* Now, she had forty banks of oars, and her longest

oar was thirty-eight cubits, or fifty-seven feet. A less distance than four feet cannot be allowed between each rower's seat for oars of this length, as one-third of the oar must be within the scalmi at least, to pull with any effect. Thus, four times forty is 160, for forty oars, leaving 260 feet, a part of which would be consumed in the curvature of her stem and stern; she could not have had three oars in a bank, as three times forty is 120, the distance of four feet between is four times 120, or 480 feet, i.e. 60 feet more than her length, so that she could only be, were this opinion correct, a galley with one bench of oars. Besides this, we are told she had longer and shorter oars, and these would evidently be quite unnecessary in a galley of this construction.'—pp. 29—31.

We agree that this last objection is decidedly fatal to the theory of a single bench. A modification of this conjecture has been proposed however, with which Mr. Howell appears to be totally unacquainted. We have before us the French work of the Chevalier de Lo-Looz, published in 1770, under the title of "Recherches d'Antiquités Militaires," of which an essay on the war-gallies of the ancients forms a part. In this essay, the perusal of which is quite at Mr. Howell's service, M. de Lo-Looz propounds a very elaborate suggestion, that the ordinary trireme had three separate ranges of oars in the bows, the waist, and the stern-quarter, not exactly in a continuous line, but each range rising a little above the other from stem to stern; that by raising a second tier upon one, two, or all of the three, the vessel would be converted into a quadrireme, a quinquireme, or a hexireme, respectively; that, in like manner, five or six tiers upon each range would raise the vessel into a galley of fifteen or eighteen banks; and thus in all the intermediate rates. In the case of a vessel of a yet higher class and greater length, he supposes that there might have been two ranges in a line in the bows, and the same in the waist and stern-quarter; and six tiers upon each would thus give thirty-six banks. In the instance of Ptolomy Philopater's floating palace of forty banks, there would be six tiers upon four of the ranges and eight upon the other two. M. de Lo Looz has also his plan for the arrangement of the tiers of the rowers' banks, like that in the old work of Sir Henry Saville, rising as steps from the gunnel of the galley to her middle. The whole plan of Loo Looz is, perhaps, more fanciful than well founded on authority; but it certainly reconciles a great deal of the allusive evidence which is extant; and as it is altogether different from Mr. Howell's own conjectures, it may afford that gentleman one more occasion of exercising his ingenuity in the demolition of all theories but his own.

The next suggestion which claims attention, is that quoted by Vossius and other writers, that the trireme received its name from three men pulling at the same oar, the quinquireme from five, and so on. But this hypothesis becomes at once untenable, when we *recollect* that Ptolomy's galley must thus have had forty men to *each oar*, and must have had all its oars in a single line, which it

had not: as appears by a passage in Athenæus, in which
the highest rank" are spoken of in evident contradistinction
of lower tiers. But on the incompatibility of this theory
authority, proofs might be endlessly multiplied.

ıeory adopted by the learned Vossius himself, (Thesaurus
e Rom. Gronovius), and in which Le Roy, (Memoires de
aie des Inscriptions, tom. XXXVIII.), very nearly co-
goes very little farther, as Mr. Howell has justly observed,
the difficulties of the question. These authors, aware of
ity of supposing either that the oars were all in one line,
be used in fifteen or forty horizontal tiers, are willing to
ıd former hypotheses, by concluding that the tiers rose ob-
ver each other to the number of five or seven; and that,
this height, the rating was estimated only by the number
o an oar. Thus, in the galley of forty banks, there would
iers with twelve men at each oar of the highest, ten at the
ow, and so on until the lowest oar had only four rowers, to
rty in all. But if a galley were under-manned, her rate
ıus be lowered at once; and this change is never noticed
ıistorians: though they often speak of the gallies being
their full complement of men. A modern ship of war is
ly under-manned, yet this does not affect her rate; and it
ort, to say the least of this theory, very improbable, that
ients would designate the banks by the number of men,
that of oars.

ast hypothesis which had been generally received before
ication of Mr. Howell's essay, is that of General Melvill;
the more worthy of examination, because it has been pro-
, by so great an authority as Mr. Mitford, to be, "by far
t satisfactory conjecture," which he had met with. It was
d in 1773, and agrees with that of Vossius and Le Roy in
the tiers one above the other obliquely, the higher rowers
hequered in quincunx with the lower; but it allows only
ı to each oar. It farther supposes that, for the working of
with greater effect, a gallery, in which the rowers were
projected from the side of the vessel, a little above the
ark, at an angle of 45°. We confess, with all deference
ɔpinion of one the most learned and able of our historians,
s theory of General Melvill never appeared satisfactory to
erstanding. It at once occurred to us that it was totally
able to any galley of more tiers than five or six; and yet it
y would number the banks by tiers. That gallies of ten
en banks were often used in the naval wars of the suc-
ɔf Alexander, it is inconceivable to us, as we have already
w any classical reader can doubt; and with this impression
ıeral's system is utterly irreconcileable. Mr. Howell states
reason. He asserts, that the General's largely projecting
, *even for* a quinquireme, ' must have rendered the galley

too crank and difficult to trim.' Among minor objections we may add, that, as this theory allows only one man to an oar, the galley of Ptolomy Philopater, which we know was manned with four thousand rowers, must, according to it, have had the incredible number of two thousand oars on a side.

Having disposed of all the preceding theories which he names, by proving them incompatible with some passage or other of classical authority, Mr. Howell zealously proceeds to build up the new hypothesis which is to explain all obscurity in the construction of the galley, to reconcile all apparent contradictions in ancient accounts of it, and to answer every objection that had been raised against former suppositions. Mr. Howell begins with laying down a kind of historical process by which, he conceives, the galley was raised from the row-boat of a single tier, to the huge floating castle of numerous banks. That nothing may be omitted, he takes his outset from the construction of the ship Argo, gives us a minute detail of her equipment of oars, and is good enough to refresh the memory of his readers with the novel information, that she was built by Jason, and freighted with the Golden Fleece. We should not ourselves have greatly objected to admit, without this authority, that the earliest vessels had only a single line of oars from stem to stern: but there is nothing like beginning logically *ab initio*.

Then Mr. Howell imagines all the inconveniences, which were found in the early war-gallies, of this single arrangement of oars occupying the whole vessel's length, and neither leaving a deck for the soldiers to fight upon, nor admitting of a commanding height from whence to discharge their missiles. He, next, details the idea that, according to his supposition, must have struck the Erythreans, who are generally admitted to have been the first to substitute gallies of two banks for the old ones of a single tier. Suppose a vessel of the original form, pulling twenty oars, ten on a side, thus:

o o o o o o o o o o

the Erythræans found that 'without adding to the length of the ship they could have the same number of oars in nearly one half of the length, by placing the oars obliquely,' thus, up the ship's side:

o o
o o
o o
- -
o o
o o

By this means, the rowers being all placed in the midships, ample room would be left for an elevated deck for combat at the poop and prow. Thus, then, according to Mr. Howell, originated the creation of a bireme; and when this idea was once started, of placing the banks of five oars each obliquely, the extension of the plan was easy to an indefinite degree, simply by adding to the ngth of the galley, without increasing her height at all. The ar-ports of a trireme would, for instance, appear thus:

```
          o         o         o
            o         o         o
              o         o         o
                o         o         o
                  o         o         o
```

quinquireme thus :- -

```
  o         o         o         o         o
    o         o         o         o         o
      o         o         o         o         o
        o         o         o         o         o
          o         o         o         o         o
```

and so on, until the galley of Ptolomy Philopater would count forty of these oblique ascents, behind one another from stem to stern, and each of five oars, without being necessarily higher in the water than a bireme.

This theory is certainly in agreement with most of the passages referring to gallies and matters of military marine in the classical authors. It at once obviates the absurdity contained in that monstrous supposition, that even forty banks must have been placed one over another. Nor would there be any inconvenience in the oblique ascending series of five oars in each bank. It justifies also the general title, applied to war-gallies, *naves longæ;* the appropriateness of which would be utterly lost in the huge proportions of a galley of forty, or even ten banks rising one above the other. While it agrees with the inevitable deduction from various writers, and from the imperfect representation on Trajan's column, that there were at least several ascending tiers of oar-ports, requiring oars of various lengths. It moreover is in accordance with the appearance of the gallies on Duilius's rostrated column; on which, in the beaks of the vessels, (the only part represented), there are no oars: leading us to conclude that these were placed only in the waist.

In some other less apparent agreements of this system with extant evidence, Mr. Howell has laboured hard and ingeniously to complete the accordance. His trireme having only thirty oars, and the complement of rowers to a galley of that rate being, as we gather from the Greek historians, about one hundred and fifty, he allows five rowers to an oar to reconcile the numbers. Thus, also, Polybius leaves us to infer that the quinquireme had three hundred rowers; while our author allows her only fifty oars, that is, five banks of five on each side. But here too Mr. Howell has his conlusion ready, that this larger rate than the trireme required six nen to an oar. Again, the often quoted galley of forty banks, nust, according to Mr. Howell, have had only four hundred oars, forty banks *of five on* each side), but we know that she had four *housand rowers : consi*dering her size, says Mr. Howell, immediately, she could not have had less than ten men to each oar. So determined and eager is he to leave nothing unaccounted for in his theory!

It is, however, only due to him in candour to observe, that there is every reason to believe that there must always have been several men to one oar. Such was certainly the practice in the modern gallies of the Mediterranean, which were continued from the example of those of the middle ages, as the latter had been copied from the single-tier gallies of the Roman empire. Besides, Suetonius says expressly, that the great Liburnian galley of a single tier, of Caligula, had ten men to each oar; while Pliny speaks of a smaller one of the same class with five men to each. In the decay of naval science and vigour after the battle of Actium, it has been noticed that the light Liburnian gallies of one bank, and the Byzantine dromones of two tiers of oars, gradually became the only classes of vessels of war. But if the light Liburnian required several men to an oar, it is very improbable that the loftier built gallies of earlier times with so many banks, which must have been heavier to pull, could have been worked efficiently by single rowers.

Having fairly stated all the favourable circumstances in Mr. Howell's theory, we shall just—while we disclaim any intention of entering into argument on it—throw out two or three ideas which have been suggested by our perusal of his essay. The author has nowhere given any reason why he adopts the specific number of five oars for each bank—why he chooses to imagine a vessel of one bank with *just ten oars aside*, as that which the Erythreans altered into a bireme of the same number of oars in two oblique banks. For this he has no authority whatever; and the number of five oars to a bank is evidently altogether arbitrary and fanciful. A bank of three, four, or even six or seven oars, is quite as probable or improbable; nor does the whole notion of the oblique order of banks from stem to stern, appear to us as very likely to have presented itself to a rude people; although Mr. Howell, having passed five-and-twenty years, as he himself tells us, in speculation on the subject, has discovered a *possibility* of reconciling its difficulties by this far-fetched hypothesis of arrangement.

Nor should it be overlooked that it is no more than a *possibility*, of such having been the real arrangement, which Mr. Howell can claim to have suggested. His plan is not directly confirmed by the positive meaning of any striking passage which had been before inexplicable: his theory rises only at most to the negative truth of not being flagrantly at variance with any authority. In short, a solution may in such a case satisfy a certain number of given conditions without being the true one:—it may appear to be in agreement with all correlative facts, when it only proves that the recorded number of those facts is too small to justify any precise conclusion whatever. We make this remark, because Mr.

well triumphantly appeals to the agreement of his conjecture h all the difficulties of former theories, as the infallible text of being 'very near the truth.'

n the next place, we are not quite sure that one obvious objec- may not at once be fatal to Mr. Howell's theory. There is a sage in Vegetius (in that book, the fifth, of his treatise which xpressly devoted to naval tactics, c. 7), in which it seems to be erred that a galley might be raised at pleasure from one rate to ther, and that this was sometimes done:—" idoneæ mensuræ nos vel quaternos, interdum quinos sortiuntur remigum ordines." may be said that Vegetius, writing after the decline of the naval hitecture of the ancients, is not an unexceptionable authority; t if his testimony may be received, it was easy to convert a eme into a quinquireme. Now it is evident that, upon Mr. well's hypothesis, the length of the galley would not admit of s increase of rate without occupying much of the prow or poop, well as the midships, with rowers, and very inconveniently di- nishing the space which he reserves for combatants and warlike gines. We recommend the passage to his consideration.

Again, there is a difficulty in his mode of arranging the different sses of rowers, which he certainly does not explain away satis- torily. It is acknowledged, on all hands, that there were three these classes: *thranites, zugites,* and *thalamites,* or rowers of the gher, middle, and lower stations on the benches. Athenæus oreover mentions the longest oars of Ptolomy Philopater's galley, being pulled by the thranites, and Thucydides says that that ss received higher pay than the others. From whence altoge- er it has been commonly supposed, that the thranites were better id, because pulling the longest oars and being seated on the per benches, they had the greatest share of labour and were most posed to the enemy's missiles. Mr. Howell, at a loss how to stribute the three classes of rowers in his oblique tiers of five rs, supposes that the thranites merely pulled at the extreme end each oar. This is surely not a very conclusive explanation. In . de Lo Looz's essay before quoted, reference is made to two cir- mstances related by Silius Italicus, and Appian, respectively, hich would bear strongly upon this question of the disposal of the asses of rowers. One is that, during an action, the quarter or ck of the thranites having taken fire, it was consumed before the gites or thalamites received the alarm. The other story is, that galley having been struck by the beak of her opponent below ater, the sea rushed into the lower deck of the thalamites so sud- nly that they all perished, while the zugites and thranites on eir upper tiers had time to save themselves. These passages are ite irreconcileable with our author's theory; since the different asses must have been placed in separate decks or tiers, instead merely *occupying,* as he supposes, different places at the same r.

But we are not disposed to lay a very great stress upon any part of the arguments of Lo Looz. The few remarks which we have made are intended, we repeat, rather to stimulate still farther, Mr. Howell's inquisitive spirit of research, than by any means to depreciate his ingenious hypothesis. He has unquestionably studied his subject well, and composed his lively little essay with much ability. We declare ourselves his debtors for a great deal of interesting matter, and shall close our notice of his labours, by attributing to his theory, the merit which that of General Melvill had engrossed until its appearance. His conjectures have quite superseded those of the General in probability; and if not wholly and assuredly conclusive, they are now certainly "the most satisfactory by far" which have yet been produced.

Art. VIII. *The Tor Hill.* By the author of "Brambletye House," &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.* London. Colburn. 1826.

These three volumes would not have deserved the attention which we mean to bestow upon them, had they not been put forth with a high degree of pretension, as the work of a well known, and we may say, a popular author. In what department of our literature they are to be ranked, he has not condescended to inform us. He has given them no second title of "novel," "romance," or "tale," by which we might be prepared for the intellectual fare which he has spread before us; nor is it at all clear, whether he intended them as a history or a fiction. His scene is laid in the reign of Henry VIII., and it must be admitted that he gives ample evidence in every page, of the researches which he has made among the chronicles and ballads of that turbulent period. His obligations to the latter are limited, but to the former he confesses himself indebted for many of his incidents and descriptions, and on some occasions, when he deems his own pen inadequate to the expression of his ideas, he makes no scruple of foisting in a passage from Hall, or even from some living writers, in order, it should seem, to impart a sterner air of authenticity to his production.

If Mr. Horace Smith meant his volumes as a work of fiction, he could not possibly have exhibited a more lamentable want of tact, than he has shown in his numerous quotations. He scarcely ventures upon any striking occurrence connected with the peculiar aspect of those times, without either confirming it with the testimony of some cotemporary historian, or referring like a lawyer, to the statutes, enumerating with nice care the particular chapter and section. If he intended to produce a history, he has evinced a still more unaccountable deficiency of skill; for while some of his incidents are probable enough, many of them are in the highest degree ridiculous and extravagant. Several of the historical characters whom he has introduced, he has contrived to render wholly ike the originals. He has attempted to place Henry VIII. and rdinal Wolsey in his fore-ground, but nobody would recognize se individuals in the theatrical and tinsel dresses under which has most elaborately disguised them.

t is clear enough that Mr. Smith read the chronicles of the od with a view to the present work, but it is equally obvious t he has not made the proper use of them. When the author "Waverley" wishes to unfold a passage of former days, he does fatigue his readers with quotations from historical writers, but becomes himself the chronicler of the time. He does not tell that such and such were the dresses then worn, but, having t ascertained the fact, he clothes his agents in the exact costume ich harmonizes with their characters and age, and he leaves his uracy to be inferred. Neither does he tell us that such and such e the modes of conversation and feasting, three or four hundred rs ago; but he makes his dramatis personæ speak according to notions and manners of the time, and he spreads his banquets ctly after the fashion then in existence, without thinking him- f bound to quote his authorities. Such an author as Sir Walter tt, before sitting down to a theme of "olden time," would first efully peruse all that had been written concerning it; but it uld be for the purpose of imbuing his imagination with the ings and habits of the men who moved at that period, in order t his own creations might seem as if they belonged to it. But . Smith writes of the past like a person of our own day. He read the chronicles, but he has not entered into the spirit of times of which they treat. He is sufficiently exact in his rences, but he ought to have had no need of them. His racters, scenes, and incidents, should have been of themselves icient types of the age for which they are intended; they uld have looked so strongly of the period, as to supersede all nal indications on the subject.

he want of this inherent vraisemblance is not the only failure this work. As a fiction, it is the most incongruous piece of chwork that has ever fallen under our notice—with the ex- tion, indeed, of the ponderous tomes of the Minerva press. We ught at first, and so we apprehend did the author, that Poyns dley was to be the hero of the tale. But Dudley has two or e rivals for this honour, and in the end we are at a loss to cern the person to whom it really belongs. Mr. Smith was loubtedly at liberty, if he thought fit, to have no hero at all; in taking that course he must also dispense with one of the ncipal charms of a work of imagination—that of unity in the ign, a charm that is always to be discovered in the productions master. And its utility, as well as beauty, do not arise merely n its being in accordance with any specific rules of composition, from the assistance which it lends both to the writer and the der *in the* progress of the story. A crowd of personages or

incidents, no one of which we find in subordination to the ot
seldom likely, at least in works of this description, to fix c
tention. We look naturally for some central point, to which
minor detail inclines, as if forming part of the same syste
acknowledging the same presiding influence.

Another striking error which pervades this work, is the fr
appearance of the author in his own person. Nothing, we t
can be more clear, with reference either to the stage, or to
of fiction, than that he who represents a character should
himself completely in the performance of it. The actor w
pears before us as Macbeth, would justly excite universal ri
if, in the midst of the dagger scene, he would turn about
audience, and address them upon some topic immediately con
with his own personal feelings. This interlocutory styl
Smith has introduced in many chapters of his work, and as
satisfied with this, he takes a formal leave of his reader in t
chapter, both in prose and verse.

By the way, as we have mentioned his verse, it may be
to add that he has prefixed, with much method, a single sta
each of his chapters, containing a short and obscure argum
its contents. These verses are, without exception, leaden,
tonous, and insufferable for their dulness. If it be the m
have mottos for every chapter, they ought, at least, to relie
mind by their beauty, rather than oppress it with their insipi

The story opens at Calais, in the midst of a fog, the mo
genial of all objects, and through its dimness the reader is
duced to Sir Giles Hungerford of the Tor, and his nephew
Dudley. The former is represented as a rough old soldie
might have figured to some advantage in the tale, if the auth
not chosen to cut him off in a rencontre with a party of the F
The first exhibition of his bravery, however, of which
informed, was in his conquest of the fog—a puerile idea
which the author amuses his fancy through a whole chapt
seems a trifling circumstance to notice, but it displays at o
calibre of the mind with which we are engaged. Poyns
is a young and ardent soldier, who upon the death of his u
pairs to England, in order to carry certain instructions co
in the will of his relative into effect. The principal of th
rected him to place his uncle's next heir, Cecil Hungerford,
the care of the Abbot of Glastonbury for his education, an
that view to remove him from the Tor House, where he resi
rather was imprisoned, under the guardianship of Sir Lion
maurice. This Sir Lionel is one of the most prominent pers
in the work. He is pourtrayed as one of those turbulent an
less barons, who certainly belonged less to the reign of Henr
than to that of any of his predecessors. Having obtain
custody of Cecil, he also made himself master of all the poss
belonging of right to that youth; and represented to th

at Cecil was deranged—a misfortune which he made repeated
empts to inflict in reality upon the boy, by surrounding him with
ll-contrived terrors. Sir Lionel is throughout the work pour-
yed as a demon, who has recourse to all sorts of superstitious
es and ceremonies, for the purpose of exciting the fears and ex-
ting the homage of the people around him. It is hardly neces-
y to observe, that a more common-place and delusive invention
an this, for giving interest to a fiction, could hardly be thought
It is in the lowest style of the melodrama, such as if repre-
nted, would hardly be endured even at Sadler's Wells. We shall
e the scene in which Sir Lionel is first introduced to the reader;
it will exemplify, in some measure, the sort of machinery upon
ich the author relies for imparting splendour and effect to his
ry. On Poyns Dudley's arrival in England, he proceeds to Tor
ll, in Somersetshire, but just as he reaches within view of his
stination, a thunder storm obliges him to take refuge under a
jecting rock, where he finds several peasants and travellers al-
dy collected from a similar motive. Their conversation of course
ned upon the history of Sir Lionel and Cecil,

When a peal of thunder that threatened to shake down the impending
ne above them, followed by an almost blinding flash of lightning, kept
whole assemblage, for a short time, in an awe-struck silence. Ere
y were sufficiently recovered to resume the conversation, one of the
sants, with an exclamation of terror, fell upon his knees, crossed him-
f, and pointing towards the Tor Hill, cried out,—" Saint Mary shield
! there he is! there he is! God grant he send not the lightning among
!" after which aspiration, he commenced repeating his paternoster with
at eagerness. As his companions directed their eyes to the point indi-
ted, they seemed to be equally struck aghast; many imitated his example
falling on their knees, and all exhibited symptoms of profound awe and
prehension. Where Dudley first stood, he could not discover the object
ich had so powerfully affected them, but he had no sooner changed his
sition, than at the extremity of a lofty terrace, projecting from the Tor
use, he beheld a tall dark figure with a long wand in his hand, which
was pointing at the sky, and waving about with a slow and majestic
tion. The black clouds having parted immediately behind him, and
mitting a bright ray of light, not only threw out his figure in bold and
tinct relief, but from the elevation of the hill and its crowning terrace,
on the edge of the horizon, gave him the appearance of some superior
ing walking in the sky. This mysterious personage, as he understood
m the exclamations of those around him, was the much-feared Sir Lionel
tzmaurice; while a little deformed figure, which presently afterwards
came visible, by his side, and wore very much the look of an imp of
rkness attendant on its master-spirit, was identified by the whispering
asants as " the Doctor."

' Cowering into one corner, as if they dreaded to be seen by the formi-
ble figure, who seemed to be giving orders to the angry elements, and
ecting their wrath; and yet unable to withdraw their eyes, as if fasci-
ted *by the apparition before* them, the peasants continued to watch the

movements of his wand, shrinking with increased agony wheneve
a direction towards themselves, in apparent apprehension that the li
which still played about him, would leap whithersoever he poin
consume and destroy according to his orders. Others remembe
carrier's tale of the demon, which was implicitly believed in tho
fixed their eyes upon the hunch-backed dwarf at his side, in app
pectation that he would take advantage of the next rent mad
lightning to leap into the clouds. "The abbey! the abbey!'
length exclaimed by several, from which Dudley, who recolle
alleged hostility between the Kings of the Hill and of the Valley,
tured that they expected some mischief to fall on the venerable
its lofty towers and chapels, thrown into deep shade by the clouds
to be sternly frowning at the storm, and bidding defiance to it
fury. Still were their eyes rivetted with an intense and almost b
interest, first upon the figures on the terrace, and then on th
building; but the tempest now began to abate and clear off. S
and his deformed companion stalked back to the mansion and disa
the thunder rolled muttering away; the song of the birds overpow
diminished pattering of the water, as it dripped from the hollo
the sun broke brightly through the scattered clouds, a rainbow
the opposite arch of the heavens, and the abbey was seen to glit
jured as the returning rays lighted up its far-extending walls.
with fresh confidence at a conclusion which refuted their sini
ominous forebodings, the rustics began to breathe with more freed
talk in a louder tone; and the whole party were preparing to sepa
renovated courage, when a column of dark smoke, laced with o
gleams of fire, was seen to arise at some distance, and two or thr
peasants exclaimed, at the same moment, that the abbot's grang
fire. In a few moments, the flames bursting forth with increased
not only confirmed this assertion, but shewed that the whole
with its stacks and ricks, would be shortly consumed; and the t
the peasants, who immediately assigned this calamity to the sup
influence of the abbot's arch-enemy, returned with redoubled force.
pp. 203—207.

The latter incident, like Mrs. Radcliffe's mysteries, we
plained in the concluding volume. Sir Lionel foreseeing th
as any man might do who had observed the skies, engaged
of the abbey, who was in his pay, to set fire to the gra
given signal. In the same manner, whatever is apparentl
natural in the beginning of the work, turns out at the e
some phantasmagoria, or other contrivance of Sir Lionel,
almost every instance, a contrivance too, of the most clu
scription.

Upon Dudley's arrival at the Tor House, he is of cou
sented to the family. It consists of Sir Lionel and La
maurice, of his daughter Beatrice, by a former wife,
"doctor," already mentioned, who acts as prime minister
work of wickedness devised by his master, and of a n
suite, who, together with a hired train of armed followers,
garrison sufficient to defend the place from any enemy.

bestowed a great deal of pains on Lady Fitzmaurice. She
ao bad specimen of the housewife of those times; but her
ce on such a scene, and linked with such a fiend as her
is one of the many incongruities into which the author
n. She is strongly attached to Sir Lionel, and though
:ion is grossly repelled and scorned by him on every occa-
ugh he takes no care to conceal the dissolute habits of his
the utter contempt which he feels for this simple-minded
yet she adheres to him to the end with an unshaken con-
Such an instance of feminine devotedness may not be
example, but it is not consonant to one's feelings to be
on to witness it, where it is returned by nothing but pro-
ıd disdain—where it is not once felt or acknowledged, and
t of it is so utterly unworthy of the slightest kindly emo-
to speak of a whole heartful of tenderness. Had her
n this respect been slightly touched upon, and kept in the
und, the effect might be good; but it is displayed so
y and so openly, that it becomes not less irksome to the
han it is supposed to have been to Sir Lionel himself.
ınother peculiarity, which, however characteristic of the
really a great nuisance. Besides her attachment to her
she seems to have no second idea that is not connected
domestic economy. Here is a specimen :—

you are but freshly come from France,' said the lady, address-
y, 'you can resolve me truly whether they live so much cheaper
as I hear they do. God wot how we are to live in England,
gs are thus run up. A fourteen pound stone of beef is not to be
eight good pence, nor a leg of mutton for less than three pence,
og costs ten shillings, and I have just paid a shilling each for
s for the minstrels' dinner to-morrow. Flour too is again up,
to be had under eightpence a bushel; and as to poultry, there
ing a fat capon or hen under threepence, and a mallard is as
e they make it a favour to give you three or four dozen eggs for

Formerly, good ale at three halfpence a gallon would serve
but now there must be a void of spices after dinner; and claret
ɔastard, at a shilling a gallon, is no longer good enough to serve
o we must e'en have muscadine or malmsey, at sixpence the
sack at ninepence, or Candia or Romagna wines of which I wot
lue; nay, there be some that will fancy nothing but Hippocras
spice.'

t! twit! my lady," exclaimed Sir Lionel, impatiently; "deem
nights' esquires pass their life in the pantry and pitcher-house;
ır guest has fallen in love with some kitchen malkin in France,
up her market-book while she was embossing a boar's head, or
lemon into its mouth for a Christmas dinner."

, nay, Sir Lionel, be not so overthwart, for as the gentleman is
I might well ween he would not pass through foreign countries
eaning some useful lore."

y *expressed his* regret, that he should have gathered no knowledge of this nature, for which he hoped to stand excused, as he had never kept house, but had generally led the soldier's life, and been provided for either, by the king, or the king's enemies.

'"All which stands grievously in the way of gathering valuable information," continued the lady—"but it may have happened that you know something of the cost of servants, which are here a sore and evil drain upon the purse. Even at board-wages they must have twelvepence a week, and as to yearly wages, you cannot find a scullery wench, or a rocker in the nursery, that looks not for twenty shillings; a groom will have as much; a footman, or falconer, forty; Sir Lionel's gentlemen five marks, or perhaps ten nobles;"—and then, observing that her husband and his secretary had retired to the window, she came nearer to Dudley, and whispered in his ear, in a tone that expressed her sense of its exorbitancy—"The doctor has a hundred shillings!"'—vol. i., pp. 235—238.

Our author, lest he should be suspected of an error on the latter point, takes care to inform us in a note, that "Roger Ascham had only 10*l.* a year for educating the Princess Elizabeth."

Beatrice is represented as partaking of all the pride and stateliness of her father, and beautiful though she must be, according to all the rules laid down for the construction of heroines, the author contrives to withhold her from our sympathies, during the greater part of her career through his three volumes. She is described as fond of all the barbarous rustic amusements of the day, and particularly of bull-baits, for which she seems to have a particular predilection. Here again, he may be historically correct, in imputing rude habits to some of the young rural ladies of the time, but to suppose that these habits prevailed universally amongst them, is monstrous. Even if they were very general, the author who cannot imagine an exception in favour of his own heroine, must be disposed to display his learning and research at the expense of her character. But this is not the only inconsistency which appears in Beatrice. She begins by insulting Cecil Hungerford in the most unfeeling terms—Cecil, whom at the end of the work, she loves and marries. At her first interview with Dudley, he makes an impression which gathers considerable strength during his stay at Tor House, and is afterwards improved at the court of Henry. But just on the eve of mutual declarations, the author thinks fit to convert this hero into a pander of the king, charged with a message to Beatrice of the most degrading nature from the English sultan. Up to this period much labour is spent in giving interest and importance to Dudley's character; but at this point he becomes so mean and worthless, that one regrets having ever felt the least curiosity about him. Beatrice changes her religion as easily as her lovers. She is first a Catholic, next a Lutheran, next not only a Catholic, but almost a Nun, and then again she resumes her Protestantism. In an age when religions were made like acts of parliament, according to the caprices of the tyrant who filled the throne, and were enforced by penalties of the t kind, Beatrice perhaps was not singular in her changes ı. But she had not the excuse of compulsion. She acted hoice—another manifest proof of the want of tact in the before us.

o the character of Cecil, for whom the author formally so- he deepest compassion of his readers, it is the strangest und of absurdities in the whole book. Cecil is figured out elicate youth, whose intellectual faculties are at the same owerful and childish. Though a prisoner at the Tor House, occasionally allowed to roam beyond the precincts of the n, and his usual haunt at such times is the Mendip hills, he finds delight in wandering among various caverns and s, and acts as "the genius of the place." Sometimes he is itting through the dark vallies with a flaming torch in his sometimes he surprizes the traveller with a song; nay, his on one occasion converted into a monster, capable of terri- ne of the most hardened of the Mendip miners. Through trivance of Sir Lionel, he grows up without education; but end he becomes a saint, and is within half an hour of dying artyr for the "reformed religion." There is no keeping in picture as this. It is the mere daub of a third-rate artist, is scarcely worth the canvass it occupies.

e are two or three little facts, which, trivial as they are, the very superficial knowledge which the author has ac- from the chronicles. After describing one of the bull-baits referred to, which was attended by Sir Lionel and his and Dudley, the author introduces the whole party into urch of the Abbey of Glastonbury, about three or four in the afternoon, at which time, he says, the monks were d in celebrating a solemn high mass. It is notorious that h mass was never celebrated, during the day, in ancient or times, in England, or in any other country, after noon, at st, and even this late hour has been selected only in com- with modern habits.

e second volume, (p. 143), the following sentence is put into th of Lady Fitzmaurice :—'" Oh, never, never, never! they tear the tongue from my mouth, the breast from my bosom, vould prove a traitress to him whom I have sworn to love, , and *obey*."' It is a curious fact, of which Mr. Smith not to have been ignorant, that the word *obey* was not at iod he speaks of inserted in the marriage service.

work of fiction, nothing is more commonly expected from ter, than a lively sense of the charms of nature, and a fluent, as an accurate and animated delineation of them. Mr. aware of this, has attempted in many parts of his composi- relieve the monotony of his narrative by the introduction of pe sketches; but though they appear to be vastly laboured, ugh *many of them* really contain the elements of good pictures, yet he uniformly fails to convey a clear idea of the scenes which he endeavours to set before us. We should suppose that in point of fact he has no experience of the beauties of the country, and that in attempting to paint them in his work, he has merely complied with what he justly conceived to be one of the duties of a novelist. Otherwise we know not by what mischance he could have imagined, that sheep looked in the depth of autumn as if they had been only just deprived of their fleeces, (vol. ii., p. 173). That operation is usually performed in the early part of the summer, otherwise how could those gentle animals endure the heat of their clothing? The following is a fair sample of the author's descriptive powers:—

> 'This place, (Farleigh Castle), which was said to have derived its name from the fair leas or meadows that surrounded it, was seated in an *uncommonly* rich and beautiful tract, though its principal recommendation was the great security of the castle, built with *uncommon* solidity, and seated upon a rocky hill.'—vol. iii., p. 252.

'Uncommonly' 'uncommon' as the place appears to be, yet we defy the most imaginative reader to form the slightest idea of its situation, and the scenery surrounding it, from this description. The author has favoured us also with a sketch of the Manor of the Mere, one of the dependencies of Glastonbury Abbey, and as it is somewhat more laboured than the view of Farleigh Castle, we shall present it to the reader.

> 'It was an autumnal evening, warm, silent, and serene, the setting sun throwing a golden bloom ever the unrippled waters of the little lake whence the place derived its name, and lighting up the wood that rose gradually from its further margin, every leaf so motionless, and the whole tufted range suffused with so warm a flush, that it might almost have been imagined to have just fallen asleep for the night. Several ponds, or smaller lakes, presented portions of their gleaming surfaces around the Mere, shaded and intermingled with groves, copses, umbrageous islands, and rich open meads, until it became difficult to distinguish the boundaries of either, so completely did the mellow sunlight, in which they were all flooded, melt them into one another. Close to the borders of the greater lake stood the Manor House, an antiquated building, whose numerous tops of carved wood-work, once pointed, though now rounded and corroded by time, its large gothic windows, its solid castellated gate-house in front, and the suburb of barns, granaries, and well-thatched stacks behind it, left you in doubt whether it were a religious edifice, the old family mansion of a gentleman of worship, or the abode of some substantial yeoman or wealthy farmer. The glaring colours and sharp angles of any newer structure would have refused to harmonize with the soft scene around it; but the time-worn pinnacles of the present building, and the varicoloured tints left by the breath of departed ages upon its walls, gave it the semblance of having grown old with the venerable trees by which it was overshadowed, and blended it as mellowly with the scenery as if it constituted *a portion of* the natural landscape.'—vol. ii., pp. 172, 173.

he reader has collected from this description a clear impres-
f the Manor of the Mere, he must be endowed with an ex-
inary power of imagination. For our own parts, we have
e smallest idea of this 'natural landscape!' We shall extract
e more of Mr. Smith's descriptions of scenery, that of Epping
, to which the king sometimes repaired, as on the present
on, with a hunting party.

> e morning chosen for the sport proved highly propitious; the sky
> oudless; it was the month of May; the forest seemed to be revel-
> all the fresh and vivid sprightliness of spring; the grass and the
> were covered with flowers; the boughs were dancing in a cool
> ; the birds saluted the royal party with music, which the noiseless
> f the horses upon the soft turf allowed to be distinctly heard; fra-
> was wafted from the green alleys; every thing seemed to bespeak
> ted life, beauty, and enjoyment, and to instil into the bosom of the
> er a feeling of complacency and delight.'—vol. iii., pp. 196, 197.

e we find all the elements of an enchanting picture, the sea-
he forest, the music of the woods, the splendour of the
party, and yet we have nothing like even a good sketch.
h the exception of one night scene at court, to which we
resently advert, Mr. Smith appears to us to have been suc-
l only in those parts of his work, which treat of Glastonbury
. This portion of his subject he seems to have studied with
ttention, and we know of very few authors who have treated
spoliation of the monasteries with so much truth and feel-
He thus describes Dudley's progress through several parts of
bey :—

> itting this uncongenial department of the religious edifice, he
> ed the wardrobe, the still-house, the doctor's and the bishop's
> ents, the oaken gallery, the cloisters, in which several of the monks
> icers of the establishment were pacing to and fro, and entered the
> all to the south, which was about forty yards long and twenty
> the whole of the upper end being hung with a magnificent piece of
> f the richest colours and most exquisite design and workmanship.
> dmiring this choicest production of the Flemish looms, he crossed
> ad court, nearly five hundred feet in length, and entered the scrip-
> , where eight or ten monks, and as many writers belonging to the
> were already at their desks, copying, transcribing, or digesting
> tracts, historical chronicles, chartularies, and literary treasures of
> s, both ancient and modern, ecclesiastical and civil. From this
> ent be passed by a large double-door into the spacious and lofty
> not less astonished at its great extent than at the innumerable
> nd manuscripts that it contained, piled up from the floor to the
> ; though it is probable his emotion did not equal that of old Leland,
> clares, that at the sight of such an unequalled collection of the
> most precious, and sacred remains of antiquity, he was struck with
> reverential awe and amazement, that he drew back astounded at
> *w, and hesitated for* some time to pass the threshold. Here were

preserved the classical treasures in Greek and Latin, which, but for careful custody, and the pains taken in the copying and collection ancient manuscripts, would never have descended to our times; here were accumulated, and in a great measure composed, the materials which have supplied an inexhaustible reservoir for all subsequent historians; and here was furnished a ready answer to the question so often and so tauntingly put—"How did the lazy monks employ themselves?" When their architectural, agricultural, and literary labours are considered, whatever objections may be urged against the monastic institution, in a religious or political point of view, it can hardly be maintained that its members were such absolute drones in the national hive, as they have been sometimes too inconsiderately termed.'—vol. ii., pp. 202, 203,

The abbot of Glastonbury is evidently a favourite of our author. He takes several opportunities of eulogizing him in the warmest terms—not without justice, since even calumny has been unable to detect a single stain in the character of that holy man.

'The abbot's apartments, as they were modestly designated, formed in fact a suite of spacious halls, chambers, and buildings, which constituted at once a college and a little court, whose admirable arrangement, perfect discipline, and polished manners, had long served as a model for the whole kingdom. Hither were sent from all parts the sons of the nobility and gentry, not only to receive a virtuous and learned education, but to be instructed in every polite accomplishment. Above three hundred had been thus bred up by the present abbot, besides many others of inferior rank, whom he had fitted for the universities. His table, with his numerous attendants and officers, exhibiting a well-ordered and plenteous hospitality, without any unnecessary luxury or ostentation, were admired by every visitant; and such were the extent and regulation of his domestic offices, that he had been known to entertain five hundred persons of distinction at a time, without difficulty or embarrassment. When he went abroad he had sometimes above a hundred attendants in his train; yet while he submitted to all these state-observances, as the appendages of his office, there was not personally a more meek, lowly, and humble-minded individual, than the powerful Lord Abbot of Glastonbury, a member of the Upper House of Convocation, and a parliamentary baron regularly summoned by writ to sit "inter pares, proceres, et barones regni."'—vol. ii., pp. 211, 212.

The following observations on the overthrow of the monasteries, are marked by good sense, and great impartiality :—

'That there should be abuses in some of the monastic institutions, opposed as they were by their primary law to one of the most powerful impulses of our nature, seems natural to expect; that they existed to a tenth part of the extent alleged, there is great reason to doubt. To calumniate first, that you may plunder and destroy afterwards, is an old process of tyranny. Even where the misconduct was manifest, it belonged as much to the times as to the institution; for it will hardly be maintained, that Henry and his ministers were purer in their morality than the monks; nor can it be denied that the suppression, however desirable it might have been on political and religious grounds, originated in rapacity, was conducted, in many instances, with great cruelty and oppression, and d to agents who, having an immediate interest in the plunder, ally unscrupulous as to the means they employed. Bribery and tion were their common expedients; sometimes a monk was hired e himself of heavy crimes that he might implicate the whole esta- it in his guilt.'—vol. iii., pp. 253, 254.

aps the best executed passage of this work, is the court- o which we have already alluded. In the course of his Poyns Dudley becomes a gentleman-usher of the royal r, soon after Beatrice had been, by a similar good fortune, ed one of Anne Boleyne's attendants. Henry had seen e, and had resolved to make her one of his mistresses.

his time the court was residing at Whitehall, and it was Dudley's duty to superintend the night-watch stationed in the king's great , which formed a spacious vestibule to his bed-room. The mo- ad long retired to rest; Dudley, by the light of a great torch stuck e centre of the room, had been reading Aretino's Satires, which he nd put in his pocket on hearing great Tom of Westminster strike r of midnight. On looking round the room, he discovered that he only person awake;—the knights and squires of the body were d upon their straw pallets;—the yeomen of the guard, having laid lberds and drawn swords upon the ground, were slumbering at sts, the light of the torch resting with a steady gleam upon their nour, or flashing fitfully, as they occasionally made some small and ious change in their posture. It is well, thought Dudley to him- it the sentinels without are more upon the alert, for he heard them g guard, and caught the measured tread of their footsteps as they d across the paved court-yard. As he still listened to the dimi- echoes of their feet, another sound reached his ear;—it was the ughing in his bed-room, and presently after he heard him call out ntly—"What, ho! who waits without?"

vas his first impulse to awaken the guard, or some of the knights of y, none of whom had heard the call; but knowing the king's im- e, and anticipating his fury, should he discover that they had been g at their posts, he hastily glided behind the traverse, and putting th to the door of the privy chamber, exclaimed: "Did your high- ll?"

ho art thou, fellow? what is thy name?" was the reply.

m Poyns Dudley, one of your grace's ushers, so please you."

! is it thou? What! come in—I would have speech of thee."

er having heard the monarch pull a string that drew up a bolt, opened the door, entered the royal bedchamber; the door closed f; and the bolt dropped down again into its socket. Two large pers, on a marble table, diffused a strong light through the room, ing the gilt angels with which the bed was decorated; and giving nignant features the full benefit of a contrast with the royal physi- . Before this period, Henry had commanded all persons at court their hair short, of which fashion he set them the example; at the me suffering his beard to grow, and wearing it knotted. By a long of sensual indulgence, his body had begun to grow unwieldy, and *to be bloated* and distended, until the pendent and swollen jowl might almost have been termed a dewlap; while his features wore that look of moral intoxication, which is invariably superinduced by a long continued and intemperate gratification of the will. They expressed disease, as well as peevishness and impatience; offering an instructive evidence that nature will not suffer either the appetites or the will to be abused, without entailing his own punishment upon the transgressor. It was impossible to look at him for a moment, without seeing that the animal propensities had been allowed to preponderate over the intellectual, until his personal appearance had sympathized with his pursuits: it was evident that his soul had begun to embody and embrute. At the present moment his countenance exhibited an additional degree of irritation, on account of his attendants having placed his drink beyond his reach; while his appearance was more than usually grim and menacing from the night-gear in which he was arrayed; and from his having laid his hand, perhaps unconsciously, upon the hilt of the sword at the head of his bed.

'Such was the figure who, after having pronounced an angry malison upon the groom, who had placed his drink so far off, commanded Dudley to hand it to him, inquiring, at the same time, whether he had seen assay taken of the cup. An answer being given in the affirmative, he was ordered to assay it himself, in compliance with which he drank a small portion of the wine, and then handed the cup to the king, who emptied its contents at a draught. Appearing to be somewhat pacified by this deep potation, he continued in a lower and less imperious voice—"come nearer to me, man! nearer still; what, harkee, sir, thou art of acquaintance with yonder girl of Somersetshire—one of the queen's ladies—the daughter of Bastard Fitzmaurice."

'Dudley bowed his head in token of acquiescence; but the king offended with this mute acknowledgement, impetuously exclaimed, "Dost thou not hear me, sir? Ha!"

'"I had the honour of making acquaintance with Mistress Fitzmaurice in her father's house, so please your grace," said Dudley, again bowing.

'"Then mark me, sir; mark me well, and do as I shall bid thee. Deliver unto her these baubles." From a small pocket at the head of his bed he took a favourite ring, painted in enamel by Holbein, with a representation of the battle of Bosworth; together with a carcanet of rich jewels, which he put into Dudley's hand, and continued—"Tell her that the king stands well affected towards her, that he admires her charms,—that it is his purpose to promote and honour her,—and that if she prove buxom and obedient to his will, she may have an establishment and a pension, and not less honourable entreatment than was shewn to the Lady Talboys*. And mark me well, sir, I will have no passages of courtship shewn to her from any other man: not a word—not a breath—not a look—or, by St. Paul, his head shall fly from his shoulders. Dost thou hear me? Ha! What?"

'"I do, so please your highness, and am in all things bound to obey your grace's orders."

'"It is well, sir; so shalt thou find favour and reward. Begone! and let me have speech of thee to-morrow. Away! Ha!"' vol. iii. pp. 181—187.

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* '*The king's former mistress, by whom he had Henry Fitzroy, created Duke of Richmond and Somerset.*'

The result we have anticipated. Dudley was base enough to carry the infamous message to Beatrice, for which he obtained in return the contempt he so well deserved. From this period the 'Tor Hill' hastens to a conclusion. Sir Lionel perishes in an insurrection against the king, Cecil's rights are restored to him, and he becomes the husband of Beatrice; Dudley, who had already sunk into the meanest of courtiers, is justly punished by being married to a certain automatical Miss Poyns, to whom he had been betrothed in early life; and the work closes in the midst of the religious war which was then raging through the country. We fear the following sentiments, which are supposed to be uttered by Cecil, are too far advanced for the reign of Henry VIII.

'"He must be the best Christian," said Cecil, "who is the most tolerant, and extends the greatest kindness to those who differ from him in opinion. Alas! we are all the children of error, and to do wrong to others, upon the mere presumption that we may be right ourselves, is to depart from the whole spirit of God's law, that we may uphold its letter in some particular instance. The sect, that marks its ascendancy by persecuting those that differ from it, is only imitating the faults of its opponents, instead of setting them a better example. Its adversaries, when they possess the power, will feel themselves justified in retaliating the oppression; and the world will thus for ever move in a circle of error and misery. Such will probably be its course for many years, but a happier and more enlightened era will at length arise, when England, long the pride and paragon of Europe, in arts and arms, in liberal institutions and intellectual eminence, will blush with shame at the thought of being behind her neighbours in the single point of religious toleration. Then shall the protestant stretch forth his hand to the catholic, and exclaim, 'Brother, brother, come to mine arms, and to my heart, and be restored to the full possession of your civil rights. We are worshippers of the same God, sons of the same soil, subjects of the same king; let us henceforth live together in the brotherhood and peace of equality; let him be deemed the best Christian who best obeys the commandment, to love his neighbour as himself; let our past errors be forgotten; let us constitute one united family, and thus ensure the happiness of individuals, while we are promoting the strength, the greatness, and the glory of our common country."'—vol. iii., pp. 324—326.

Such sentiments, however, do so much honour to the writer, that it is with much regret we have been compelled to censure the general execution of his tale. Many more faults than those which we have noticed, might be specified. As for instance, the character of Dudley's French servant, Pierre, which is a failure throughout. The author, in endeavouring to make him a comical fellow, has worked him into a mere buffoon, in whose story there is neither probability nor keeping. But we have said enough to acquaint the reader with the opinion which we entertain of 'The Tor Hill,' and *we now* resign it to its fate.

Art. IX. *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs.* By J. Cradock, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. Vol. ii. London. Nichols and Son. 1826.

In our notice of Mr. Cradock's first volume of Memoirs*, we ventured to express a doubt, whether a narrative of a sojourn made in France forty years ago, could possibly contain any thing very new or striking. Our anticipations of its want of interest, have, we regret to say, been but too completely realised. The author's tour in that country extended to the Pyrennees, and Marseilles, through regions as well known at this day to Englishmen, either from their own inspection, or the accounts of travellers, as Kent and Sussex. It would be difficult even for a writer of the highest talent, to make any thing of a subject now so threadbare as the South of France: but when to this want of novelty, Mr. Cradock has added the imprudence of copying into his Memoirs, detailed descriptions of cities, towns, and public edifices, from the common "Itineraries," it must at once be manifest that he has published this second volume, rather for the purpose of gratifying his personal ambition, than of affording either amusement or information to his readers.

Endowed with the most benevolent and charitable dispositions, he and his very respectable lady seem to have been received in every part of France which they visited, in a manner highly flattering to them at the time, and now not less agreeable to them in the remembrance. Many incidents, which to a reader appear insipid, may be connected with the pleasantest associations of the traveller. It is natural enough, therefore, that Mr. Cradock should have preserved with religious care, his memoranda of excursions, of dinners, suppers, and friendly parties—that he should recollect with delight the many delicious flagons of Burgundy, which he saw emptied in his day; but why he, or his friends, should have for a moment imagined that such details could be interesting to the public in general, is a question not so easily resolved. Two other volumes of 'Literary Memoirs,' are still to follow, under the superintendence of Mr. Cradock's trustees, for, in his own person he bids the reading world a final adieu in the work now before us. We own, that, unless they contain some more valuable matter than that which has been already published, we know of no good reason why they should not upon their appearance be converted into good waste paper. That this will be their ultimate fate, the trustees themselves must be perfectly conscious, unless indeed they participate in the weak ambition of the worthy person, for whom they have become responsible.

In order to spare the reader the trouble of searching through this volume, for such passages as are not altogether beneath his

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* See vol. i., M. R., p. 212.

tention, we shall extract the whole of them. He need not be in
e least degree alarmed at this menace, for they are deplorably
w. The first which we have marked refers to the mysterious
cent of the Duke of Orleans, in a balloon, (5th of September,
84), and to the equally mysterious and celebrated Baron
lemberg—the spy.

‘ There was much mystery at Paris, and elsewhere, concerning this
lloon, nor is it yet fully explained what was the real cause of it. I be-
nged to a club at the Caffé Conti coffee-house, at the foot of the Pont-
uf, and in the public room there, several English gentlemen made a
ad jest of this idle report when first spread, but baron Calemberg, who
oke English like a native, called me aside, and said, “ The duke of Or-
ns will certainly ascend in the balloon; and if you and any of your
ends shall wish for tickets, I will with great pleasure readily supply
em.” This of course begat no small surprise, and I wrote to the baron
consequence, and with apologies informed him, that a very numerous
rty would thankfully accept the favour offered. A spacious booth,
th refreshments, was prepared; and, at the time announced, we de-
ried at a distance a splendid escort of horsemen and carriages on the
ad from Paris to St. Cloud. As the Duke advanced, the passages were
ened for him, and, with a stern look, he rather hastily stepped into the
r. The other aëronauts were in readiness, and immediately sprang up,
d were precipitated into a region of snow or half-melted ice. The duke,
was said, cut the ropes with his sword, and they instantly fell. There
s at last only just gas enough left in the balloon to prevent their being
tirely dashed to pieces. How this strange adventure originated I know
t; it was thought by many that a great wager depended upon it. But
erwards I was assured, that in some high company, the duke's conduct
d been very severely reflected upon at Gibraltar, and that, in the heat
wine, he had made this daring engagement as a decisive proof of his
urage. Baron Calemberg affected to be uninformed, and the duc de
uzun would never, even distantly, allude to the subject.

‘ But it may now be asked, perhaps, “ Who was this baron Calem-
rg?” I cannot distinctly tell. He gave us to understand, “ that he
s a person of high rank in Germany, and that his uncle was Archbishop
Trieste.” He was much known at Paris: was a most excellent clas-
al scholar, and from his various accomplishments made himself agree-
le every where. We were frequently honoured with his company at our
artments; but when Mr. Abbé Bellasise was questioned about him, he
ly coolly replied, “ He is certainly a very clever man, most probably is
German baron; but he is not nephew to the archbishop of Trieste; he
certainly connected with the police here; and is, I am well assured, no
anger to most of the secrets at the court of Versailles.’”—pp. 99—101.

During our author's stay at Marseilles, he visited the coral ma-
ufactory, a description of which is subjoined.

‘ At eleven o'clock, by appointment, had the honour to accompany the
rgyle family to see the coral manufactory. The number of vessels en-
aged, particularly near the coast of Barbary, are eighty; about three
undred and twenty persons were employed in this house, and one hun-

dred and seventy at three leagues from hence. The pieces of coral are first sorted and sawed into bits for beads, which are turned by a hand lathe, then bored with a needle, which is fixed to a machine for the purpose: the foreman assured us, that none but English needles will do for boring, they being made of better steel than any others that can be procured; the beads are then washed in several waters before they are polished, which is done by rolling them round a soft kind of mill-stone no bigger than a plate, on which the polisher frequently sprinkles some liquid, and keeps them in motion till they appear bright. He said there were nearly a hundred different shades in the colour, upon which, as well as on the size and purity of the material, depended the price. In the year 1784, a most valuable piece of coral was sold to the emperor of China; the whole manufactory now is chiefly employed for the nations of the East, where these ornaments are esteemed more valuable than diamonds.

'The coral, it is here asserted, is the work of marine insects; its greatest height is about eleven inches; it is equally hard in the sea, as in the air, and is generally brought up by a kind of net, from the depth of sixty to one hundred and twenty-five feet. The African Company in France was chiefly erected on account of this valuable fishery. Such was the account I obtained here, but as part was conveyed in the Patois language of the country, I cannot be answerable for its strict accuracy.

'Dr. Woodward, from its specific gravity, considered coral as a species of stone; Kircher supposed that there were entire forests of it at the bottom of the sea; and the count de Marsigli, in 1706, thought that he had discovered its flowers and fructification. M. de Peyssonnel, of Marseilles, in consequence of a series of experiments, seems to have been the first who threw any true light upon the nature of it. Those radiations which Marsigli mistook for flowers, he perceived to be a congeries of insects, which inhabited the coral; for upon taking branches of it out of the water, these radiations, which somewhat resembled the blossoms of the olive-tree, entered into the coral, and quickly disappeared. Until the more enlightened days of Linnæus, these clouds of error had never been removed. Dr. Solander and Mr. Ellis, in their work on Corallines, have thrown great light on this obscure department of natural history; and I believe it is now generally believed, and defined as such, to be an animal growing in a plant-like form; and is in reality the connecting link which unites the animal and vegetable kingdoms.'—pp. 169—171.

We fear that our readers would be but little entertained with Mr. Cradock's account of his antiquarian researches in the neighbourhood of Marseilles, or with his sanitary observations on the climate of Montpellier, which he contends has undergone so decided a change, that it is now rather injurious, than beneficial to invalids. The excursion to the Cevennes may be somewhat more interesting.

'Having associated much with a pleasant party of French officers here, we set off together to make some observations amongst the Cevennes, but we unfortunately encountered the vent de bise; indeed the wind was so boisterous that we absolutely were conveyed, in the midst of a troop of soldiers, over one mountain, in close file, like so many deserters, and frequently out touched the ground. The whole scenery from the top was

evennes, it is well known, are a chain of mountains which run
o west, and may be considered as in some measure connecting
ith the Pyrenees. Parts are but little inhabited, but there are
beautiful valleys, and where they could, the industrious coun-
ve availed themselves of every advantage. Many good fruits
ted there, and an excellent sort of cheese is produced, which in
cts is so abundant that it is sent from thence to many of the
rovinces of France. The Roquefort cheese particularly is in
ition even at Paris. After my return we engaged a good coach
tout horses to visit Cette. The distance is upwards of twenty
'oad excellent, some views pleasing. The sea has been retiring
oast for the three last centuries, so that almost all the land we
ver has been gained from it. During our stay, my great wish
end a very high mountain near Cette, from which you may
canal of Languedoc, the Pyrenees, and a frontier of Spain.
oved particularly favourable, and amply repaid me for all my
d difficulties on the top of the Cevennes. Through my friends
lier I was very well accommodated at Cette.
uvet, to whom I had been recommended by Colonel Wollas-
ffolk, and who had attended the colonel during his residence at
r, informed me, that "though it was asserted there were fre-
od views from the Place de Peyreau of the Pyrenees, yet no-
l be distinctly seen, but on a dark night, when the lightnings
strong and vivid in Spain; and that if such should occur, he
l for me, (which he did), and for two hours we enjoyed a most
ospect; almost every thing seemed to be laid open before us;
was truly grand and awful: we saw the shapes of all the
; the different particles of ice and spars glittering like gems of
, and Dr. Chouvet declared that we could not have had a more
pportunity.'—pp. 194—196.

y parts of the south of France caves are found, in which,
e unexplained cause, the remains of the dead may be
from absolute decay for many centuries. We have our-
n one of these beneath the tower of St. Michael's church
eaux, in which eighty-four human forms are collected.
these had moved in life upwards of three hundred years
r. Cradock describes a similar repository of the dead,
visited at Toulouse.

convent of Cordeliers. It is in the vault under the church
to them, that about seventy dead bodies, both men and women,
ried, with nothing but the skin over the bones, are ranged in
long wall. As many strange accounts have been printed, I
te what we ourselves saw. On entering the cloisters a priest
ne, that I could not enter the vault till after evening service,
o female could be admitted; "that," said he, "was a favour
been denied even to a princess." I advised our ladies to stay
returned; when, having looked over many holy curiosities in
y, *lights* were brought, and I descended into the vault. I told
r.

the holy father that I could not think of giving so much trouble without offering some donation for charity to the inferiors. He replied that "it was not customary;" but if the ladies still remained he would suffer one of the dead bodies to be carried out of the vault into an adjoining cloister. This was all that was required: I immediately fetched the ladies to make their due acknowledgments: the body brought out had been dead four hundred years, yet was quite entire; it was of the colour of dark dust, and the former flesh appeared now only like rags; it felt like marble, and, except the eyes, which were sunk, the features were so perfect that any one who had known the person when alive, might have plainly recognized who it was; the hair was rather long and stiff, like silver threads, the hands were clasped together, and the nails were complete.

'I then again, with the priests and attendants, descended into this dreary abode, and saw the remaining bodies; the vault was perfectly dry, but much art, I am convinced, had been made use of by stoves or ovens, in the first process, to bring them to this state. The whole was horrible; and I was not sorry to come into broad day-light again.'—pp. 206—208.

The following trait of a 'John Bull' is hardly likely to be repeated in our day. He is now, at least, a little more civilized in his eccentricities, though we may admit that there is still room left for improvement. The reader must imagine our author restored to the circles of Paris, after completing his peregrinations in the south.

'The English at Paris very much frequented a most excellent coffee-house at the foot of the Pont Neuf; indeed, they held a kind of regular club there, and one of the party had once openly expressed much ridicule of a "De par le Roi," which he had read under ground when he examined the stone-quarries. This was reported to the police, and he received a strong reproof for it; but indeed this was not the only instance where notice had been taken of the too bold assertions of foreigners.

'We had likewise another place of rendezvous, which was in the neighbourhood of the Tuilleries, but here the French chiefly abounded. It was at a convivial meeting at this coffee-house where I first became acquainted with the Abbé Sieyes, who took great pains to speak our language with fluency. To my surprise, he gave me a translation into French of Swift's "Tale of a Tub," which he read with peculiar humour; and on my expressing to him some wonder, he instantly replied: "O my friend, we know as well as you, who is meant by Lord Peter; but this witty ecclesiastic spares nobody." But of all our authors, Hume seemed to be the most lasting favourite: they remembered that his manners were polished, his conversation correct and guarded; but he had derived of course much consequence with them from being secretary to our ambassador lord Hertford. Sterne they could not bear, from some keen ridicule which he had thrown on the Parisians; but one French gentleman, quite liberal in his notions, utterly astonished us by declaring that, though a native of Bologne, he took no offence whatever at Smollett's assertions, who had some fun about him, and must merely intend his account of them in his travels as a farce: for I recollect, added he, that, after complimenting some of you English or Scotch, he boldly declared, that, "when a Frenchman died, his dress went to the fripier, his dinner to the dogs, and himself to the devil; and nobody evermore inquired after him."

The English were now becoming almost innumerable, and various
e the whims and frolics of some of my eccentric countrymen. One
nd of mine who gave French dinners in Pall-Mall, now signalized
self by bringing over an English cook, that he might have good fish-
ce, and that his game might not be over-roasted; but the most ex-
rdinary invitation which I had the honour to receive, was to an
glish wake-feast, where the French chiefly were to be present. This,
ever, was attended with much trouble and expense, as an ox must be
perly cut up for the purpose; the assembly was numerous, and the
visions were most abundant. The top dish consisted of three very
e boiled fowls, with bacon and greens; a sirloin of beef at the bottom
nded quite across the table; and there was a pie, with two dozen of
ons in the middle; there were likewise several other equally heavy
les, besides numerous auxiliaries, such as plum-puddings, fruit-pies,
cheesecakes. The French appealed to some of us to know whether
his profusion was still customary; but we fairly acknowledged, that it
wearing away very fast, and we thought that, from the variety of
ic vehicles, which were continually travelling to the capital, such un-
e waste would soon entirely cease; for even now it certainly was not
e met with amongst graziers and farmers in any of the midland coun-
A bountiful aid of some "home-brewed," or brown stout, was
ed to us afterwards; and some of the company, even here, did a kind
stice to the supposed presiding patronage to which the feast was dedi-
d.'—pp. 277—279.

e really feel ourselves under many obligations to Mr. Cradock,
is kind consideration in sparing us a more minute description
is tour through Flanders and Holland, than that which he in-
ed in the appendix to his former volume. Perhaps also we
t to thank him for omitting his observations on the English
s, which he traversed on his return from the Continent to Lei-
ershire; but as there are still two volumes in the back ground,
may be reckoning without our host. We will therefore con-
e for the present with an anecdote of the late king, which we
d hardly credit, had it not been given upon such good au-
ity.

Mr. Bellasyse had the honour to be appointed by his uncle, earl Fau-
erg, to receive his late Majesty at his mansion at Cheltenham. At
time this was the only tolerable place of residence in the least suited
ch an occupant; but, from natural temper, his Majesty did not suffer
elf to be annoyed with small difficulties.

Mr. Bellasyse accompanied him during his morning rides, and his
esty could not fail to be much pleased with the urbanity of his man-
To some of his suite he expressed surprise, that, as lord Faucon-
was a lord of the bedchamber, and frequently in his presence, he had
r heard that he had a nephew utterly unprovided for, and in orders;
then the mystery was explained, that Mr. Bellasyse was a Romish
t of the Catholic branch of his noble family. When afterwards taking
air about Cheltenham, his Majesty was pleased to signify to Mr. Bel-
e, "*that he by no means wished to interfere with his real principles,
hould he wish to* make any change," with a smile most graci

added, "I have not perhaps much preferment at my immediate dis but in such a case I will certainly take good care of you."

'Mr. Bellasyse for a while occasionally officiated at the Romish (in Portugal-street, and died at Southampton, Lord Fauconberg, in 1815, appropriating to his own use, only a small portion of that income to which, by heirship, he was justly entitled. He was scholar, a communicative man, a dignified nobleman, and to all wh nearly connected with him, a most affectionate, as well as a mos interested, friend.'—pp. 290—292.

NOTICES.

Art. X. *The Young Rifleman's Comrade: a Narrative of his M Adventures, Captivity, and Shipwreck.* 8vo. pp. 310. 9s. 6d. don. Colburn. 1826.

This volume adds another to the stock of military narratives, whic recently abounded in England, Germany, and France. It is said t been edited by Gœthe, and indeed it is not difficult to trace thro pages a gleam now and then of his meditative and poetic mind think, however, that he has stooped somewhat from the dignity of h tion, both in literature and society, by condescending to bestow h upon the memoirs of a private soldier, who certainly would nev been adopted by "The Young Rifleman," as a comrade. He in instance exhibits that worth of personal character, which under c cumstances is entitled to our attention and sympathy. He throughout his narrative as a mere vulgar campaigner, participatin in the Peninsula in some of the most horrid atrocities of the Fren diers, amongst whom he was originally enlisted, sharing also in th bits of plunder, and extreme licentiousness. To persons of his ow in France, or Germany, his narrative may be acceptable, but we that there is no man in the service of England, who would not with the most unqualified disgust.

As to the military adventures of the author, it is extremely d whether they ever occurred as respects himself personally. They the course of the French armies which entered Madrid, when it possession of Murat, perpetrated the never-to-be-forgotten blood the 2nd of May, and after fighting several battles in the south of capitulated as prisoners of war. Nothing could be easier for a than to pick out a few by-scenes in this drama, and say, "oh, I w sent at that action," "here I was wounded," "here was I mad soner." We suspect the present work to be made up in this mann thus woven into a tale, because there are very few of the incide are related in it, which bear the stamp of personal recollection. Th of Cabrera had been already described in the "Adventures of a Sergeant," a book fabricated exactly after the same fashion as the fore us; yet Cabrera forms a principal feature in our author's accoun *captivity*. This is rather an awkward plagiarism.

But the part of this book which is most likely to be original, a is that which describes the author's life at Palermo, where he ap itish soldier after his release from Cabrera. He gives without a blush, d Mr. Goethe has not thought proper to erase, or even to chasten it, a ng account, not only of his own low intrigues with the lowest of the Sician women, but also he enters at large into the equally disgusting inigues of his comrades. We can hardly appreciate the taste of the ermans, whose literary chieftain has descended into such base matter for eir amusement; but this we know, that the English translator has very tle consulted the public decency of this country, in laying such polluted etails before it.

The latter part of the volume is occupied with the journal of a voyage ndertaken for China, but frustrated by shipwreck. This journal is not retended to have proceeded in any form, from the soldier with whom we ave been hitherto dealing, but from some other German. Goethe gets ver the difficulty, as he imagines, by converting his soldier into a servant, nd sending him in that capacity on board of the Cabalva, under the command of Captain Dalrymple. The narrative of the dreadful disasters which attended that unfortunate ship, is extremely well written, and interesting, but its incorporation with the history of an obscure German soldier, serves at once to shew how books of this kind are at present manufactured in Germany. The notes added by the translator, betray much prejudice—not to say ignorance.

ART. XI.—*The Revolt of the Bees.*—8vo. pp. 272. 12*s.* 6*d.* London. Longman and Co. 1826.

UNDER this title the reader will perhaps not expect to find a long, and by no means an inelegant allegory, in favour of the celebrated Mr. Owen's new plans for the improvement of society. Yet such he will discover it to be, after the perusal of a few pages; and lest any doubt should remain about its design, the author has, rather indiscreetly as we think for his purpose, appended to his text numerous notes from Mr. Owen's writings on the subject.

Upon the schemes of that gentleman for the amelioration of our species, we have no desire at present to offer any opinion. He has purchased, we believe, an extensive tract of country, within the jurisdiction of the United States, for the purpose of carrying his designs into effect upon a limited scale. The world will thus be enabled, at no very distant day, to judge from experience as to the soundness of his views, and in the meantime he seems determined to lose no opportunity of having his ideas promulgated in every shape with which pamphlet or discourse, prose or verse, fiction or fact, can furnish him. His perseverance in this respect, and we may add his pecuniary sacrifices, prove beyond all question, the sincerity of his opinions.

Nevertheless, we hardly think that he has yet succeeded in producing any very general impression in favour of them. Neither do we apprehend that 'The Revolt of the Bees,' will much assist him in his object. Allegories have long since grown out of fashion; and indeed the very idea that a work belongs to that antiquated class of literature, is sufficient to send it at once to the region of dusty repose. Under the name of "Bees," the author supposes that a number of British subjects, tired of the old oppressions of society, have joined together, and betaken themselves to a country where they rule themselves according to the laws which Mr. Owen has laid down for them. The curtain of the future—a hundred years hence—is lifted up in a dialogue between a Scotchman and a Persian, who are contemplating the favourable changes wrought by the adoption and progress of Mr. Owen's system, and of course every thing proceeds in the most prosperous and harmonious order. Industry, frugality, abundance, mutual kindness, tranquillity, and happiness rule the revolving years, " the lion lies down with the lamb," and earth itself is an anticipated heaven! In the romance, as in the original system, we find much attributed to what is called " natural religion ;" but no provision made for that which has a much higher and better source—the religion which has descended from Calvary to mankind. This important defect pervades all Mr. Owen's operations; and he seems inflexible in his resolution not to repair it. After marking this fault, and the unpopular department of literature to which ' The Revolt of the Bees' belongs, we must in justice add, that it displays a chaste and expanded imagination, and, very frequently, considerable felicity of diction. Some of the most absurd of the abuses which have grown up under our own social system, fostered, if not originally created, by our old legislation, and our pertinacity in adhering to them, are pointed out, and very properly exposed to ridicule. The satire is veiled, but at the same time perfectly intelligible, and without the sting of malignity.

ART. XII.—1. *Specimens of English Prose, from the reign of Elizabeth to the present time: with an Introduction.* By George Walker, M. A. 12mo. pp. 615. 9*s*.

2. *Specimens of English Poetry, during the same period, by the same author.* 12mo. pp. 619. 9*s*. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

IN the introductions which Mr. Walker has prefixed to both these volumes, particularly to the former one, he has shewn himself eminently well adapted to the task which he has undertaken. They exhibit not only his thorough acquaintance with the greatest ornaments of our literature, but a taste kindled by their inspiration, and modelled by their pure examples. It seems to have been his object to display the most characteristic specimens of our prose and poetic writers, according to the order of time in which they flourished. Thus we have within a reasonable compass, a historical view of our literature, from the period at which it was first successfully cultivated, to the present day.

The introduction to the prose volume contains a compendious and admirable essay on the origin, progress, qualities, and grammatical structure of the English language, and on the merits of several of our most distinguished writers, from whose works Mr. Walker has made his selections. Amongst the great names which distinguished the reign of Elizabeth, he selects those of Sidney and Hooker, Raleigh, Bacon, and Hall, for particular remark. 'Sidney, he justly observes, may be commended for elegant simplicity; Hooker, for severe majesty; Raleigh, is sustained and eloquent; Bacon, sententious, figurative, and profound; Hall, overflowing and tender. With these distinctive properties, they have many common excellences. In all of them there is a surprising union of substantial sense and rich imagination, of philosophic enlargement and practical observation, of extensive learning and civil or prudential wisdom. Their works are enriched with the fundamental principles of religious and moral truth; they embrace human nature in the past and the future, in its defects and excellences; they supply principles for the government of empires, maxims for the regulation of common life, and seeds of thought which may fructify in the mind of the sage; they seem fitted to be the improvers of society; the legislators of states, the oracles of mankind.' 'Among the writings of this period,' adds Mr. Walker, 'the prose works of Milton may be correctly placed, though their actual date was somewhat later. Scarcely any of the great productions of English genius are less known to common readers. Nor is this at all surprising, if their general character is considered. The style is mostly harsh and difficult, and the subjects destitute of allurement. For though many of the great topics of religious and political inquiry are brought into discussion, Milton's opinions are so peculiarly framed to his own character and circumstances, so impracticable in their general application, so unsuited to the actual condition of human nature, that perhaps no one of his own, or succeeding times, has concurred with, or adopted them. But as the constitution of his mind was essentially poetical; his feeling of religion, sublime; his love of truth, virtue, and liberty, ardent; his respect for human nature, sincere; and his conception of its capacities and destiny, exalted; he occasionally breaks forth into passages of lyrical inspiration, of majestic eloquence. These passages lie scattered in the mass of his works, like diamonds, surrounded by rubbish, but of splendid lustre and inestimable value. Their matter and manner strongly resemble the great writers of the preceding age; they have the same fulness of sentiment, clothed in diction equally grand and ample.'

From these specimens of his own composition, the reader will be enabled to appreciate the abilities and powers of discrimination which Mr. Walker has brought to the two compilations now before us. They contain several of the finest master-pieces of our language, both in prose and verse. Considering their closely printed and numerous pages, they are cheap at the prices affixed to them, and can hardly fail, we imagine, of becoming highly popular in the schools.

Art. XIII. *Practical Botany; an improved Arrangement of the Generic Characters of British Plants; with a familiar Introduction to the Linnean System.* By William Johns, M. D. &c. 8vo. pp. 156. 9s. London. Longman and Co. 1826.

It always affords us pleasure to meet with books, which are calculated to strip science of its abstruseness, and to clothe it anew in a popular and familiar dress. There is, perhaps, no study which has suffered so much, on account of the multitudinous and unintelligible terms in which it has been involved, as that of Botany. Considering it with reference to the varieties and beauties of nature, it is a source of opulence for the mind which no length of life can exhaust. Those who are in any degree initiated in it, may be *said to possess* a sixth sense, inasmuch as it enables them to find enjoyment in pursuits which are utterly unknown to the majority of mankind. Nor does it stop at the discovery of a rare plant, or the cultivation of a favourite flower: it opens the mind to the general operations of that unseen power, whose benignant care raises the oak in its stateliness, and gives to the lily its fragrance and raiment. It creates also a habit of observation which insensibly teaches us to feel an interest in every thing that passes around us, and to read the great volume of the world with advantage.

To a study so interesting and useful, the little volume before us may, we think, be deemed an easy and acceptable introduction. It consists of two parts, in the first of which we have five neatly engraved plates, representing the forms and construction of a variety of fruits and flowers. The second is composed of tables, by which the most inexpert novice is enabled to discover any one of the families of British plants. In describing the nature of his labours we cannot do better than adopt the language of the author.

'In the introductory part, the illustrations have been selected from the most familiar plants, no foreign one is mentioned unless generally well known; no technical term is employed, but subsequently to its corresponding idea. In the tables of genera, the names of plants being the object of botanical research, and which are usually placed first, are here for the most obvious reason given last—terms of art are always more or less a hindrance to the student, the difficulty is to be constantly grappled with when the sign precedes the thing signified. Let any one, however unskilled in the science of Botany, carefully read through the introduction to this volume, providing himself with the flowers mentioned as he proceeds, (and they are to be found everywhere), his discouragements and difficulties will diminish with every step, the path will appear pleasing and instructive beyond his expectations. As he advances and begins to use the tables, he will arrive, as it were, in a new world; and where he had imagined all was chaos, he will find features the most regular, with beauty and order almost surpassing credibility.'---pp. 9, 10.

The author's excuse for omitting all reference to the Botanical writers, to whose assistance he had recourse in the compilation of his work, is amusing for its *naivetè*. He 'gratefully acknowledges that he has gathered largely from every publication to which he has had access; and he flatters himself, that no one to whom he owes so much, will complain of the freedom with which he has levied his contributions.' According to this reasoning, the more one author is indebted to another, the less is his obligation to acknowledge it. Dr. Johns however, is entitled to some indulgence, as he has certainly made an excellent use of the matter which he has borrowed, and has given it additional value by the mode in which he has arranged it. An index is added, both of the Latin and the common names of the genera, which the student will find particularly useful.

ART. XIV. *Sir John Chiverton.* A Romance. 8vo. pp. 317. 10*s.* 6*d.* London. Ebers. 1826.

It is understood that this volume is the production of a Mr. Ainsworth. *If it* be his first essay in fictitious narrative, it affords him a promise of

success in that department of our literature. The characters,
vhich he has introduced into his romance are not remarkable for
though they are free from the charge of being servile imitations of
icular originals. In the conception and conduct of his story, how-
author has displayed a vigorous and picturesque imagination,
mpensates for many defects. He is very happy in his descrip-
that sort of rude Sylvan scenery, which abounded in England in
part of the reign of Elizabeth, the time when the action of this
is supposed to have taken place: and the costume, as well as the
its of his dramatis personæ, are in perfect keeping with that semi-
s age. An occasional quaintness in the language which is put
ir mouths, serves also to sustain the interest and delusion of the
ort outline of which is as follows:—Sir John Chiverton appears
possession of Chiverton Hall, and the extensive estates connected
which belong in right, however, to his sister Ellice, who, ignorant
aims, resides under the same roof with her brother. The knight
nded by a numerous household, among whom the most conspi-
ures are, Walter Scymel, a physician; Wayword, a clergyman;
mood Bali, a Moor. The clergyman is an amiable and excellent
out Scymel, and the Moor, are represented as two demons, under
of men: there is no crime which the one is not ready to advise,
other to execute. Ellice had formed an early attachment for a
n, named St. Maurice, who, for some unexplained reason, was
by her brother. Serious altercations take place between them;
n the eve of Sir John Chiverton's marriage with the daughter of
elyn Vancouver, St. Maurice finds an opportunity of revealing to
r, the secret history of the Chiverton property. The effect of this
re is frustrated by the intrigues of Scymel, who, taking the advan-
a severe indisposition with which Ellice was attacked, represents
e in a state of incurable insanity. St. Maurice, upon learning
es measures to release her from her imprisonment; but his opera-
watched, he is apprehended near the Hall, and confined in one
nber of subterraneous chambers, that had been excavated of old
ck, upon which the mansion was erected. Ellice's apartment com-
es with the whole range of the cavern; and upon discovering that
was detained there, she secretly effects his escape; but on re-
er way, she is met by her brother and Scymel. The former, indig-
what she had done, flings her to the ground; she collects her
, and flies to the mouth of the cave, which borders on a deep
n her haste, her foot slips, and she is precipitated into the flood,
e perishes. The next day the marriage takes place, but while the
rty are feasting in the evening, the sounds of approaching troopers,
ded by St. Maurice, are heard. Overwhelmed by remorse and
he bridegroom is struck with madness, and dies in excruciating
s. Scymel falls by the hand of the Moor, who makes his escape,
ying two or three other persons.

this summary of the tale, it is obvious that it is too melo-dramatic,
of vulgar horrors, to entitle it to assume a station higher than the
crowd of ghost-stories, which are conjured up by the prolific
Mr. Newman; yet, for a first attempt, it is by no means to be
l; and we should be inclined to infer from it, that Mr. Ainsworth

is capable of much better things. We are not aware which of the doms claims him for her own. If he be Hibernian, of course he is leged to say, (p. 47), that a party were '*landed* on the further part *stream!*'

Art. XV.—*Synonyms of the Spanish Language, explained and dated by copious Extracts from the most approved Spanish Poets.*— L. J. A. M'Henry. 12mo. pp. 183. London. Sherwood and 1826.

This is a little work which has long been a desideratum to those who acquired the Spanish language—a language, by the way, which, since late revolutions in Spain, has made so much progress in this cou that at present it pretty generally forms a part of female education. litical reverses caused numbers of Spaniards to take refuge amongst and they have amply repaid, and still continue ro repay our hospit by diffusing throughout England their expressive and splendid dia Mr. M'Henry assures us that he is a native of Spain, a fact of little im portance; as to whatever country he owes his birth, he appears to be fully competent to the task which he has here undertaken. The student will not only learn from his book how to distinguish between expressions which are translated into nearly the same words in English, but he will also gain from it an acquaintance with many well-chosen specimens of the best poetry which the Peninsula has produced.

We give an example of Mr. M'Henry's judicious distinctions between the words *abandonado* and *desamparado.*

> 'Both these particles, and, consequently, the verbs to which they belong, imply neglect. *Abandonado,* when referred to persons, denotes being exposed to threatening danger; *Desamparado,* to actual or future distress. *El rico que no socorre á sus pobres parientes, los desampara, y si sabe que los expone á perecer, los abandona;* The opulent man, who does not assist his poor relations, deserts them, and if he knows that he exposes them to perish, he forsakes them. *Desamparado* may be the effect of unintentional neglect; *Abandonado* conveys the idea of wilful premeditated desertion. *Este nino esta desamparado, habiendosele muerto sin hacer testamento su padre;* This child is unprotected, his father having died without making his will. *Este joven está abandonado, habiendole echado de casa su padre.* This youth is forsaken, being put out of doors by his father. *Abandonado,* when applied to inanimate objects, may convey simply the idea of separation; but *desamparado* combines that of exposure to danger. *Este jardin está abandonado, porque su dueno ha abandonado su casa de campo hasta la primavera;* This garden is neglected, because its owner has quitted his country-house until the spring. *Luego que vieron á los enemigos desampararon la fortaleza.* As soon as they saw the enemy they abandoned the fortress.'—pp. 3, 4.

Illustrations are then given from the poems of Samaniego and Huerta, of the proper use of both these expressions; and besides affording instruction on the point in question, the verses will be read with pleasure.

I. *Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with forty Ori-*
Designs, by Thomas Hood. 8vo. p. 146. 10*s*. 6*d*. London.
n Relfe. 1826.

already, in reviewing the Literary Souvenir, had occasion to speak ood in favourable terms. We know not by what mischance his nd Addresses to Great People," have escaped our attention, but if e at all comparable in point of humour, and what may be called aricature wit, to the compositions in the present publication, we e blame to ourselves for having omitted to notice them. Mr. pears to us a perfect original. We have seen it observed some- at he is a Cruikshanks in verse, and not inaptly, for we know of more like the hits of that admirable satirist of the pencil, than the and oddities' before us. The following ballad we remember to rd lately sung at a public dinner, or rather after it; and we hereby at it kept a numerous and highly intelligent company for several in "roars of laughter."

'Young Ben he was a nice young man,
A carpenter by trade;
And he fell in love with Sally Brown,
That was a lady's maid.

But as they fetch'd a walk one day,
They met a press-gang crew;
And Sally she did faint away,
Whilst Ben he was brought to.

The Boatswain swore with wicked words,
Enough to shock a saint,
That though she did seem in a fit,
'Twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head,
He'll be as good as me;
For when your swain is in our boat,
A boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her,
And taken off her elf,
She roused, and found she only was
A coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?"
She cried, and wept outright:
"Then I will to the water side,
And see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her,—
"Now, young woman," said he,
"If you weep on so, you will make
Eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben,
To sail with old Benbow;"
And her woe began to run afresh,
As if she had said Gee woe!

Says he, "they've only taken him
To the Tender ship, you see;"—
"The Tender-ship," cried Sally Brown,
"What a hard-ship that must be!

"O! would I were a mermaid now,
For then I'd follow him;
But, Oh! I'm not a fish-woman,
And so I cannot swim.

"Alas! I was not born beneath
'The virgin and the scales,'
So I must curse my cruel stars,
And walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sail'd to many a place
That's underneath the world;
But in two years the ship came home,
And all the sails were furl'd.

But when he call'd on Sally Brown,
To see how she went on,
He found she'd got another Ben,
Whose Christian-name was John.

"O Sally Brown, O Sally Brown,
How could you serve me so,
I've met with many a breeze before,
But never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box,
He heaved a heavy sigh,
And then began to eye his pipe,
And then to pipe his eye.

And then he tried to sing "All's Well,"
But could not, though he tried;
His head was turn'd, and so he chew'd
His pigtail till he died.

His death, which happen'd in his birth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton toll'd the bell.'—pp. 34—37.

As the reader must have had abundant merriment in this exquisite of drollery, it is but fair to give him a specimen of Mr. Hood's *pa* mood. It is a sort of companion to Sally Brown.

Ben Battle was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;

But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms!

Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot!"

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he,—"They're only pegs;
But there's as wooden members quite,
As represent my legs!"

Now Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray;
So he went to pay her his devours,
When he'd devour'd his pay!

But when he call'd on Nelly Gray,
She made him quite a scoff;
And when she saw his wooden legs,
Began to take them off!

"O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat,
Should be more uniform!"

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
For he was blythe and brave;
But I will never have a man
With both legs in the grave!

Before you had those timber toes,
Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
Another footing now!"

O, Nelly Gray! O, Nelly Gray!
For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
In Badajos's *breaches!*"

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
Upon your feats of arms!"

"O, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
I know why you refuse:—
Though I've no feet—some other man
Is standing in my shoes!

I wish I ne'er had seen your face;
But, now, a long farewell!

For you will be my death:—alas!
You will not be my *Nell!*

Now when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got—
And life was such a burthen grown,
It made him take a knot!

So round his melancholy neck,
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line!

One end he tied around the beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs wore off,—of course,
He soon was off his legs!

And there he hung, till he was dead
As any nail in town,—
For though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down!

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died—
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside!—pp. 139—142.

The designs with which Mr. Hood has illustrated his verse and prose compositions, for there is a great variety of both, are exceedingly whimsical and original. They are mere pen and ink sketches, without any pretence to art, but they are ludicrous beyond expression. We cordially recommend them to any body afflicted with "the blue devils." They, and the ballads especially, are a sovereign remedy against that once fashionable malady.

ART. XVII.—*Antologia, Giornale di Scienze, Lettere ed Arti.* G. P. Vieusseux. Firenze.

We have watched, though far away from the sunny banks of the Arno, the progress of this publication from its first appearance, in January 1821. Italian periodicals, generally speaking, cannot admit of a comparison with those of England; between the censure of authority, the jealousy of party opinion, and the want of encouragement and support, little originality of thought and honest freedom of sentiment can be expected in them. The Antologia, however, is an honourable exception. Feeble in its beginning, and purposely confined to translations from foreign publications, it has since proceeded, gaining strength and improving every year; and has reached, now, its seventh anniversary, an extraordinary longevity, considering the independent spirit which prevails throughout its contents. But there is a wide distance between independence and license, and the conductors of the Antologia have happily drawn the line between the two; and the Tuscan censorship has had sufficient discrimination to appreciate their honesty. The Antologia has, therefore, been allowed to go on, though we may suppose not without its articles being occasionally curtailed by the censor's pen. It appears in monthly numbers, and unites the requisites of a magazine and of a review; its contributors, who generally sign their names, belong to the first class of Tuscan literati, as Nicolini, Benci, Ciampi, Lucchesini, Lampredi, Montani, Giusti, Collini, Ridolfi, with some other distinguished names from other parts of Italy, such as Cicognara, Giordani, Botta, and others.

This publication is also deserving praise, in as much as being compiled in the very seat of Cruscan purism, it keeps free from affectation and pedantry, and is, perhaps, in many of its papers, less remarkable for the choice than for the meaning of the words. The proprietor and editor, who is of foreign extraction, though naturalized, and we believe born in Italy, does not allow any partiality or interest to interfere with the exercise of his judgment, and his strict regard for justice. Classici and romantici find admission to his pages, and every thing is marked by fair and honourable dealing to all parties. We have noticed in its latter numbers, among other articles, an interesting correspondence from Germany, by Mayer, upon literary matters; and anecdotes concerning Goethe, Witte, Richter, Blumenbach, and other German characters; a powerfully written investigation, by Benci, on Italian education, its system and its faults; a learned refutation, by Castinelli, of Meyer's assertions on the consular jurisdictions of the ancient French monarchy; some important papers on the improvement of agriculture in the *maremme*; articles on the present condition and prospects of the Greeks, of whose cause the Antologia has always shewn itself a strenuous advocate; and the quarterly reviews of Italian publications, by Montani, who is entrusted with this interesting branch of literature. The last-mentioned gentleman writes in a pleasing, fluent style, and with a temperance and urbanity which do not abate the justness of his judgments, a pleasing distinction among Italian critics. With regard to foreign works, reviews, or notices of them, appear occasionally in the pages of the Antologia, but this part is not yet properly organised. A scientific bulletin, or account of new works and discoveries, whether Italian or foreign, in the various branches of the sciences and arts, generally written by the learned professor Gazzeri, is inserted in each number. The proceedings of the academy di'Georgofili, the most really useful institution of the sort in Italy, and of other academies, are also given. In short, the Antologia neglects no branch of information that can prove beneficial or interesting to the Italian public; with regard to its utility, it is not only superior to any other Italian periodical, but need not fear comparison with any other in Europe, although it is decidedly inferior to the better English and German miscellanies in the attractions of vivacity and humour, and in brilliancy of style. We would recommend the conductors of the Antologia to sacrifice oftener to the graces. There are in many articles of the Italian periodical, a diffuseness and a didactic tone, which would not be pleasing to an English reader; wordiness is a fault to which Italian prose-writers appear inclined; but there is a difference in national taste about these matters, and it must also be recollected that many moral and political axioms which are taken for granted in England, are still matter of discussion, or at least of timid assertion, in Italy.

The other Italian periodical that can boast of an established circulation, "La Biblioteca Italiana," is published in the capital of Austrian Italy, and is somewhat differently situated from the Antologia. However, in perusing many of its numbers, we have not discovered in it any marks of that servility with which some travellers have thought proper to charge it, although a certain caution in approaching, or rather avoiding, political questions is discernible, for which] a man in his senses would hardly think of blaming an editor, living and writing under the eye of an Austrian censorship. But in its literary articles, we have found spirit and information; and we have also seen in it, favourable reviews of the works of Gioja, Bossi, Montrone and other writers, who certainly cannot be accused of servile principles. La Bibliotica Italiana made its appearance soon after the peace, in 1816, under the direction of Acerbi, and with the assistance of Monti, Giordani, and Breislak; we believe it has changed hands since. We approved, among other things, of its arrangement; its bibliografia, or monthly catalogue *raisonnè* of Italian new works, distributed according to the various states and cities of Italy, from Piedmont to Sicily, was an acceptable peculiarity of this periodical. It is astonishing how little notice is taken, even now, in any one of the Italian states, of what happens in the others. Giordani observes, most truly, that in Italy: *il giro delle riputazioni e delle cognizioni suole essere lentissimo.* The booksellers have little enterprize, and little or no interest in making their works known beyond the limits of their provinces; for if a work is worth any thing, they may be sure it will be reprinted in some other states, beyond their reach. This is, after all, the main cause of the little encouragement given to authorship. Yet with all this, we have seen repeatedly, lists of forty or fifty new works, published in the single state of Lombardy, and of nearly as many, at the same time, in the Venetian state, besides those printed in Piedmont, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Rome, Naples, and Sicily. Of course, many of these publications were insignificant, yet not all so; the fact, however serves to shew, that the Italian presses, and the Italian public, are not altogether sunk in utter idleness and apathy.

⁂ The Appendix to Vol. III. of the New Series of The Monthly Review, will be published on the *First* of *January*, 1827. It will contain Reviews of several important German, Italian, American, French, and Spanish Works.

THE

MONTHLY REVIEW.

APPENDIX TO VOL. III.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *Voyage dans la Russie Méridionale, et particuliérement dans les Provinces situées au-delà du Caucase, fait depuis* 1820, *jusqu'en* 1824. Par le Chevalier Gamba, Consul du Roi a Tiflis. 2 tomes. 8vo. 4*l.* 10*s.* Without the Atlas, 1*l.* 7*s.* Paris, Trouvé. London, Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

HOWEVER disguised the real sentiments of the Chevalier Gamba may be under professions of fairness, and even of generosity, towards this country, yet it is impossible to peruse the elaborate work with which he here presents us, without concluding that his real object is, if possible, to revive the continental system of Napoleon against our navy and our commerce. He contends, and we are certainly not disposed to deny, that in consequence of its immense colonial possessions, and its unexampled wealth, England cannot fail, as long as peace continues, to preserve an indisputable superiority over all the nations of the continent, and in a great degree to influence their industry, trade, and navigation. He points to our increasing empire in India, as threatening in time to deprive Russia of the exclusive right of disposing one day of Persia. He indirectly charges the company with designs upon China, designs which the late transactions in the kingdom of Ava tend, in his opinion, almost to demonstrate. In Africa, he urges, the projects of England are scarcely less extensive; while she has already reduced the new states of Spanish America to a condition of moral dependence by her advance of loans to their governments. In short, if the Chevalier Gamba is to be believed, England aims at nothing less than universal dominion, and that, not so much with the view of gratifying a gigantic ambition, as to bind the world in the fetters of her commerce, to heap up the already overflowing coffers of her merchants, and to prevent any of the other nations from arriving at a *capacity to rival* her in her trade.

Without stopping to pare down the exaggerations of the chevalier within reasonable limits, we shall proceed at once to the notable plan which he has devised for enabling the continental states, and particularly France and Russia, to possess themselves of a commerce, which shall in time compete with that of England, and which is to have this singular property about it, that it shall not be exposed to the interruption of her navy. It would appear that his first idea was to prevail on the continental powers to agree, not to an armed neutrality, but to 'a *pacific* neutrality, which would unite them together by the ties of a vast commerce.' In this project, however, "the continental system," appeared too openly, and it probably occurred to the chevalier, that there would have been some difficulty in carrying it into execution, at least under a pacific form. He had, therefore, recourse to a second scheme, in which he proposes that the greatest proportion of the trade between Europe and Asia shall in future be carried on upon the Black Sea, which, so far as England is concerned, would be to all continental purposes, a *mare clausum.*

It is in order to shew the practicability and the usefulness of this plan, that the Chevalier Gamba has written the two volumes now before us. They are, therefore, almost wholly taken up with the details of local facilities, or of impediments which remain to be overcome, for the accomplishment of the purpose in view; and so far, the information which they contain is novel, though certainly not very amusing. It may, however, be worth while to take a brief view of the work, as, from its being written by an official person, and dedicated to the king of France, it would seem to be countenanced by the French ministry. Any project, however chimerical it may appear to be, which is connected with the interests of commerce, cannot be at least unworthy of our examination; the more so, perhaps, as we are told that we are not to participate in its advantages.

Before entering on the results of his expedition to the southern provinces of Russia, Chevalier Gamba, who appears to have been some time consul at Tiflis, proposes the arrangement, on a wise and liberal basis, of a general tariff of duties between the people of the continent, subject of course to such modifications as should be suggested by the local positions of the different states. He recommends that from this tariff all prohibitions should be entirely excluded, and that such duties only should be retained as might be deemed indispensably necessary for the preservation of the peculiar manufactures of each country. Whether his project for the confinement of the trade between Asia and Europe to the channel of the Black Sea, be carried into execution or not, we should be extremely glad to see the proposition just mentioned adopted by the *governments* of the continent, as it is perfectly consonant with the *principles* upon which our own commercial system is already essen-

lly framed. It is not the least among the many inconsistencies
the Chevalier Gamba, that he wishes to remove all the old inter-
tional restrictions upon trade, as to the continent, but to retain
em in full vigour against England. If it be true, as it unques-
nably is, that, to use his own words, ' to increase the intercourse
the inhabitants of Europe, to augment their wants, and to pro-
e them with the means of satisfying those wants, is not to injure
ir welfare, and still less to compromise their existence,' why
uld that state, which possesses the most ample means of doing
h the one and the other, be excluded from the power of apply-
them ?

> In order to give to such measures,' he proceeds, 'all the advantages of
> ch they are capable, the transit through every part of Austria and
> nce should be exempt from duties, and specially protected. To ques-
> the advantages of such a measure, or to feel alarmed at it, would only
> w a wish to establish in principle, that France, for example, consulting
> own interests as a power, can never hope to extend her territorial fron-
> s and her line of custom-houses, without running the risk of losing her
> nmerce and her industry.
>
> But, in our own days, we have seen Buonaparte widening the bounda-
> of France, and comprehending successively within them Belgium, the
> bank of the Rhine, Piedmont, pushing them even to the Elbe, and
> cing his barriers at enormous distances, without our manufacturers
> ving suffered by the competition of the active industry of the people em-
> ced within their circle. And it can hardly be disputed, that but for
> great errors which marked the latter proceedings of that ambitious
> nqueror, it had been possible that the continent of Europe, subjected
> mentarily to one single voice, might have adopted the same system, in
> er to augment its intercourse to an indefinite extent, and that the cus-
> -houses would have had to exercise their vigilance against England
> ne, a measure which actually began to be executed by the decrees of
> lin and Milan.
>
> That which can be the result of our victories, without producing any
> onvenience to the commerce and industry of the continent, may it not
> established in a manner more conformable to the wishes of humanity,
> the free consent of the sovereigns, without doing any injury to the in-
> sts of their people? Thus would be realized that noble idea of the
> dom of commerce, which harmonizes so perfectly with the wants of the
> ch in which we live.'—*Introduction*, pp. 30, 31.

We admit, to its fullest extent, the force of this reasoning. It
erhaps unanswerable. But assuredly even the Chevalier Gamba
st see that the argument, which he here so triumphantly uses, is
plicable to the whole world, as well as to the continent of Europe.
Napoleon had succeeded in the invasion which he once had the
y to meditate against England, there is little doubt that he who
ick down the boundaries of the Alps and Pyrennees, would have
o declared that the British channel "ceased to exist." England
uld *have been embraced* within the circle of his empire, and ad-
ted *to the full freedom* of that commercial system which he had

established within the territories which obeyed his sceptre. according to the reasoning of the chevalier, the result w have been of advantage to all parties in a commercial poi view, and we are therefore entitled to ask by what process of deduction he can make out, that the freedom of commerce w might have been established by conquest between England the continent, may not be at least quite as beneficial to Euro carried into execution by the peaceful convention of the diffe governments? This is nothing more than an extension of chevalier's argument, and in the very spirit too in which he it; yet we find him through the whole of his two volumes mos consistently opposing it, by confining his idea of the world t continents of Europe and Asia, and his notion of a principal c nel of commerce, which ought to be a highway for all mank limited to the waters of the Black Sea, or in other words *a sea against England!*

'Then, he observes, in case of a maritime war, almost all the car between Asia and Europe would be effected by internal communicat As merchandize would not pass the Dardanelles, it would not be subj to the expense and all the inconveniences attached to quarantine; it w have no insurance to pay; it would arrive at fixed periods; wise co nations would regulate the price of carriage at a moderate rate in Eu it is almost inconsiderable in Asia, where generally no charge is mad lodgings, and the beasts of burthen feed on common pastures; a moreover almost all sorts of goods which are exchanged by the As with the Europeans are of great value in comparison with their weig bulk, it is not to be doubted that in time of war, the commerce of thi route would rival those expeditions which are made by the Mediterra and a fortiori those which must double the Cape of Good Hope.

'And if this mode of communication were facilitated by the cou the Danube, if the projects which have been conceived for internal c in Germany and France should be carried into execution, then the grown in Gheelan, and the cottons of Armenia, shipped at the mo the Danube, would arrive in the same vessels, first at the Rhine, as Strasbourg, which would thus become a vast general entrepot; fro city the merchandize would descend the Rhine, and be distributed thr out Holland: it might be sent to the Mediterranean, by the canal should unite the Doubs, the Saône, and the Rhone; and to the At by the canal which has been projected between the Marne and the R —*Introduction*, pp. 50, 51.

Thus we see that, even in Europe, much more remains done than, we venture to say, the Chevalier Gamba will se cuted in his lifetime, in order to carry his favourite project effect. Besides a general reduction of duties by the dif nations of Europe, canals are to be cut, and the navigation of specially protected by Russia, Austria, Prussia, Holland, *France;* and these canals, together with the Danube an *Rhine,* are to yield a safe transit to Asiatic merchandize, e *Europe* were engaged in a maritime war, that is to say, England. The chevalier seems to take it for granted, that single British ship of the line could pass the Dardanelles, cut off, at the fountain head, all his fine-woven speculations. does he appear to have the least apprehension that a British m war-boat could enter the Rhine, and blow all his calcuns of a secure traffic in that quarter into the air.

et us, however, suppose all his premises to be invulnerable, and from the embouchure of the Danube in the Black Sea all oriental merchandize, destined for the south of Europe, might a safe and certain conveyance; still he has to shew by what cticable means the commerce of Asia is to obtain a route to Euxine, which would seduce the merchants of that country m their long-established intercourse with Aleppo, Smyrna, and nstantinople. We find his opinions on this part of the subject his second volume, the first being almost exclusively confined to examination of the coasts of the Black Sea; the result of which that at the eastern side of that sea, the bays of Pitzunda and oukoum-Kalé would be the most favourable for the shipment of siatic merchandize, whence it would find a secure navigation to e southern coasts of Russia, and the embouchure of the Danube. aving arrived at this conclusion, he next proceeds to connect e Black Sea with the Caspian, by a line of road for caravans—assing through the most mountainous districts of Georgia, and iflis, being the central point, from the port of Soukoum-Kalé in he one sea, to that of Bakou in the other.

'It is difficult, he says, to deny that Tiflis, the capital of Georgia, possesses the first requisite for a commercial station, that of being situated advantageously. Distant about one hundred leagues from the Black and Caspian seas, it can at all seasons carry on easy, expeditious, safe, and unexpensive communications with either. By the former, it can establish relations with the whole coast of Natolia, with the ports of southern Russia, and the embouchure of the Danube; and when (*when*) these relations shall be favoured by the establishment of steam-boats, it may communicate in less than eight days with Constantinople. These relations will take place on a close sea, and, consequently, will be free from the interruptions which might be caused by a power possessing maritime superiority. They will embrace the whole population of western Asia, the fifty-two millions of Russia, and, in short, the whole continent of Europe.

'By the Caspian Sea, the exclusive domain of Russia, at least as to all the purposes of navigation, and which may be called the *mare clausum* of that power, vessels laden with the produce and manufactures of Europe may go in thirty-six hours from Bakou to the coast of Gheelan, to that of Mazunderan and Asterabad, and to the gulph of Balkan; in six days, vessels from the latter port may reach Astrakhan. Thus, merchants established at Tiflis may comprehend in their vast combinations the whole of Afghanistan, Boukhara, Cachemire, and Tibet. They may restore the ancient commercial route, which in the course of eighty or a hundred days onveyed merchandize from the province of Chensi to the banks of the *xus, and in two hundred* days to the shores of the Caspian Sea.

'The caravans travel in fifteen days from Tiflis to Erzeroum, and in about the same time to Tauris. In sixty days after leaving Tiflis, they reach Bender-Boucher, on the Persian gulph. From this port, vessels which sail for Bombay usually perform the voyage within from fifteen to twenty days.'—Tome ii. pp. 199—201.

The chevalier, however, in fixing upon Tiflis as the centre of his lines of communication between Europe and Asia, reckons without his host. He forgets that there is another party to be consulted, namely, the Asiatic merchants; who will now, as they have done at all times, prefer that route which leads them to the readiest and the best market. If the Levant affords them the means of communicating with England and America, thither will proceed their caravans, as long as the ships of those countries shall continue to exhaust them. If the chevalier can procure for them a better market at Tiflis, he will unquestionably attract the Asiatic merchants to that quarter, provided also that he can do two other things of no slight importance, viz. diminish the commerce of England and America with the Levant to at least a fourth of what it is at present, and almost wholly change the natural face of the Georgian provinces, which stretch from the Euxine to the Caspian Sea. In addition to these things, he must perform what Russia herself has not yet been able to achieve—he must civilize the wild tribes of the Caucasus, and reduce them to habits of subordination. For no merchant, of any country, we presume, would like to venture with his caravans through mountainous districts, where at every defile he is exposed to have his head cut off, and his merchandize plundered, at one and the same moment. As to the natural difficulties of the country, it may not be uninteresting to consider a few of them.

The author's first excursion from Tiflis was eastward, into the province of Kakhetia. He travelled in a britchka, and was escorted by cossacks, to defend him from the Lesghis, who occasionally kidnap the Georgians, even under the walls of Tiflis. The country through which he passed is almost a continued tract of mountain and valley, in some places thickly wooded, and so unwholesome, that it is with great difficulty a thin population, and that mostly consisting of cossack military posts, and German colonists, is preserved there. The fatigue of travelling is excessive, both to man and beast, as many of the mountains are so steep that the villagers on the tops of them seldom communicate with the plains below. In summer the days are so extremely hot, and the nights so cold, that it is injurious to health to be exposed to the climate at either division of the twenty-four hours—and then, to crown all, just as the caravan may be winding up the heights, forth may rush, from the bosom of a forest, a cloud of the Lesghis, who would assuredly be no very welcome customers to an honest merchant.

he country occupied by the Lesghis, called also Lesguines, is limited e east by Daghestan, and on the south by Noucha; it extends on the into the high mountains of the Caucasus, and is separated from etia by the Alazan. A Lesghian is neither so tall nor so handsome eorgian; his figure is, however, by no means destitute of symmetry. ose his straight and pointed; he has black eyes, and a harsh look. nd temperate, he lives by robbery and agriculture. Formerly, the country, to a considerable distance southward, was exposed to their ions; at present, they seldom extend their depredations beyond a and Kakhetia. If the Lesghis do not more frequently carry away ussian soldiers who straggle from their quarters, it is less on account fear by which they may be actuated, than because they cannot ob- ny ransom for them. The ransom of a Georgian, or an Armenian, according to circumstances, from four to twelve hundred golden s. Thus, the profession of plunder, which is amongst them a title of r, and a means of obtaining distinction among their fellow-citizens, he same time highly lucrative.

order to shew the difference which exists between the characters of vo people of the Caucasus, equally devoted to the pursuit of bri- ge, the Circassians and the Lesghis, I should say, that if the first, aving made some prisoners, be pursued towards their retreat, and t take the prisoners with them, they abandon them without doing any harm; while the Lesghis never give up their captives without g off their right hands, which they carry home to their village, and up at their doors as trophies.

a Lesghi be killed in a contest by a Russian or a Georgian, and if o has killed him be known, a relative or friend of the deceased offers nge his death, and binds himself to it by an oath. The Lesghi thus d, quits his village and his family, and places himself in ambush he road by which sooner or later his enemy is likely to pass. He with him a little sack of flour, and three or four loins of mutton. provided, and having nothing but his bourca to repose upon, he s immoveable until his stock of food is consumed. He then returns ll speed to renew it, and hastens back to his post until his vengeance ated, or until he is assured that his enemy has quitted the country.

e depredations of the Lesghis are not always limited to an incursion w men. They have been often seen descending in numerous troops age a Georgian or Persian town. Within the last century, Cha- and Ardebyl have been ravaged by these mountaineers.'—Tome ii., 3—95.

much for the delights of travelling in Kakhetia! A good round m, and most probably, the loss of a hand, at the least, together the loss of all his goods, are among the conveniences which iental merchant would be likely to encounter in his progress Bakou to Tiflis. There is no doubt, that the rapacity and ty of these bandits would be increased tenfold, if the route more frequented by travellers worth being plundered. Upon turn to Tiflis from Kakhetia, the chevalier next took an excur- nto Imiretie, a Georgian province, to the north-west of that in *the proposed* line of traffic to the Black Sea. Again, nothing but mountains, forests, and escorts. In addition, the chevalier and his companions had to wade through miry roads, in which the water reached to the body of his vehicle. Several parts of the province are so insalubrious, that they are utterly abandoned during the months of July, August, and September. Though anxious to paint every thing en coleur de rose, yet he acknowledges, that he and his party had like to be lost in fording a river not far from Gori, 'the second town in Georgia,' in point of extent and consideration. In fact, one of his companions was literally "frightened to death" by the passage; he died of absolute terror. This was not all. After crossing the river, the chevalier confesses, that 'the road was horrible; it had never before been traversed by any sort of a carriage. Every instant we were upon the point of being thrown over the precipices.' Yet this is the road which the chevalier dreams of seeing crowded with the commerce of Europe and Asia! We pass over the still more numerous and formidable difficulties, which are connected with the nature of the provinces immediately bordering on the Caspian and Black Seas,—difficulties, which, if they are to be surmounted at all, will scarcely be conquered, according to all appearance, before the expiration of two or three centuries.

We should not omit to mention, that the Chevalier Gamba very generously thinks, that a participation in the advantages of the commercial route which he points out, might be offered to England, provided she would give up the dominion of the sea! We tell the chevalier, that we would not give him one farthing even for a monopoly of his new route, if he could sell it to-morrow. As to our dominion of the sea, it is the natural effect of our position. Surrounded as we are by the waters, what barriers have we to defend us, except those old wooden walls which we have received from our ancestors, and which, heaven willing, we shall transmit uninjured to our posterity? It is peculiarly ungracious at the present moment, to charge us with any thing like selfishness in this matter, when our ports are opened to the produce, and a great part of the manufactures of the continent, and especially of France, whose government has not yet, we fear, agreed to admit our manufactures upon any thing like a reciprocal footing. We have the consciousness of knowing, however, that we have led the way to a system of commerce, which, sooner or later, the other nations of Europe must adopt, if they mean to carry on any trade at all. The Chevalier Gamba may rest assured, that he who would advise France, not only to persevere in her present apathy to our system, but to add to it such a new principle of exclusion, as that which these volumes so ridiculously attempt to establish, is much more an enemy to the welfare of the continent, which he may injure, than to England, which is far beyond his reach.

But enough of this subject. We turn from it to a sketch of General Yermoloff, who has lately become known to the public, s the commander of the expedition sent to chastise the Persians, or their unaccountable invasion of Russia.

> 'General Yermoloff is remarkably tall, and of prodigious bodily strength. Wholly different from the satraps of Asia, his habits are those of a Scythian. Despising the luxury of the East, he travels almost always in a carriage hung without springs; he sleeps on a bare carpet, and is temperate in the extreme. To a mode of life so severe, he adds polished manners, great affability, and an obliging disposition. At once an able tactician, and an excellent scholar, he passes alternately from Polybius, and works of science, to Virgil and Cicero. He is distinguished by great firmness, a scrupulous love of justice, perfect disinterestedness, and an inviolable attachment to his sovereign and his country.'—Tome ii. pp. 146, 147.

In the present state of the war between Russia and Persia, the following observations on the limits between the two empires, are not without interest:

> 'In the year 1823, the general-in-chief (Yermoloff), wished that the boundary line should be fixed, and commissioners were agreed upon on both sides for that purpose. The limits mentioned in the treaty, are not marked by any river or mountain; they have no fortress, nor town, nor, in short, any thing as a point d'appui: hence, there exists between the two states a tract of country sufficiently extensive, the sovereignty of which is uncertain. It serves as a refuge for tribes of the Turcomans and Kourdes, who frequently carry on their system of plunder on one territory or the other, thus giving rise to mutual complaints, and reciprocal demands for compensation.
>
> 'Whatever may be the result of this commission, it can only be considered as provisional.
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> 'The natural frontiers between Persia and Russia are pointed out by the course of the great river Araxes; and though this boundary would deprive Persia of the province of Erivan, nevertheless, it is the only true one, and it is highly probable, that at the death of Feth-Ali-Shah, it will be recognised, as it is understood that the emperor of Russia has pledged himself, by a secret article in the treaty of Gulistan, to acknowledge Abbas-Mirza as king of Persia, and to assist him, if necessary, with an armed force.'—Tome ii. pp. 151, 152.

We had occasion in a recent number* to remark, that the power of steam was probably not unknown to the ancients. The reader will, perhaps, be surprised to hear, that time out of mind, natural gas-lights have been burning at Bakou, as if for the purpose of instructing mankind how to avail themselves of this wonderful provision against obscurity. Unfortunately, not being rightly understood, it was perverted to the purposes of superstition. With the knowledge that we at present have of the application of gas to the common conveniences of life, it is really surprising, that our travellers had not treated of the causes of this phenomenon, with a view to some application of them, like that which we now see so extensively in use. Bakou has been already mentioned as a port on the Caspian.

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* No. xii. p. 130.

'We could not remain eight days at Bakou, without going to see the celebrated fires, the object of adoration to the Guebres, who follow Zoroaster, and to some Hindoos. On quitting the town we traversed two hills, the second of which is of considerable height; and then a village, the whole of whose inhabitants, half Armenian, half Persian, collected to see us pass.

'After proceeding for four hours over a country sufficiently arid, we reached a sort of square, called Lartichigay. It is surrounded by embattled walls, the interior of which serves as a monastery to the fire worshippers. In the middle of the court an altar is raised, to which one ascends by several steps. At each corner there is a quadrangular chimney, about twenty-five feet in height. The flame produced by the gas rises two or three feet over the tops of these chimnies. In the middle of the altar, and almost on a level with the ground, there is a fire-place, whence the flame also proceeds without interruption. Such are the eternal fires which, for so many ages, have been the constant object of admiration to the disciples of Zoroaster. About twenty cells are placed back to back in the walls of this sacred enclosure; some are inhabited by Hindoos, others by the Parsees, or descendants of the ancient Guebres. There remains but a very small number of Persian families, who, in the midst of the sanguinary invasions of which their country has been the scene, since the rise of Mahometanism, have remained faithful to the religion of the Magi.

'The religious who inhabited this monastery were generally exceedingly attenuated in their forms. Through the expression of mildness, which usually distinguishes the Hindoos, their look appeared vague and wandering. Some of them were dressed in an envelope of cotton; two were absolutely naked, except that they wore a cotton cincture round the loins.

'Amongst them was an old soldier, who had served a long time in the armies of the British India company. When we approached him, he stopped instantly, and placed himself in the attitude of a respectful soldier in the presence of his officers. I addressed him in English, but he knew only a few words, and appeared to have fallen into a state of complete imbecility. The cells occupied by the Guebres were quite appropriate. In each of them there were two or three chandeliers, or rather tubes of clay, inserted in the earth. If a light was applied to them, a flame immediately appeared; but the slightest effort was sufficient to extinguish it. The gas which produced it had a disagreeable smell, which even the Hindoos themselves, in their close cells, found it difficult to resist for any length of time.

'If the fires of Bakou, and all the circumstances attending them, had been visited and examined by able chemists, the idea would long since have been conceived, of applying gas to the purposes of illumination, such as we see at present in practice. For many centuries the inhabitants of that country have been in the habit of making their lime by means of gas. *We saw fifteen or twenty lime kilns, in which stones were calcined by this process.*'—Tome ii. pp. 299—302.

We now take leave of the Chevalier Gamba, who, although far om being an entertaining traveller, seems perfectly competent to scharge all the duties of a consul. The innumerable local details ith which he has crowded his work, render it fatiguing in the exeme; but at the same time they evince the ardour of the writer his wishes to attract to France a portion of our Levant and Inan trade. We have no apprehensions on this score, as the diffiulties, which attend his propositions for a new route, must make em appear utterly visionary to every mind—except, indeed, to at of the chevalier himself. It is odd enough, however, that he hould soberly suggest a track for caravans over torrents and beds f mud, and lofty precipices, the bare aspect of which gave one of is companions an apoplexy, and the real perils of which had more han once threatened himself with destruction.

We should add, that a very copious Atlas accompanies the work, onsisting chiefly of lithographic views of different parts of eorgia, and figures arrayed in the various and picturesque cosumes of the country. The former are rather meanly executed, but e latter, which are coloured, look to great advantage. This ork, which may be had with or without the Atlas, is also illusated by an excellent engraved map of Georgia, taken from the ost recent Russian survey.

RT. II. *Dramaturgische Blätter von Ludwig Tieck.* 2 vols. 12mo. Breslau. Black and Young, London. 1826.

N our last Appendix* we noticed the first volume of this work, hich was almost entirely devoted to the German theatre; and we romised our readers a separate notice of the second volume, hich is in a great measure occupied by critiques on English plays, specially those of our mighty dramatist, either in the original, r their German translations, and also upon English actors.

Mr. Tieck is one of the greatest theatrical amateurs in Europe. Ie has made regular dramatic tours through his native country, as visited Italy and its principal theatres, is familiar with, though o profound admirer of the French stage, and finally, in 1817, was ere in London, and beheld John Kemble, in the last of his perormances. Mr. Tieck's opinions on the dramatic art should, herefore, have some weight, for he that has seen much is in geneal qualified to distinguish and appreciate.

The works of Shakspeare have long formed Mr. Tieck's chief tudy. He is as familiar with the language of our bard as any of s here can pretend to be, and he is now, we believe, engaged a commentary and a translation of such of his plays as are

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Vol. ii. p. 470.

not included in the admirable version of A. W. Schlegel. To such a man a visit to England must have held out many attractions. To see the land, and all its natural features, whence Shakspeare drew; to trace out the remnants of ancient manners that still linger amongst us; to witness the dramas of Shakspeare as performed on the national stage, were strong inducements. Mr. Tieck's enthusiasm, accordingly, was not satisfied by London; he made his pilgrimage to Stratford, gazed on the "soft flowing Avon," entered the venerable stream-encompassed church where repose the mortal remains of the bard, bestowed, we venture to say, his malediction on Mr. Malone's taste, in whitewashing the poet's bust, surveyed the humble edifice where Shakspeare first saw light, and, not the least instructing part of the pilgrimage, wandered through the venerable oaks of Charlicot, that witnessed the deer-stealing exploits of the future dramatist. And many are the delightful associations awakened in the breast of the reader of Shakspeare, in thus tracing the steps of the poet's youth; for numerous features still remain there unaltered, as steam engines and cotton mills have not yet banished rural manners and rural prosperity from Warwickshire.

The great, the important day of Mr. Tieck's first visit to a British theatre, was the 30th of May, 1817, when he repaired to Covent Garden, to see Cymbeline, the part of Posthumus by John Kemble. As the observations of a gentleman so versed in dramatic matters as Mr. Tieck, may be interesting and instructive to some of our readers, we shall give a few of his remarks on the different plays which he saw, and his opinions of the actors.

He commences his remarks on Cymbeline, by observing, that this play is one of the most various among the romantic works of the poet. Almost every thing that enchants in his other dramas, may be here recognized: and so impregnated with humour and irony, so filled with surprising events and extraordinary characters, that pleasure and pain, laughter and despair, encounter each other in the most wanton manner. He then proceeds:—

> 'That, owing to the length of the piece, and the incapacity of the performers, who could neither fill all the parts, and still less fill all well, I should not see the whole, and should see much of it but indifferently acted, I was prepared for; for we are accustomed to this, even in feebler pieces: but that in addition to this, no consistency and mutual dependence of parts should appear; that many, and among them the first scenes, should be totally devoid of even the slightest illusion; nay, that the actors should not even seem to comprehend that this should be aimed at; this, indeed, was what I must confess I did not expect. The whole was given more like a declamation-concert, in which some passages were delivered in an excellent, much in a pleasing manner, and a great—a far too great a portion pronounced in a most completely bungling style, without any attention being paid to the meaning of the poet, or even to the ordinary elegance of speech.'—Vol. ii. pp. 135, 136.

With our present mode of adapting, as we are pleased to style it, the dramas of Shakspeare and others to the stage, Mr. Tieck expresses himself by no means satisfied. The old system of alteration, such as Dryden's of the Tempest, and Shadwell's of Timon, has, we know, been in a great measure abandoned; and the present mode is a system of amputation executed in the most arbitrary manner, totally heedless of consistency and of the meaning of the poet. The approved receipt is, to suppose a general knowledge of the subject, to leave the most celebrated passages as they are, to keep a steady eye on the chief performers, transposing passages, lengthening out the striking scenes by additions and dumb show and play, till one is tired, in return cut down other scenes, or omit them altogether, though they may be absolutely requisite for the perfect understanding of the piece. 'In short,' says Mr. Tieck, 'they proceed in so violent a manner, that a stranger is at a loss how to reconcile it with that reverence and admiration which the English appear, on every occasion, to pay to their great poet.'

When Kemble entered, he immediately, by his fine size and expressive countenance, reminded our critic of the celebrated German actor, Thinrich Jacobi. Posthumus, as is well known, was not at any period one of Kemble's best parts, so Mr. Tieck saw him not that night to the greatest advantage. He thus describes him:

> 'His *organ* is weak and tremulous, but full of expression, and each word is given intelligibly and full of feeling, only that much too often and between every second and third word there comes a considerable pause, and most of the verses, or speeches, ended in a high key. In consequence of this immensely tedious mode of delivery, the piece, although, perhaps, nearly the half of it was omitted, was intolerably long. This, as one may call it, musical declamation, excluded all real acting, nay, made it, to a certain degree, impossible; for when everything is so entirely directed to the little purpose of delivering every soliloquy and every description as to form an artificial whole, there can no longer be expected any delineation of character, any true gradation, any elevation or depression of this or that passage. Here and there the great master might be discerned; for example,—in the second act, when Iachimo, after his return, relates his good fortune, the despair mixed with indignation—the creation of new hope, and the falling back into despondency—were played and delivered admirably; and it became evident, that if Kemble had not given way to mannerism and a narrow school, he would really have been a great actor.
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> 'In the Roman dress he appeared great, and in the bursts of passion sublime. He knows well that this dress becomes him, and he knows how to wear it with ease and nobleness, and he therefore takes a pleasure in performing this youthful part, in which he, from beginning to end, never appears youthful.'—pp. 138, 139.

Of Young's Iachimo he thought but little. Miss Foote's Imogene was charming in the eyes of our critic, though the audience did not appear to accord with him. He complains, that in England, as well as elsewhere, the prejudice prevails, that a deep and masculine tone is the one most suited to woman in tragedy. The voice of the queen horrified him, and reminded him of several Italian actresses who employed those dreadful tones. Even in death, says he, Lear praises the soft and gentle tone of his Cordelia's voice. Shakspeare, though his female parts were played by boys, was of a different opinion from our actresses in this matter, and one should only recollect, what beauties Unzelmann Bethman (a German actress) developed in a tragedy, though her tone was always feminine, and could never descend to the deep base. His pleasure, on the whole, in the representation of Cymbeline, was not great; and he expresses his opinion, that it would have been performed much better, and much nearer to the ideas of the poet, on several of the German stages.

Mr. Tieck afterwards saw Kemble in Brutus; which character, he says, was not played, but judiciously declaimed. The celebrated scene of the quarrel between him and Cassius, made but little impression. Kemble's tone was too weak for such scenes. Hotspur was as little to our author's taste; he compares the pause, the whine, the disproportioned accents on every second or third word, and raising the voice at the end of each line and sentence, to the protestant preacher, that might be heard in some provinces of Germany, preaching in this tedious, whining *tempo*. Kemble's Wolsey, he regards as a great piece of acting, hardly short of perfection; the scene with Cromwell, as excellence itself. 'These admirable scenes,' says he, 'were given all through in such a manner, that every wish was satisfied, that the imagination could demand nothing more perfect, and that the admirers of the poet discovered new beauties in almost every verse. It is difficult to describe the enjoyment that results when a great poet and a great actor thus encounter.' In the Hamlet and the Coriolanus of Kemble, Mr. Tieck perceived the usual beauties, and the usual faults of that great actor. In Coriolanus, as is well known, Mr. Kemble took leave of the stage; and the description of that memorable evening by our author, who was present, is extremely interesting, but has too little of novelty to be laid before the reader.

Kean was then in the zenith of his fame. He failed in pleasing Mr. Tieck, who, on the occasion of seeing his Hamlet, thus describes him:—

'I was very curious to see his Hamlet. All the gaiety, all the witty sallies, the sharp biting passages, were given by him in the very best tone of comedy. With the tragic portion of his part, he, to speak properly, knew not what to do. His mode of recitation is the very opposite of Kemble's. He utters every thing in a quick, frequently hurried manner, so much so, that the dignity of the subject suffers by it. With the accents and pauses he acts in a still more arbitrary and violent way than Kemble; he frequently too by dumb shew, or stops, and artifices of at kind, gives to passages a different sense from what people have usually en in them. His staring, starting, turning round, suddenly resuming ith the greatest force a speech that he had apparently let drop, rapidly eparting, slowly and unexpectedly returning—of all these epigrammatic odes of creating surprise, his play has the greatest superfluity; he is in- xhaustible in inventions for thus breaking up his part into a thousand ttle frequent bons mots, tragic or comic; and it is undoubtedly this inge- ious mode of, to a certain extent, altering and remaking the parts assigned im, that has won him the favour of the greatest part of the public, especi- lly the ladies. If in consequence of this we are never detained by him, s is the case with Kemble, till we are tired, yet we are in requital, inces- antly deceived and deluded, as if by an expert juggler, respecting the im- ression and the feeling that can with justice be counted on. All this lls out quite capriciously on the part of the player, with however the onsciousness that he is making the language of the piece manifold, and troducing turns and jumps, for which neither the part, nor the poet, has the great majority of cases furnished the slightest foundation. This, erefore, is playing with the play, and the poet, especially Shakspeare, is r more completely destroyed by this mode, than by the former declama- ry one.'

After Hamlet, Mr. Tieck saw Kean in Macbeth. Here he was ill feebler than in the former part; and our critic makes an addi- onal objection to him, that he, after the manner of the French agedians, tears to pieces entire scenes with all his force, by pro- ouncing almost every word with the strongest accent, and the tmost effort he is capable of. We wish Mr. Tieck's observa- ons on the witch scene, and the banquet when the ghost of anquo appears, were not too long for insertion, as they might rnish some useful hints to our stage directors. Kean's Richard e Third, especially the dreaming scene, he liked not at all.

Mr. Tieck's opinions of other eminent actors, were these. oung, whom he saw in Othello, Falstaff, and some other parts, d not please him. Charles Kemble he liked. With Miss O'Neil was delighted; he saw her in Desdemona, and in the Apostate. he playing of the actress,' says he, 'dignified the text in so gh a degree, that I count that evening among my most agree- le recollections.' Of Macready, whom he saw in the last amed piece, he expresses himself in terms of the very highest ad- iration. Booth was a bad imitation of Kean.

On occasion of Johnston introducing in the part of Major 'Flaherty, in the West Indian, a *favourite song*, Mr. Tieck makes e following curious remark:—'I understood but little of it—for ough the English on almost every occasion speak rapidly and intelligibly, these *favourite songs* are rattled out still more pidly between the teeth. They frequently, indeed, clatter just e peas cantering down a tube—in this respect, (that of intro- cing songs,) barbarism is at its height in this country.'

With *the Haymarket,* the only theatre in London that a good play can be seen in with any pleasure, Mr. Tieck was greatly delighted.

'It is,' he observes, 'a pleasant sensation to feel yourself, after the huge theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, once more in a house of a size in which only it is possible to represent plays. On this more moderate stage, every thing fell into its proper proportion. We hear and see, and the spectator finds himself again one with the theatre. As in the large houses scarcely any one sees and hears all, every one feels dissatisfied.'

Among others, Mr. Tieck makes the following observations upon our acting and our theatres :—

'One would hardly believe that the English, or their theatre, clung to ceremonies, which are so prejudicial to art and lively representation. I could not ascertain at what time these silly restrictions came in; it would be somewhat surprising if they existed so early as the time of Charles II., whose poets gave to the stage, pieces of the most licentious and indecent description. What is most injurious, is the air of stiffness and constraint, with which the players are found to enter and leave the stage. They may enter at the bottom of the stage, but must on no account presume to turn their back on the audience; (our author should have made an exception in the case of ghosts; as he remarks, in Kean's Richard, that they appear to be privileged); hence they always make their exits sideways among the scenes. One should not find fault, as the large theatres are tolerably wide, with their entering and retiring in general in this way, did it not cost all this trouble and anxiety, that they might be thus enabled always to present their full face to the spectator. On this account they approach each other with solemnity and constraint, slowly and after some speeches, then change places, and frequently step up to one another, just as if they were going to dance a minuet. In disputes, or in congratulations, or even in the dialogues between two lovers, they are endeavouring gradually to get near the side scenes, and each goes off, after having spoken his last word, with a side slip.

In lively scenes, or in great events, for instance, when Richard III. gallops away to the battle of Bosworth, through the side scenes, with such short dancer's jumps, the effect is altogether comic.'—pp. 155, 156.

This is in general very true, but we believe the rule is not so invariable as Mr. Tieck supposes, for we have occasionally seen the backs of other characters besides ghosts. He proceeds to observe on the theatres.—

'The two London theatres are like many now in Germany, far too large for the true lover of the drama; if one does not get into the boxes next the stage, or to the front of the pit, one sees but little, and that inconveniently. In consequence of the great height of the stage, the players dwindle to pigmies, and in the wide empty space there is no stay, no separation for individuals as well as for groups, no fixed point—by which alone, as in this *desert space* all is given without any frame, the play loses all real *consistency*. The height of the stage is somewhat moderated by the upper curains hanging much lower than in our (the German) theatres; as they approach the bottom of the stage they sink lower and lower with every side scene, so that the back-wall is as low again as the first side scene. By this rapid descent the stage gains in comfort, and the excessive vacuity of the space is considerably diminished to the eye. In addition to this, which is also to be commended on account of the great breadth of the theatre, the second, third, &c., side-scenes come out much farther on the stage than with us, by which means the theatre is in this way also made much narrower, and the players are in some measure compelled to keep as much as possible on the proscenium. It is also very well contrived that the proper decoration, the back-wall, is so considerably diminished both in height and breadth by the side scenes protruding and the curtains descending so low, that it very frequently consists of two painted boards which are shoved out and join. This precludes a too artificial painting of the decorations, and throws the voice of the actors strong and full out into the house, whereas, in our mode of extending the stage, by the space between the side scenes, by the quantity of canvas and the want of solid architecture on the stage itself, the voice is frequently, even in operas, weakened and obscured.'—pp. 156—158.

Mr. Tieck shews in some other instances how we have exerted ourselves to overcome the disadvantages of our over-large theatres. But all our efforts are vain, the disadvantages are such as to baffle all attempts, and no true lover of the drama would ever go to see any of our sterling plays at either of them, could he see them any where else. But monopoly, that bane of all that is good, seems resolved to deprive us for ever of one of the most national of enjoyments; and the admirers of Shakspeare and his brethren may look back with a sigh, to the days when at the Globe or the Fortune, their master pieces were presented without undergoing the capricious mutilations of a modern playwright, and, though the playhouse might be covered with humble straw, Macbeth and Lear were better heard and understood than in the splendid theatres of Drury Lane and Covent Garden. Indeed, another conflagration were a consummation not to be deplored, could we hope to see rise from the ruins, three or four moderately-sized theatres and free trade in the drama.

Mr. Tieck expresses himself in a tone of despondency respecting the present state of the histrionic art, and certainly, when we turn our eyes over Europe, we find he has but too much reason for his plaints. In Germany, Schröder, Reinecke, and their fellows, are gone and have left none to equal them: Talma has just departed: our stage has lost its Kemble, its Siddons, its O'Neil, and it would we believe take the united strength of the two theatres to fill one of our best dramas adequately. The golden age of acting as of writing plays, seems to have past in every country. Our golden age in the former, Mr. Tieck says, was in the days of Burbage and Allen; he ought perhaps to have said those of Garrick and Henderson.

The reader needs hardly to be told, that the plays of Shakspeare are as familiar to the German boards as to our own. The translations of Schlegel are hardly, if at all inferior to the originals, and Lear, Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, may be seen to as great, perhaps greater perfection, on the Berlin or Dresden stage as in London. In the present work Mr. Tieck criticises the German Romeo and Juliet, Lear and Hamlet. On the latter he has a long disquisition respecting the characters and some of the speeches. We shall impart to the reader some of his remarks.

No play of Shakspeare was so much admired as his Hamlet. The various characters of the prince, and the quantity of moral reflections (of the effect of which the popularity of Euripides is a sufficient proof), will easily account for this. But yet none of his plays, Mr. Tieck observes, was so frequently attacked even by his friends, and he thinks that it was Fletcher's object in his Philaster to give Shakspeare a gentle hint of how a prince deprived of his rights like Hamlet ought to act. The madness of Ophelia too was not understood, and Fletcher in another piece, "The two noble kinsmen," undertook the kind office of giving our bard another lesson respecting how young ladies disappointed in love should demean themselves. How far this may be true we take not upon us to decide, though it is not unlikely that Fletcher may be as innocent of intending to offend Shakspeare, as poor Ben Jonson was, whose name has, till within these few years, been synonimous with malignity and brutality.

The character of Polonius, Mr. Tieck says, and perhaps not without reason, has been in general misunderstood. On our stage he is a sort of buffoon, so also in Germany; our critic on the contrary sees in him a true statesman, politic and penetrating, always ready with counsel, who had been of consequence to the former king, and was almost indispensable to the present. The instructions which he gives his son are altogether those of a man well acquainted with the world, he mixes together important and unimportant matters, for to him both are alike. Every thing he says is excellent, and these noble words,

> 'This above all—To thine ownself be true:
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man'—

come from his very soul. Polonius' part in this scene should be given in the noblest and most high-minded tone, and only slightly tinged with the flat character of many men of rank. In the following dialogue with Ophelia, he pretends ignorance of his daughter's intimacy with Hamlet. He had heard it from others, forsooth. Thus, says Mr. Tieck, the sly courtier becomes quite apparent, for the visits to his own house could hardly have been unknown to him. But Hamlet visited there in the lifetime of his father, and after his death, while it was dubious on whom the election to the crown would fall; Polonius however saw by Hamlet's late conduct, in the second scene, of how little consequence, by his own fault, he was likely to be of in the court, and he therefore thinks it to be ore for his own interest to keep the favour of the king; he, therefore, forbids his daughter to give the prince any more encouragement. In this scene, says Mr. Tieck, the father also shews himself as a man who was well acquainted with the passion of love and its vagaries; he frequently says that he speaks from experience, and we must believe him, for this youthful passion of his own explains, why he remains so firmly convinced all through, that the prince is gone mad for love.

In the scene with the servant, which scene, like many others, Mr. Tieck observes, Shakspeare, whose works were certainly played without any division into acts, inserted to enable the mind of the spectator to regain some tranquillity after the horrors of the night, and to prepare for fresh exertion; in this scene, he says, when the directions of Polonius are considered carefully, they will be found to be any thing but those of a fool. Mr. Tieck examines them at some length, and then proceeds to consider all the other scenes, where he appears, and decides that his character has been hitherto mistaken. We will remark, *en passant*, that in the dialogue between Polonius and Hamlet, this passage occurs:—

> ' " Excellent well, you are a fishmonger."
> " Not I, my lord."
> " Then I would you were so honest a man ' "—

Mr. Tieck explains it thus: " I would you were so honest a man—but (understood)—you are a fleshmonger; you want to manage a meeting between your daughter and me:" which, he says, is justified by what Hamlet next says, " For if the sun," &c. Still, the idea of love being the cause of the prince's madness is strong in the mind of Polonius: he minds not what Hamlet says, but proceeds; "He is far gone, far gone: and truly, in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very like this." 'It has always grieved me,' says Mr. Tieck, 'when a player has pronounced these words in such a manner as only to excite laughter. It was certainly the aim of the poet to produce a melancholy smile by this retrospect of the old man's youth, and by the prospect that Hamlet, superior as he now appears to the old man in ingenuity, wit, and satire, should, when he arrived at the same age, exactly represent him.'

Novel and startling as this view of the character of Polonius may appear, we cannot help regarding it as having some foundation, and it would be strange indeed if we were to be instructed in the true sense of our great poet by a foreigner. Yet, why not? Schlegel has, undoubtedly, pointed out many beauties, and explained many passages and characters in Shakspeare, who has not hitherto met with the best of English commentators. We, for our parts, are inclined to regard as a mere prejudice the opinion, that a writer's countrymen should understand him best. We doubt if any Italian has a fuller conception of the sense and the beauties of the great Italian poets, than Mr. Mathias;

and we have long cherished a secret opinion, that Homer is better understood by the scholars of the present day, than he was by Aristarchus and his contemporaries.

"To be or not to be," is known to men, women, and schoolboys; and hitherto we have been unanimous in regarding it as a soliloquy on suicide. Mr. Tieck is of a different opinion. It is his own cowardice that Hamlet is arraigning; that, through the dread of falling in the attempt, withholds him from obeying the commands of his father's spirit, attacking the usurper, and contending with him for empire and for vengeance. Hamlet is, in Mr. Tieck's eyes, no hero; he exhibits weaknesses of every kind, his portraiture of himself to Ophelia is just; all the darker passions shew themselves in him; revenge, anger, malice, envy, pride, and ambition appear in the strongest light; but so relieved and softened down by fine feeling, wit, taste, knowledge, and nobleness, that this amazing phenomenon attracts and enchants us. Even his repulsive qualities are not devoid of greatness and splendour.

The whole of the disquisition on Hamlet is highly interesting, as indeed is almost every thing in the work. The character of Ophelia is beautifully developed, and several of the observations are strikingly just and new; and we once more strongly recommend these volumes to the attention of such persons as love the drama, and are versed in the German language.

The latter part of the volume is composed of observations on the German theatre, occasioned by a tour which the author made through Germany, chiefly, we believe, with a view to the drama. The reflections on costume, decorations, and ballets, and the proper mode of delivering verse, are excellent; we recommend, particularly, the description of Mademoiselle George, whom he saw at Strasbourg as the mother of the Maccabees and as Lady Macbeth.

ART. III. *Espagne Poetique, choix de Poésies Castillanes depuis Charles-Quint, jusqu' a nos jours, mises en vers Francais; avec une Dissertation Comparée sur la Langue et la Versification Espagnoles, une Introduction en vers, et des Articles Biographiques, Historiques, et Littéraires.* Par Don Juan Maria Maury. Paris. Mongie. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 440. London. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

FRENCH poetry is attended, probably, with more difficulties in its composition than that of any other European country. Overloaded with rules, and weighed down by its shackles, like the eastern almas, it dances in fetters; and though we wonder at the ingenuity which can in any degree overcome such obstacles, we look in vain for the easy grace of practised but unrestricted nature. It has always remained inimitable to the mass of the nation, and *there* are wonderfully few foreigners on record who have succeede *in gaining* its honours, in proportion to the vast number who hav *attempted* the enterprise. It is not uncommon to meet with im tori among the peasants and artizans of Italy, and many iant names have been added to the list of our own poets from lower classes of society. But France has nothing in the least ree similar, with which to balance the smooth, copious, and nt versifiers of the south, or the Burns, and the Chatterton of land. Those who have gained admission to the poetic sanctuary rance, have always been few and select; officiating, moreover, ear, around an empty shrine.

efore M. Maury, scarcely any foreigners, except Hamilton and leric II., had versified with tolerable success in a language, the ical perplexities of which had been most clearly exemplified he very triumphs of a Boileau and a Racine.

he boldness of M. Maury is not altogether unreasonable, or unessful. His verses are, indeed, now and then incumbered with rodox phrases, and harsh inversions,—there is sometimes a e negligence of style, and we suspect we have detected a caconous line or two; but his general knowledge of the subject, elegance of his prose, and the spirit which he has thrown into translations, are certainly deserving of unqualified praise.

he glass of M. Maury presents us with the shadows of all the ts who have done honour to his country. The list begins with writer, whose hero is Cid, that Rodrique de Vivar, whose rage and patriotism were recompensed by Alphonso IV., with e and misery; and who still lives in the memory of the nation Pelayo, Benardo del Carpio, and Cortez, among the traonary champions of Spain. The catalogue, which begins with rude, but animated bard, contains the names of the Moor la and Alphonso X., who, in an age of darkness, united in him- the characters of legislator, historian, and mathematician, and vined with the crowns of Leon and Castile, the laurels of minsy.

this catalogue we have also the names of Juan de Mena; "a (says Mariana) of great learning for that period, and famous his poems," but whose reputation, in our opinion at least, conrably exceeded his merits; Villena, a poet and mathematician se works were condemned to the flames, because he was learned ecromancy; the Marquis de Santillana, a laborious writer, and of the first Spanish imitators of the Italian sonnets, who ed from the field of battle to his study, and dropped the sword ield the pen, was the instructor of princes, and did not disdain rite sentiment to his shepherdess; Don Diego Mendoza, a *iocre* poet, but an useful historian, and an elegant orator, who in 1576; Boscan, the reformer of the Spanish Parnassus, se friendship was enjoyed by young Garcilaso, dignified by his trymen at *that* period, with the title of prince of the poets.

rom this time is dated the brilliant period of Spanish poetry;— ned by Garcilaso, a writer of elegiac and pastoral verses, a omatist and a soldier, who died at the age of 33; Saint

Theresa, who published her autobiography, and composed a romance of chivalry, "which lay open," says her confessor, "to a good deal of comment;" who described most beautifully the condition of a fallen angel, by saying, "the wretch! he could not love;" and Father Luis de Leon, a man of philosophical piety, a professor of theology, and among lyric poets, one of the noblest that the world has seen. 'He excelled,' says Maury, 'in learning, and is said to have been particularly attached to the writings of Plato—a taste, indeed, which appears to have coloured his odes. He was interrupted in his successful career as a preacher, by some intrigues, and confined in the dungeons of the inquisition for five years. Upon his restoration to freedom, he addressed a vast concourse assembled to hear his first sermon; but far from making any allusion to his own history, he began with the accustomed phrase, "We were observing yesterday."' The next on the list, are Herrera, who, in three battle odes, has introduced into modern poetry the strength and energy of the Hebrew prophets; and Cervantes, who must be left without an epithet, from the impossibility of finding one adequately descriptive of his genius:—a slave at Algiers, the victim of persecution in Spain, a gallant soldier, and the first of authors; he died in 1616, on the same day as Shakspeare, names to which if we add those of Goethe and J. J. Rousseau, we have mentioned the four most extraordinary minds of modern literature.

Of the Andalusian Gongora we shall only observe, that he invented a new dialect, and endeavoured to work a revolution in poetry. His name, by an extravagant severity, has become synonimous with Bavius, or Blackmore. Lord Holland's elegant work has made us already acquainted with the voluminous Lope de Vega, who, when a mere child five years old, used to barter hi verses for toys, at thirteen had written several plays, and of whom it has been very commonly said, that the labours of his lif amounted to 21,316,000 verses, distributed between 1800 comedies, and 400 other poems. There is no species of poetical composition which he did not attempt, and none, perhaps, in which h did not display considerable ingenuity, and boundless fertility sometimes of thought, often of conceit, together with occasiona touches of tenderness and passion, and of a vigorous and health imagination. His carelessness, bad taste, and prolixity, which di not pass uncensured in his own time, would now be much mor severely visited. He succeeded in usurping the theatre of his ag and country, and in exciting, as if it had been his right, a genera and fervid enthusiasm, such as was never, probably, awakened b any other writer during his own lifetime. His person and work were objects of national concern, and his death was regarded as severe public calamity.

With Lope de Vega ended what has usually been called th *golden* age of Spanish literature. Lupercio (or Lobergo Leonardo, and Bartholomew (Leonardo) D'Argensola, brothers, who were su

the Horaces of Spain, supported for some time the reputa-
the national poetry: but after them, Quevedo, whose pro-
ıs were almost as voluminous as those of Lope de Vega, and
sembled Cervantes in his misfortunes; Rioja, a friend of
lo, and the companion of his captivity, and Villegas, their
ptuous rival, began the decided deterioration which became
ient under Philip IV. Extravagance, incorrectness, ob-
, and bombast, which are discernible enough in their pre-
rs, reached their utmost height in the compositions of these
. 'No poet,' says M. Maury (and it is a bold declaration),
ushed his arrogance so far as Villegas: he represented himself,
rontispiece of his earliest work, under the emblem of a rising
fore the brightness of which the stars hid their diminished
with the motto "*sicut sol matutinus, me surgente quid istæ?!*"
is not particularly grammatical; and if it be intended, as we
, for a verse, is neither very metrical, nor very musical. The
lights destined to dwindle before the glories of Villegas, were
Quevedo, Gongora, Lope de Vega, and the Argensolas, all en-
at that period, the meridian of their reputations. It is true,
ıeless, that the compositions which were ushered in with
flourish of trumpets, had considerable merit. Among them
e following poem, considered a model in its kind: after
we shall present our readers with a sonnet by Lupercio
nsola.

EL PAXARILLO,

'Yo vi sobre un tomillo
Quexarse un paxarillo,
Viendo su nido amado,
De quien era caudillo,
De un labrador robado.
Vile Tan congojado,
Por tal atrevimiento,
Dar mil quexas al viento,
Para que al cielo santo,
Lleve su tierno llanto,
Lleve su triste acento.
Ya con triste armonia,
Esforzando el intento,
Mil quexas repetia;
Ya cansado callaba,
Y al nuevo sentimiento
Ya sonoro volvia:
Ya circular volaba;
Ya rastrero corria;
Ya pues, de rama en rama,
Al rustico seguia,
Y saltando en la grama,
Parece que decia.

" Dame, rustico fiero,
" Mi dulce compania ;"
Y que le respondia
El rustico : " No quiero." '—vol. i., pp. 422, 423.

L' OISEAU.

' Jai vu sur un ormeau
Gémir un tendre oiseau :
Helas ! on lui saccage
L'abri de ses beaux jours ;
Un rustre en dure cage
Emporte ses amours.
L'oiseau, de branche en branche,
Sa peine amere épanche
En sons mélodieux,
Pour que les vents pieux
A la celeste enceinte
Portent la triste plainte,
Portent les doux adieux.
Puis on la croit éteinte,
Et puis l'ardente voix
Eclate une autrefois.
L'inhumain qui l'afflige
Poursuit : il vole aprés,
Ou bien sautille auprês :
Ou bien, de tige en tige,
Autour de lui voltige.
Il semble, avec douceur,
Redire au ravisseur :
" Rends-moi mon bien unique ;
" Retourne sur tes pas."
Et que le dur rustique
Répond : " Je ne veux pas." '—vol. i., pp. 416, 4

This resembles a good deal the old French " Dialogue entr Passant et une Tourterelle. "

Le Passant.—" Que fais tu dans ces bois, plaintive tourtelle ?"
La Tourterelle,—" Je Gémis ; jái perdu, ma Compagne fidelle."
Le Passant,—" Ne crains tu pas que l'oiseleur
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle ?"
La Tourterelle.—" Si ce n'est lui ce sera ma douleur."

These have been rendered into Latin neatly enough by L Sanadon :

' Quid memora, O turtur, querulis singultibus imples ?
Heu ! fidei mortem comparis orba gemo.
Nonne times ne fraude pari te funerit auceps ?
Si non aucupio, vieta dolore cadam.'

The sonnet which follows is, as we before said, from the worl *Lupercio* D'Argensola, and probably the best of his production

SONETO.

Imágen espantosa de la muerte,
Sueno cruel, no turbes mas mi pecho,
Mostrandome cortado el nudo estrecho,
Consuelo solo de mi adversa suerte.

Busca de algun tirano el muro fuerte,
De jaspe las paredes, de oro el techo;
O al rico avaro, en el angosto lecho,
Haz que temblando con sudor despierte.

El uno vea el popular tumulto
Romper con furia las herradas puertas,
O al sobornado siervo el hierro oculto;

El otro sus riquezas descubiertas,
Con llave falsa, ó con violento insulto;
Y déxale al amor sus glorias ciertas.'—vol. i., p. 337.

SONNET.

'Porte ailleurs, ô sommeil, image de la mort,
De tes songes menteurs le prestige bisarre:
Cruel, ne me dis plus que le ciel me sépare
De l'objet adoré, seul appui de mon sort.
Sur sa pourpre de Tyr, si jamais il y dort,
Tourmente le repos du despote barbare,
Ou d'un froid, tremblement va fatiguer l'avare,
Don son lit rétréci tenant son coffre-fort.

Que l'un ait vu forcer par le peuple en furie
El ses portes d'airain et sa garde aguerrie,
Ou l'esclave tirant un *poignard suborné*;

Que l'autre, par surprise, a la merci des armes;
Pour défendre son or se débatte *obstiné*,
Mais épargne a l'amour ces injustes alarmes.'—Vol. i., p. 331.

extracts which we have made from the "Espagne Poetique" ficient specimens of M. Maury's abilities and style. His are commonly elegant and smooth, with an occasional blot of ence and stiffness. We suspect that the following couplet annoy the delicate sensibilities of the high and mighty nicians:—

'Mais de notre amitié tous les deux recevant
Un sentiment commun qui domina les autres.'

he lines which we have already quoted—

'Helas! on *lui saccage*
L'abri de ses beaux jours,'

saccage is neither very French, as it is here used, nor very nious *in verse*.

> ‘ Un esclave tirant un *poignard suborné*.’

suggests to us, that though one may suborn a witness, and though subornation of perjury is not altogether unknown, either in England or elsewhere, yet that *subornation of a poignard* is a crime amenable to no tribunal but that of criticism, and there it deserves the severest inflictions of the literary code.

> ‘ Que l’áutre, par surprise, a la mercie des armes,
> Pour defendre son os, se debatte *obstiné*.’

French, with all its politeness, will not suffer itself to be forced into these contortions. The inversion which has driven the unfortunate “ *obstiné*” to the end of the line, that it might pass muster as a rhyme, would be branded by the mildest Parisian critic. In the translation of the penultimate stanza of Garcilaso, “ Salicio y nemoroso,” (which, on the whole, is well rendered), the word *désormais*, in the last verse, seems to us to weaken and withdraw the expression. We could considerably increase this catalogue of peccadilloes from the verses of Don Juan Maria Maury, which nevertheless are respectable performances, and really contain as much music as ordinary French rhymes.

As a writer of prose he has nothing to fear, his style is both correct and elegant. His collection of anecdotes, historical notices, portraits, and descriptions, combines instruction with amusement in a very laudable degree.

The tragical adventure of the lover, John Macias, and the heroic devotion of the gallant Guzman, with M. Maury’s accounts of which we shall conclude our extracts, give a tolerable notion of the ancient Spanish character.

‘ A lady of the palace inspired the poet John Macias with a passion which nothing could overcome, and which resisted alike the marriage of his mistress, the remonstrances of the Grand Master, and the imprisonment to which this officer thought it his duty to subject the intractable lover. In this situation he calmly passed his life, occupied with poetical lamentations of his misfortune, and praises of the lady of his affections. The irritated husband, notwithstanding the security which he enjoyed from the situation of his rival, determined to get rid of him for ever; and having bribed the gaoler, dispatched him, by shooting an arrow through the grate of his dungeon. Macias was then singing one of his own impassioned lamentations, and died while in the act of repeating the name of his mistress.

‘ Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman, surnamed the Brune, purchased very dearly the veneration in which Spain still holds his descendants. Under the son of the unfortunate Alphonso X., this gallant Alonzo defended against the moors the town of Tarifa, which had recently been recovered by the arms of the Spaniards. His son fell into the hands of the besiegers, and they threatened to put him to death, unless the place was given up; but Guzman, instead of yielding to their demands, flung his sword to them from the battlements, as if he was willing to furnish the instrument of his own misery, rather than desert his duty. He left the walls, and shortly vards heard the clamours and execrations of his soldiers, who were ng at the execution. When he was told the cause of their exlamation, ierely observed, I thought the enemy had entered the town: The s speedily raised the siege, in despair of overcoming such iron iess.

he comparative dissertation on the language and literature of in, which forms the preliminary matter, affords proof that the ior is not only acquainted with the modern languages which the richest in literature, but that he has also investigated those tle and obscure peculiarities, which regulate the differences of r metrical harmony. After having analyzed the subject with a d deal of acuteness, he gives the preference, on this point, to nish; and there is, certainly, no language more sonorous and ical. But we are strongly inclined to doubt another of his conions, that it is the most abundant in poetry. It has produced y one great poem, the Araucania, which though instinct in ny parts with high genius, is also full of imperfections, and can er bear the least comparison with the Divina Comedia, or Pase lost. The Spaniards possess, indeed, a most rich and varied na, though here again they can shew nothing comparable to nlet or Comus, or Faust, or Athalie, or the Tartufe. They e a considerable number of fine lyric poets—a class rather cond both in number and merit, in all other European countries, ept Italy. England, in spite of Coleridge, Wordsworth, ore, and Campbell, is rather deficient in the greater ode. nce is in a similar predicament, though some of J. B. Rousu's and Delavigne's are elegant and impassioned, and De Latine has published two delightful volumes of grave and lofty tender meditation. Spain has a long list of fine lyric writers, n the day-spring of her poetry down to the times of Melendez Quintana; but on the whole, though we confess that the colies of Caldron are very brilliant and fascinating, we must add, t the poetry of Spain seems to us to be of a much lower grade xcellence than that of Italy and England.

'he Spanish language is copious, energetic, and melodious; but Maury carries its praises rather too far, when he prefers it to all others of Europe. In spite of its precision, its brilliancy, its veté, and its general fitness for conversation and business, we inclined to give up French, which is monotonous and poor sound, and miserably restricted in its poetical vocabulary. ere is a good deal of roughness and awkwardness in the gutal German. English is certainly objectionable from its jarring sonants; and the disuse of the plurals in *en*, and of the third son singular in *th*, has overwhelmed the language with a deluge hissing *ss*. There are, perhaps, too many vowels in Italian, the *c* recurs too frequently in conjunction with the *e* and *i*. the vague declamatory diffuseness of Spanish, leaves it no adtage over a language like the first of these; which, from its unlimited power of combination, gives room for any required degree of precision; or over English, which probably from the national habits of business, has been disciplined into the most concise strength, and from the general intelligence of society and the happy want of an academy, has obtained to the greatest copiousness of expression in all departments of thought. Neither can it be said that the Spanish is superior to the Italian, which whatever may be the lax and licentious habits of composition indulged in by its titled sonnateers and idle improvisatori, has been shewn by Dante and by Machiavelli, to be susceptible of the most stern and lofty energy. The Spanish, however, is a language which, beautiful and powerful even now, will probably be extremely improved by the entire regeneration (not distant, we trust) of the people. Habits of industry, and serious objects of attention, must inevitably curtail its luxuriant proportions; and in the multiplication of national affairs, the Arguelles and Galianos yet unborn, will learn to save the time of the Cortes, and to express in three words what has heretofore been arranged in three magnificent sentences.

Not only does M. Maury set forth those excellences of his language, which we have most readily allowed, but he seems inclined to infer from them, that the thoughts which it has been used to express, are also of extreme importance, and to prove the value of the literature from the merits of the vocabulary, besides this defect in his logic, his partiality to his own dialect makes him now and then a little unjust to other languages. It is not true, for instance, that Italian has been spoilt through the wish to adapt it more perfectly to music; or that effort is necessary to give it strength, which is only obtained by the employment of the *r*. It is not strength, but imitative harmony which the Italian poets aim at by the use of this letter, as in the lines of Tasso:

> Chiama gli abitat*o*r de l'omb*r*e ete*r*ne
> Il *r*auco suon de la ta*r*ta*r*ea t*r*omba.

He doubtless wished to give force to the verse, but then his main object evidently was to express, as vividly as possible, the sound of the infernal trump. Pope has done the same thing:

> But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
> The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar.

And Racine, in describing the serpents seen by Orestes,

> Pour qui sont ces serpents qui sifflent sur vos têtes?

has obviously endeavoured to use words of a hissing sound. The fact is, that in all languages, and especially in English, the only objects which it is really possible to mimic in verse, have naturally been expressed by imitative words, and it is by no means difficult to turn them to account in writing, though at one time it was far too prevalent a fashion.

M. Maury is quite persuaded, that no poetry except the Spanish, contains specimens of the kind of rhyme called assonante. We

that it was frequent in the early songs of most of the Teu-
ations. It was obviously the result of negligence, of extem-
mposition; and so far from being an excellence in the
ation of any language, it can now only be the mere resourse
lence and the want of skill. For the objections made by
, and many others, to the employment of rhyme at all, apply
ruder, fully as much as to the more perfect kinds; which
ve all the advantage of completeness and finish, over the
l productions of half-taught artizans. In proof of our asser-
t these *assonante* rhymes have been used beyond the Penin-
e may observe, that all the older English ballads are full of
In Gil Morrice, for instance, we find,

> "Oh! where will I get a bonny boy
> That will win both horse and *shoon*,
> That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
> And bid his lady *come*."

e grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, it is written,

> "Make haste, make haste, my merry men all,
> Our good ship sails the morn;
> O no, O no, my master dear,
> For I fear a deadly *storm*."

ri translated a great number of Horace's Odes into this
rhyme; and the French troubadours employed it very fre-
r. There is an instance in an old song attributed to Henry

> "Si le roi en avait donné
> Paris sa grand *ville*,
> Et qu'il en eut fallut quitter
> L'amour de ma *mie*."

nearest approach to this which now remains in French
s the rhyme *suffisanté*, the same as the *assonante* of the Ita-
s distinguished from the 'rime *riche*.' In the latter case
ming syllables consist of three or four letters exactly the
s, for instance, in these lines of Voltaire:

> "Leandre conduit par l'amour,
> En nageant disait aux orages,
> Laissez moi gagner les rivages,
> Neme noyez qu'a mon retour."

following stanzas by the same author contain only the 'rime
te!'

> "Au nom du Pinde et de Cythère,
> Gentil Bernard est averti;
> Que l'art d'aimer doit samedi,
> Vener diner chez l'art de plaire."

e comments refer only to the preliminary portion of M.
's work, which, allowing for a certain quantity of mistake
judice, deserves the approbation of all men who wish for

freedom of trade in literature, as well as in wines, cottons, and hardware. We confess ourselves considerably surprised at finding any one but a native of France, who manages with such ease and correctness the language of that country.

Art. IV. *Nebenstunden von Ernst. Moritz Arndt.* 1 vol. 12mo. Leipzig. Black and Young. London. 1826.

This is an agreeable work, though on a subject somewhat trite to us—the Shetland and Orkney islands. Mr. Arndt, however, though he is indebted for his materials in a great measure to English writers, has introduced such a variety of original observations, as to make his book interesting even to persons well acquainted with Hibbert and Barry, his two principal authorities.

Mr. Arndt is already well known to the literary world by his travels in Sweden, his Popular Tales, and other works. He is a native of the island of Rugen, and at present a professor in the university of Bonn, which also reckons Niebuhr and A. W. Schlegel among its members; and having been all his life an admirer of the old times of the north, and a student of its history, he has formed the idea of beguiling old age, of which he begins to feel the approaches, by works like the present, which he designates Nebenstunden, or Leisure-Hours, and which will principally treat of the manners, history, and languages of the northern nations.

We believe we might assert with safety, that more persons would be found in the metropolis who are acquainted with the manners and history of the Society and Sandwich islands than of Shetland and Orkney. Yet these are by no means destitute of interest; they contain a population lineally descended from the celebrated Vikinger, those northmen, once the terror of Europe, a race with which hardly any other is to be compared for feats of daring courage and unwearied resolution. Old northern manners and superstitions still linger in those isles; and the antiquary can there meet with monuments and fragments of a language that is now no more.

The early history of those islands is covered in impenetrable darkness. Who were their first inhabitants? whether Caledonians, Scots, Picts, or German or northern Vikinger? These are questions not to be answered with certainty; but there is every reason to conclude that they must have been peopled by the nation inhabiting Caledonia, which lay within sight of them. That the Caledonians could not have been mere tribes of savages, thinly sprinkled over the country, Mr. Arndt argues with great justice, from the very large armies, of from 50,000 to 80,000 men, brought against them by Agricola and Severus, who defeated but could not conquer them; and that the Orkneys were at that time inhabited, he thinks very evident, from the language of Tacitus, who says of Agricola, "Orcades invenit domuitque."

n the four centuries that followed the departure of the Romans
n Britain, we only occasionally meet the name, nothing more,
the Orcades in the lives of the British and Irish saints; but
ut the middle of the ninth century, a new impulse was given
he north, and daring bands of Vikinger poured over the seas in
ch of conquest and plunder in the middle regions of the south.
occasion of this new migration, resembling in extent that
ch in the fifth century rushed down on the south western parts
he Roman Empire, was the contemporary establishment of mo-
chies in Norway and Denmark, by Gorm, and by Harold the Fair-
ed. The proud and high spirited men who had formerly been
equals of these princes, who derived their descent from their
s, and were either princes themselves, or the sons and grandsons
princes, could ill brook submission. They gathered together
ds of adventurous followers; their fleets covered the seas, they
cended on the wealthy coasts of Belgium, France, and England;
the rich booty which they gained, and the glory and the fame
ch they acquired, attracted every year fresh numbers of their
ntrymen to their standard.

t was not alone the thirst of plunder that now actuated the north-
, they, in their love of independence, sought for increase of
itory even in inhospitable climes; they discovered and colonized
enland and Iceland, and conquered and settled in the Shet-
ls, Orkneys, and Hebrides, exterminating the old inhabitants;
hom all we know is, that they were called the Peti and Papæ,
from thence, harassed by their incursions the dominions
Gorm and Harold, which led to the invasion of the islands by
latter monarch, and their conquest and formation into a count-
.

he memory of these events is chiefly preserved in the Icelandic
as, those histories and biographies which transmit to us in full
hness, the actions, and the mode of thinking of, perhaps, the
lest race the world has ever seen, mingled indeed with fable,
the earlier tales of Greece, when departing from their imme-
e home, and describing adventures in the eastern land of Gar-
ka (Russia), or the southern regions of France, Spain, or even
land of the Blue-men (Africa); but sincere and true, whenever
truth was attainable by the writer. Even their most wonderful
fabulous narrations are based on facts, and everywhere they
ent a faithful picture of the high thoughts, and the daring spirit
nterprise which, at that period, characterised the hardy sons
he north.

Ir. Arndt gives from the Thimkringle, or Home Circuit, (a Saga
taining the history of the countries possessed by the Northmen),
ccount of the invasion and settlement of the islands by Harold;
as it is a specimen of the simple, unadorned style that gene-
y prevails in those mixed prose and poetical compositions, we
l *translate from it* a few extracts. After having related the

conquests of the islands by Harold, and his having given t Jarl Rögnvalld (the celebrated Ronald), to compensate him f loss of his son, who had been killed in one of the engag with the Vikinger, and Rognvalld having settled his brother S there as his deputy, and some of the subsequent events, the hi proceeds.

'Jarl Rognvalld heard of the death of his brother Sigurd, and Vikinger had settled in the lands. He then sent to the west hi Hallad; and he, before setting out, took the title of Jarl, and h mighty host; when he came to the Orkneys he established himself o land. But both in harvest, and in winter, and in spring, Vikinger round the islands and plundered on the coasts, and *lifted strandlift,* carried off the cattle from the strand). Then Jarl Hallad was dis with living on the islands: he was thus driven from his Jarldom, and the name and rights of a *haulder,* (holder, that is, he gave up his ja and retired to his own estate), and accordingly sailed eastwards to way. But when Jarl Rögnvalld came to hear this, he was incensed conduct of Hallad, and he said, his sons were very unlike their fore Then answered Einar, I am but little regarded by thee, and have ti from but little love here, I will go westward to the islands, if thou give me some force. I then will promise thee what will be most gr to thee, that I will never more come back to Norway. Jarl Rög replied, that it pleased him well that he never should come back, for, sa I have but little hope that thy friends should ever put honour by thee, thy mother's race are of a servile sort. Jarl Rögnvalld gave Einar a armed long ship. Einar sailed in the harvest eastward on the sea. when he came to the Orkneys, Vikinger were lying there with two commanded by Thour Treskegg and Kalf Skurka. Einar immediate gaged them, and conquered them, and they both fell. Then was this

Then gave he Treskegg to the Troll,
Torf Einar slew the brave Skurka.

He was called Torf Einar because he had turf dug, and used it for for there were no woods in the Orkneys. Thus was Einar made ja the islands, and became a mighty man. He was an ugly man an eyed, and yet he was the most sharp-sighted of men.'

* * * * * * * * * *

'When king Harold was forty years old, several of his sons were a come to their full growth; they were all speedily mature. Now it pened that they were discontented, because the king gave the governments, but set jarls over every filkie (district), and they fancie the jarls were of inferior birth to themslves. Then Halfdan, Haleg Gadsor Liomi set out one spring, with a large party, and fell unawa Rögnvalld jarl of Möre, and set fire to his house, and burned himse sixty men in it.

'Halfdan Haleg came westward to the Orkneys, and very unexpe And jarl Einar fled from the islands, and came soon after again *harvest,* and fell suddenly on Halfdan. They fought each othe *the conflict* was short, and Halfdan fled, and it was about nigh ıd his men lay there without tents. But in the morning, when broke, they set out to trace the fugitives on the islands, and e was killed where he was met. Then spake jarl Einar.—I know l he, whether it is a man or a bird I see on Rinon's Island, it es raises itself up, it sometimes sinks down. Thereupon they ither, and found Halfdon Halegg, and took him prisoner. Jarl the evening sung this song before he went to the fight.—

'I see not out of Rolff's hands,
Or Hrolloges flying
The spear in the enemy's band—
We should avenge our father.
Yet this evening while we 're fighting
Sitteth, in the cask-streaming
Contest, the stupid
Thorer Jarl in Möre.

ı went jarl Einar to Halfdon. He cut the eagle on his back in ner,—he struck his sword in deep to his back-bone, and cut open ɔs as far as the loins, and then drew out his lungs. That was 's death. Then sung Einar—

'Avenged have I Rognvalld's death,
So enjoined the Nornæ,
Now is the folks-pillar down fallen
Here on my share of land.
Cast, my jolly companions,
While the victory is ours,
(Tribute I pay him hardly),
With the sea-wind the pebbles.—pp. 42—45.

ɔosterity of Ronald long held their sway over the islands, ıes almost independently; but when firmer hands grasped the of Norway, the might of sovereignty made itself to be felt by ılar Jarls. Beside the islands they owned, a large tract of thern parts of Scotland and the Hebrides were tributary to In the time of Jarl Sigurd, Christianity was introduced e islands in the following concise and gentle manner, by at Norwegian monarch, Oloff Tryggveson, as is related aga.

f then sailed to the west with five ships, first to the Suduröen brides). Thorer was on the voyage with him. Thence they ɔ the Orkneys. Jarl Sigurd Lödrisson was lying then in ldsey, in Asmundsvog, with a long ship, and intended to pass over ees. Then Oloff sailed with his fleet from the west to the islands, there in the haven, for Petland's frith was not navigable. When ; learned that the jarl was lying there, he had him called to a ce with him. But when the jarl was come on board to the con- with the king, they had spoken but little when the king said to the should let himself be baptized, along with all the people of his ıerwise he should die there on the spot. And the king threatened vould go over the islands with fire and destruction, and lay the te, if the people did not become Christians. And when the jarl

> was thus situated, he determined to receive baptism. He was then
> tized, and all the people that were with him. Then the jarl swore an
> to the king, and became his man, and gave him his son as a hostage,
> was named Hwälp, or Dog, and king Oloff took him with him to Norw
> —pp. 48, 49.

The remainder of his work Mr. Arndt devotes to a more accu
account of the history, the commerce, productions, antiqui
superstitions, &c. of the Orkney and Shetland islands. We re
that although his materials are chiefly extracted from the ab
mentioned two writers, he has enriched them with a variet
original observations, which display a thorough acquaintance
northern literature. Of Barry he expresses himself in term
great commendation; of Dr. Hibbert's book he says, that a
tone, style, and arrangement, it is one of the most confused
intolerable compositions that ever exercised the patience of
unfortunate student. He condemns, and we will add with
justice, the stilted style in which the work is written; but at
same time acknowledges the great value of much of what it
tains, and praises the just sentiments and the various knowled
the author.

ART. V. *Tragedie ed altre Opere di Alessandro Manzoni Mil*
12mo. pp. 680. Molini, Firenze. 1825.

WHILST other nations are engaged in solving political and ec
mical problems, while some of them are fast advancing in
career of civilization and power, and others struggling for
pendence, and even existence; the Italians, following the be
ages, are either sunk in the enjoyment of indolence, or busy
divided about words, about elegances, about trifles. Suc
least is the account we hear repeated at every arrival fron
south. Thus the polished Greeks, once irremoveably fixed
the stern yoke of Rome, wrangled in their academies abou
rules of eloquence and logic; and the children of their conqu
the rough Quirites, repaired to Athens to study their humanit

Without subscribing unconditionally to the above report, w
would imply that Italy is stationary, and her progress in m
improvement almost null, a report in which there is at least
exaggeration, we proceed to notice two subjects which a
present the source of much literary strife in Italy. One con
the language, the other relates to works of imagination, and
cially to poetry.

With respect to the former the question is, whether
dictionary of La Crusca, and the authors from whom that
has selected its authorities, (authors chiefly of the fourteenth
sixteenth centuries), are to be the only guides in the choice an
plication of the words of the Italian, or rather Tuscan lang

here from the main question springs out a minor one of muni- vanity, the Tuscans modestly asserting, that as nowhere in beyond their own country, the language is spoken correctly ie people in general, it ought to be called by the name of that try, and not by that of the whole Peninsula. The literati of bardy, of Piedmont, of Bologna, and generally of the rest of , resist the Tuscan pretensions, some with sneers and even ilities, and others by argument and example. The celebrated ti, the Nestor of the Italian writers, is at the head of the bards, or Anti-Cruscans, who contend for liberty, and for the to enlarge and improve the vocabulary, by adopting new s to correspond to new ideas. Monti, in his Proposta[*], a of great labour and research, to which that veteran has de- many years of his life, now verging to a close, has exhibited elf as a powerful antagonist of Della Cruscan supremacy.

e other subject of controversy, which comes more within our ose in this article, is one between the *classici* and the *romantici*, t turns chiefly upon the question, whether poems, and espe- dramatic compositions, ought to be subject to certain written nvariable rules? The principal arena of contention is also at 1, a city frequented by many literary men, and one of the marts of the Italian press. It is not very easy to give a clear tion of this question, so as to embrace at once the whole ted ground. The romantici, (the word does not correspond English *romantic*, which in Italian is rendered by *romanzesco*), nd that the subjects of poetical composition, should be taken ference from national history since the Christian era; that ology should be discarded; that the unities, both in dramatic pic poetry, should not be attended to; that the poet ought to ss himself according to the knowledge of the age, and that assions of the human heart should be pourtrayed so as to shew nfluence of the social institutions, and, above all, of the tian religion, which gives to the mind of man a cast of pen- ess and elevated feeling, very different from the wanton gaiety nimal buoyancy of the polytheism of the ancients. These the classici oppose either in toto, or at least to a very great t.

e proximity of Milan to Germany, and its connexions with tter country, and consequently with German literature, have ps contributed to make many young authors romantici. At nce, the other seat of Italian belles lettres, the voice of ro- cism is yet low; for it may be supposed that the Cruscanti hough not all, advocates for classical models. At Rome, and ne other parts of Italy, certain authoritative persons, scared e novelty, as they call it, of romantic composition, look upon its spirit as allied to subversive and heretical principles*. But wha is more singular is, that Monti and a few of his adherents, decide liberals and innovators with regard to language, have declare themselves determined classici with regard to poetical composition and are now fighting over again the battles of the old worn-o mythological godheads, and contending for the infallibility of th so much talked of Aristotelian unities of the drama†.

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[*] *roposta di alcune correzioni ed aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca. 8vo. Milano. 1824.*

At present any writer who aims at originality, who chooses h subjects from modern history, who endeavours to paint modern ma ners and modern sentiments—any one, in short, who appeals passions and feelings intelligible to his cotemporaries, is set dow as a romantico. This is so far from being unfavourable to th party, that it renders it popular. Accordingly, most of t favourite writers of the day, such as Grossi, the author of Ild gonda; Sestini, the author of La Pia; Bertolotti, a pleasing no writer; Torti, Ermes Visconti, Pellico, the ill-fated author Francesca and Eufemio, are all ranked on the romantic side of t question: the gentle Pindemonte has given evident signs romanticism; and Monti himself, the classical Monti, is taunt by his greatest admirers with the evidence of some of his own b compositions, such as La Basvilliana and La Mascheroniana, being essentially romantic; at which the wilful poet grows ang and disclaims the praises bestowed on his own offspring. Bot with the uncompromising spirit of his countryman, Alfieri, h shewn himself a violent classicist, and Giordani, a writer of con derable authority in Italy, is also on the same side; both, we convinced, from the laudable though mistaken motive of sustaini national glory and national character, which they conceive to necessarily allied to the splendid recollections and models of ancients.

Among Italian writers of our day, he that has taken most firm his ground as a champion of romanticism, or in other words, national poetry, is Manzoni, a Milanese by birth, and grandson the celebrated Beccaria. He has grappled with the question romanticism in its most tangible shape, that of the drama. In two tragedies, Carmagnola and Adelchi, he has taken the fa from national history; he has endeavoured faithfully to invest characters of his drama with the historical costume, and in b he has discarded the unities, stating at the same time, in temperate, but determined language, his reasons for so doing. Manzoni is also known as a lyric poet of eminence, perhaps the first in Italy, since Monti's poetical career may be said to have now closed. He is also a prose writer of great logical powers, independent in his sentiments, elevated in his conceptions, strict, but impartial in his judgments. In him we see revived a spark of the old Italian spirit, equally distant from morbid sentimentality, courtly insipidity, and outrageous licentiousness.

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* Pagani Cesa, in his "*Considerazioni sopra il Teatro Tragico I liano*," published at Florence, in 1825, styles the admirers of romantic "a crew of fortunate adventurers, of political brigands, of vulgar starts, of young men who are only acquainted with the disorderly time which they were born," &c.

† Monti, in his "Mitologia," a poetical composition which he publis last year, bitterly complains of the *audace scuola boreale* which, reared under a scanty sun, and among the howling storms, has dared to inv the land of mythology, and drive away from poetry all the god Olympus.

His works, which have appeared separately, and at various periods, have been lately published together at Florence, in one thick volume. When we say lately, we speak *Italice*, and in reference to distance, and to the slowness with which the literary productions of that country find their way to England. We seldom obtain a sight of Italian *novelties* less than six months old.

Manzoni's first tragedy, Il conte di Carmagnola, appeared at Milan some years since. The subject is taken from the history of Venice, a chronicle abundant in dark and tragical deeds, and relates to the latter part of the career of that chief of Condottieri, who from the condition of a shepherd, having risen to be the general of Philip Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, was afterwards persecuted by that ungrateful prince, who owed to him his crown. Carmagnola, in danger of his life, took shelter in Venice, and induced the government of that republic to join the Florentines in making war against Philip. He was named Captain-General of the Venetian troops, and he took the city of Brescia and its territory, which were then definitively joined to the Venetian States. He obtained again a signal victory in 1427, over the ducal troops in the neighbourhood of Maclodio; but afterwards meeting with reverses, which were perhaps partly caused by his haughty disposition and overbearing temper, he fell under the suspicions of the jealous senate; and being, conformably to their wily caution, recalled, under the pretence of his advice being wanted about the proposed peace, he was secretly tried, and of course condemned, and on the 5th of May, 1432, was led out of his prison, gagged, to the Piazzetta of St. Mark, between the two Greek columns, and there beheaded.

In this tragedy, Manzoni happily pourtrays the gallant, but reckless and unbending spirit of that soldier of fortune, and his honest military bluntness, as contrasted with the watchful spider-like policy of the Venetian senate, and their arrogant disregard of justice. The manners of the Condottieri are also displayed; and the condition of Italy during that epoch of civil and inglorious strife, is exhibited in a chorus of great lyric beauty.

The tragedy of Carmagnola was noticed at the time by Italian and foreign critics; and in Germany, where they bestow more attention to Italian literature than in any other country, Goethe, from the novelty of its plan, and the talents of the author, deemed it worth a full dissertation, which he inserted in his periodical on the Arts and Antiquity, (*ueber Kunst und Alterthum,*) published at Stutgard. After speaking highly of the play, he concluded in these flattering terms: "We congratulate Mr. Manzoni, for having so happily freed himself from the ancient rules, and proceeded in his new path with so much steadiness; his style is simple, vigorous and clear; he is elegant and correct in the details. Let him go on, and disdain the vulgar and weak points of human sensibility, and deal solely with subjects like the present, capable of awakening in us deep and lasting emotions." Not content with this, Goethe wrote afterwards two other articles on the same subject, in answer to some strictures in the Biblioteca Italiana, and in the Quarterly Review. It may be supposed, that this feeling of Goethe in favour of Manzoni is allied to a certain degree of satisfaction, in seeing Italian literature take a bias which brings it near to the prevailing taste in Germany, where national and modern subjects have long been preferred for all the branches of poetical composition.

Manzoni's second tragedy, Adelchi, is, we believe, little known in this country. The subject is the fall of the Longobard kingdom, effected in the year 774, by Charlemagne, who invaded Italy under the pretence of succouring Pope Adrian, then threatened by the Longobards, and who, having taken king Desiderius prisoner, established his power over Italy, and revived the name of the western empire. Adelchi, or Adelgisus, son of Desiderius, opposed for a time the Franks, but betrayed by the Longobard dukes, he was obliged to fly, leaving his father in the hands of the conqueror; he sought refuge in Constantinople, where, several years after, he obtained from the Greek emperor some troops, with which he landed in Italy, gave battle to the Franks and was killed, about the year 788. Manzoni, however, and this is his only deviation from the historical records, supposes Adelchi to have been killed at the time of Charlemagne's invasion, in an encounter under the walls of Verona. The action in this play is rather scanty, the incidents few, and the form of its narrative is sculptural, as Schlegel, we fancy, would call it; this is, however, the case with almost all Italian tragedies, and we doubt whether it is likely ever to be otherwise, even with their historical dramas; for there is, we apprehend, something stately and oratorical in the genius of the language, and also in the taste of the people, which will not always bend to the wishes of the romantic school. However, the beauties of the diction, the numerous poetical and descriptive passages, and the spirit with which the principal characters are drawn in Manzoni's Adelchi, amply compensate the reader for the want of greater activity in the plan. It is a great point gained for the Italian drama, its having cast off the heavy fetters of the unities of time and place.

One character in the play, that of Adelchi, not only is not grounded upon history, but what is worse, is altogether improbable.

forms a complete anachronism. Manzoni himself confesses, at 'the designs of Adelchi, his judgments on events, his dissitions, are all pure invention, and that this character has been truded among the historical personages with an awkwardness, hich no reader can more strongly feel than the author.'

Another critique on this drama, censures its dereliction of what is lled poetical justice, a sort of abstraction, for which, we confess, e entertain little more respect than for the famed unities. It has en remarked by an Italian writer, that the character of Charmagne is drawn by Manzoni with severe historical truth; but at his triumph, although unmerited, is yet apt to dazzle the ultitude, "and then," thus concludes the critic, "what is there ft in such a drama that will console virtue and terrify guilt?" *here is truth,* some one replied for Manzoni; to this it is well at the people should be accustomed. Even the splendour of njust successes becomes less dazzling to the sight, the more eadily we look at it. It is certainly pleasing to see virtue rearded, and injustice punished; thus novels generally end; but is always thus in the real world? And if poetical justice be not constent with history, then some other moral compensation must be und in its place. This can be done by exciting a feeling of ersion against the fortunate oppressor. This dislike we feel for harlemagne, and we derive it from the contrast of his character ith those of Adelchi and Ermengardis; from his inglorious conest, obtained through bribery and shared with traitors; from s own half-stifled remorses, relating to his treatment of his innont and ill-fated queen; from his cold-hearted hypocrisy, and s cheap magnanimity and admiration for the expiring Adelchi, d for the self-devoted Squire Anfrid. Yet the character of harlemagne is not destitute of grandeur: his military talents, his litical acuteness, the firmness of his resolves, his personal activty, and a certain elegance of tone and manners which distinguish m from all about him; these proclaim him for a man of superior wers, the hero of a half-civilized age.

Manzoni has introduced short lyrical poems which he calls choses, between the acts of his Adelchi, as he had done in his Caragnola. These are different from the Greek choruses, inasmuch the compositions are independent of the action, and not intended be recited or sung by any of the dramatis personæ; they are e effusions of the poet's sentiments, and as such belong to the ritten play, being meant for the reader, to assist him in filling up e historical perspective of the drama. Notwithstanding the infinite nature of these compositions, and their equivocal position the tragedy, their poetical beauties have found them favour with veral Italian and German critics, who propose that they should substituted for the common insignificant music of the orchestra tween the acts, and form a sort of concert, which would be the echo of the sentiments of the spectators as produced by the pl

We now proceed to Manzoni's prose writings. Next in order Adelchi, and connected with it by the subject we find his 'I course upon certain points of the History of the Longobar Two of these points are very important for the general illustrat of history: the treatment the Italians met with from the Lon bards, during two centuries of occupation from the first conqu and king of that nation Alboin, who invaded Italy in 568, to defeat and captivity of Desiderius; the other is the part which Popes took in the fall of the last named king.

It is not to be wondered at that Italian writers, disgusted with dismal scene of the wreck of the western empire, and of the c mitous ages of desolation which followed it, should have d with a degree of complacency, upon those among the barba conquerors of Italy, who afforded at last some protection and pose to that ill-fated country. The beneficent reign of the (Theodoric, is the first of these cheering epochs; and next to that of the Longobard kings, by whom a permanent order of th was finally brought about. Their conquests and their auth would have spread over the whole Peninsula, had it not bee the Popes, and it was in consequence of the papal opposition Pepin, and afterwards Charlemagne, interposed in the affai Italy, and overthrew the Longobards.

Our author combats the assertions of Machiavelli, Muratori, Denina, who pretend that the Longobards and the Italians ha amalgamated as to form but one nation, the individuals of w had all equal rights. He proves from the very laws of the Lo bards, which Muratori has collected and illustrated, that they conquerors, kept themselves always distinct from the conque that they had their separate code of laws, whilst the Italia Romans, as they were still called at that epoch, were tried judged according to the Roman law; and it was even decreed "if a Roman married a Longobard woman, she became Ro and their children should also be considered as such, and follo law of the father." Each of the Longobard kings invariably s himself *Rex gentis Longobardorum;* their mandates are al addressed to their Longobard judges and other officers, whom call *gentem nostram,* and in their records the name of one s Roman or Italian officer is not to be found. The Popes, in letters to Pepin and Charlemagne, complain of the Longobard ple in terms, which certainly they did not mean to apply to own countrymen, the Romans or Italians. Stephen IV. them *perfida ac fœtentissima Longobardorum gens, quæ in nu gentium nequaquam computatur, etc.* From these and other ments of a similar purport, our author concludes that the Lo bards, during the two centuries of their dominion, remained sep from the original Italians, who were the cultivators of the whilst their conquerors applied themselves chiefly to the pro

ms, and divided among themselves all the offices of govern-
. With regard to their treatment of the subject-population
ng that period, it was certainly milder than that of their bar-
us predecessors, with the exception however of Theodoric;
er than that of the modern Turks towards the Greeks; but yet
so very gentle as Muratori, with his strange predilection for the
gobards, would have it. There is much obscurity in the records
hat epoch, and a remarkable silence with regard to the con-
on of the Italian population, which of itself is an argument
heir insignificance; certain facts however have transpired,
ch serve to throw some light on this point. The Romans or
ians were obliged to pay to the Longobards the third of the
luce of the soil, they were bound to lodge and feed the Longo-
l soldiers, who were distributed over the country, and Paul
rnefrid, a Longobard himself, relates that many of the Roman
Italian patricians had been put to death by the Longobard
es, for the sake of their property, and the rest divided among
n as vassals paying tribute. Another point discussed by Man-
, and which is of a greater and more general historical import-
e, is the part which the Popes took in the fall of the Longobards,
in the establishment of Charlemagne's empire.

In the long struggle between the Popes and the Longobard kings,
author aptly observes, the subjects most dwelt upon are, the am-
us designs of the former. The importance given to these is an effect
hat propensity in men to consider the stage of history, as the property
few persons of rank and influence. But in the struggle before us,
question was not only between churchmen and kings, and their inter-
and passions; the destiny of millions of men was at stake, therefore,
hoves us to know which of the two belligerent powers was most closely
d to the wishes and to the rights of the great mass of the Italian popu-
n, which was best calculated to afford them security and peace, and
dminister their affairs with something like justice and humanity. This
e true point on which the question rests.

In the eighth century, the Longobards held long established posses-
of the North and Eastern parts of Italy, as far as the Duchy
Benevento. Rome, and other central provinces of the Peninsula, still
, nominally, by the Greek emperors, but under the real influence
he Popes, were repeatedly overran, desolated, and threatened with
l extermination by the Longobards. The inhabitants had little
o means of defence, the court of Byzantium bestowed no thought
care upon them, even the Exarch of Ravenna, attacked by Luit-
nd, could devise no better protection, than to entreat Pope Zacha-
to intercede with the Longobard king for a cessation of hostilities.
Romans of that day were such as they had been rendered by the
pous cowardice, and the arrogant irresolution of their last emperors;
the frightful succession of barbarian irruptions; by the symstematic
rming of the natives effected by the Gothic kings; by the oppression
he Greek governors, whenever they felt strong enough to oppress. This
of things lasted for centuries; centuries of alarm, anxiety, and tre-

pidation; of sufferings without dignity; of slaughter without fight;
turies, in which the Roman name became a stigma, a bye-word, an
lation of contempt; when those who bore this name had to suffe
privations, to endure greater fatigues, to submit to more rigorous
pline, than their great ancestors had imposed upon themselves in o
immortalize it, and to make it feared and reverenced by the whole
When a people is lowered to such a degree, it has nothing more to
not even the compassion of posterity. Subsequent austere writers,
comfortably by their fire-sides, far removed from the horrors of those
able times, condemn the wretches without mercy; and such is their
sion to the sight of their debasement, that they even apologize fo
praise their persecutors, because they discover in the latter a bol
fierce determination of character. And yet the justest feeling of av
ought to be against determined injustice, bold oppression, and
usurpation; and however fallen a people may be, we ought to feel
terest whenever we see a glimmering of hope dawning on them.

'The only hope of the Roman or Italian population at that epoch
centered in their pontiffs. Rome, shorn of every worldly splendou
yet in its bosom an object of veneration, of religion, and of awe, ev
its enemies. This was a Roman, who had in his power to dispens
mises or threats of a nature supernatural, solemn, and important. To
this man, this pontiff, this Roman, were therefore turned all the wish
the expectations of his countrymen. We find the Popes, in the cala
of those times, now requesting troops from the Greeks, now impl
mercy from the Longobards, and now assistance from the Franks, ac
ing as circumstances required or allowed. But on what occasions di
Popes turn to the Franks for protection? Gregory III. wrote to Cl
Martel for aid, when the Longobards were pillaging the territory of R
Stephen II. had recourse to Pepin, when Astolphus, after having sig
truce for forty years, marched suddenly against Rome, and dema
that its citizens should acknowledge themselves his tributaries, threate
otherwise, to put them all to the sword. After Pepin's interference
Astolphus' two successive defeats, and Pepin's famous donation t
Peter, we find again the Popes appealing to the Franks, to enforce
guarantee, and make the Longobards evacuate the cities of the Exarc
and the other lands bestowed by Pepin, and this at a time when the Lo
bards were overrunning the very duchy of Rome. Paul I. was not
ing for himself alone, when he implored Pepin's assistance agains
Longobards, who, in passing through the cities of Pentapolis, had
every thing to fire and sword; Adrian was not merely looking to his pr
views, when he complained of the Longobards, who were plundering,
ing, and burning in the territories of Sinigaglia and Urbino, who h
fallen suddenly on the inhabitants of Blera, while reaping in the fi
killed the primates, carried away a booty of men and cattle, and destr
the rest. And let it be observed, that this cutting off of the prim
or proprietors of the land, we have seen before in another epoch o
Longobardian occupation; and this might, perhaps, serve to explain,
among all the barbarian dominations, the Longobardian is that
which the indigenous population is least noticed.'—pp. 426—434.

What is the amount, therefore, asks our author, of the charg
Giannone and other writers, Italian and foreign, against the

particular occasion ? That the Popes were endeavouring to
the remainder of Italy from falling into the hands of the
ards, and its inhabitants from being either destroyed or made
ies to the invaders ! But the Popes had also their own pri-
ews ! This is most likely ; for where has a great political
een ever pursued or attained, without a mixture of personal
or ambition ? But in this case, at least, their private views
erests agreed perfectly with those of the Italian population,
he Popes then saved from utter national annihilation. Cen-
y owed to the Popes the preservation of its independence,
fforded the means of reviving afterwards the energies of the
er of the Peninsula. The sacred fire was kept at Rome ; the
n of the Popes (granting that this was their leading passion),
and through it Italy was rescued both from Greek and
ard vassalage—its fair name saved from oblivion, and its
nts preserved as a distinct people. Charlemagne was the
ent of this : he was himself ambitious, and little scrupulous ;
onal conduct towards the house of Desiderius was marked
ustice and cruelty, yet he proved useful to the Italians, by
ng their emancipation. The Franks, whom the Popes
their assistance, being already masters of a fine country,
hought of colonizing Italy ; and the merely nominal au-
of Charlemagne's successors paved the way for the restora-
Italian independence, in the republics of Lombardy and of
; an independence which the Italians defended for five
s, and which became only extinct, and that but partially,
harles V. and his Spanish despotism. The glorious era of
ian republics would probably never have taken place, with-
Popes' and Charlemagne's hostility to the Longobards ; and
best, would have run the same monotonous career of feudal
on and passive obedience, as France under its threefold
. But this is only hypothetical, the reality consists in Italy
been saved at the time from oppressive servitude, and from
of strangers.

stating the subject of the last differences between Adrian
siderius ; (we speak of Adrian, because the conduct of his
ssor Stephen was not so candid), and after expressing his
on that the right was on the side of the former, Manzoni dis-
for himself the inference which superficial minds are apt to
hat the defender of one Pope, in one particular instance,
the apologist of all that the Popes have done, and of all
been done in their name, from the time of Constantine to
Napoleon ; as if in looking to these fourteen centuries of
ory of a government like the Roman hierarchy, through a
on of three hundred Popes, of various nations, dispositions
ities, it were possible to pass one sweeping sentence of ap-
r reprobation on the conduct of the whole !

author next proceeds to examine the facility with which

[illegible]

[illegible] upon this disse [illegible] progress of [illegible] reasoning [illegible] Italy. [illegible] quality which d [illegible] the absence of that querulou [illegible] often pervades the pages of Italian writers. Qu

rely enough of good left yet to that lovely land, for the
n and enjoyment of honest minds. Situations must be
comparison. Let the Italians turn to the east or to the
other and sister nations, beyond either sea, and they will
mple reasons to feel reconciled to, or at least to bear pa-
th, their present destinies.

us, we heed not the clamour of parties, whether liberal
lassic or romantic, Cruscan or Anti Cruscan, but we love
ional characters as well as features, and we rejoice when
with a mind cast in Italy's best mould, acute, reflecting,
t rough and stubborn, but independent and honest, an
n of that spirit which shone in old Dante and in Michel-
which Vico inherited, which gleamed through the way-
ings of Alfieri, and which we think we can trace now, in
rs of our day, Botta and Manzoni.

ve already mentioned Manzoni's lyrics. He has written
des or hymns on sacred subjects, which have become de-
popular in Italy. They breathe the ingenuous expression
feeling on the anniversaries of the great events of the
revelation, clothed in beautiful language and lofty num-
e can but give the titles of these compositions :—The Na-
e Passion—the Resurrection—the Pentecost—and, *il Nome*
, or the onomastic day of the Virgin. The measure and
ary from joyful to solemn or sad, in happy adaptation to
e of the subject.

is also, in this collection, another ode, somewhat different
ject though not in its sentiments; it is styled, *Il cinque Mag-*
5th of May 1821, the day of Buonaparte's death). Among
poetical effusions, in various languages, on the death of
brated chief, there are three which may be distinguished
mass :—La Martine's ode*, Delavigne's 11th Messéni-
d Manzoni's 5th of May. They represent three great
r parties in politics and also in religion, and they all have
tical beauties. Manzoni contemplates the "man of fate"
eath-bed. *Ei fù*, "he has been;" thus he begins, and
spread quickly over the earth. The poet's muse, which
t throughout all Napoleon's career "guiltless of servile
d of cowardly insult, that beheld him radiant on his throne
ained silent; and when he fell, arose, and fell again,
ix her voice with the vituperations of thousands," now feels
ration, and sings a hymn on his tomb. Glancing back to
of his glory, she traces his rapid career "from the Alps
ramids; from the Rhine to the Manzanarez, amidst flashes
ing and bursts of thunder; while the storm raged from
hts of Scylla to the frozen banks of the Tanais, and swept
inent from sea to sea." And was all this real glory?

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artine, Nouvelles Meditations poetiques, ode à Buonaparte.

Future ages will judge this arduous question; we bend our
before the will of Him who stamped this highly gifted bei
mightier impression of his creating power. He felt the st
wild joy of pursuing a great design, the froward anxiety
tion gazing with fixed eyes on the fearful heights of a th
reached it at last, and held a prize it seemed madness to
glory heightened by danger overcome, victory and defeat,
and exile, all these were his lot*: twice he stood exalt
altar, twice he was hurled down in the dust." "He foun
nerations, two ages of men, arrayed in arms one against
he stepped in between them, and to him they referred tl
contest: he silenced both, and made himself arbiter of all.
the tide recedes, and we find him wandering on a narrow
company with his recollections, that overwhelmed his so
waves which come rolling over the head of a shipwrecked
in his agony, and weigh him down, and bar him from th
the distant coast, which he strives in vain to reach. Rep
tried to describe himself to posterity, and repeatedly
hand fell on the half-written page. Often at the close o
day of listless apathy, he stood, his eyes bent to the gr
arms crossed on his ample chest, ruminating on the d
glorious youth. Again he wandered among the tent-spr
again he beheld the beleaguered rampart, he saw the gl
steel-bristled platoons and the waving charge of the horse,
uttered the hurried word of command, and was again obey
cheering squadrons†." "But the illusion could not last;
again into reality, and his spirit was drooping into th
depths of despair, when a powerful hand from heaven was
towards him to guide him to regions of hope and mercy;
of peace, where all worldly glory is lost in silence and obl

From this charitable supposition, the poet proceeds t
Faith, "fair, immortal, and beneficent Faith, used to triu
men's pride, record thy victory over this haughty spiri
conquest worthy of thee." And now the scene closes,

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* La procellosa e trepida
Gioia d' un gran disegno
L' ansia d' un cor che indocile
Ferve pensando al regno,
E 'l giunge e tiene un premio
Ch' era follia sperar,
Tutto ei provò.—pp. 521.

† Ei ripensò le mobili
Tende, e i percossi valli,
E il lampo dei manipoli,
E l' onda dei cavalli,
E il concitato imperio,
E il celere obbedir.—pp. 522.

k is fled, "let the weary clay rest in peace, avert from the
remains all hostile expressions; the emblem of redemption,
cross of that God who exalts, and who lowers, who visits and
comforts, is laid on the lonely couch, by the side of the
d*."

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r. VI.—*The Messiah: a Poem. By F. T. Klopstock. Translated*
to English Verse. 2 vols. 8vo. London. Longman and Co.
826.

e have read this English version of the Messiah with both ad-
ation and surprise: admiration at the vigour and fidelity with
ich the translator has caught the spirit of the original; and sur-
se, at the little attention or applause which a publication of so
ch real merit appears hitherto to have excited. Moreover, our
nder on perusal of the poem has not been a little increased—
ll we confess it?—by the report that the world is indebted for
s production of masculine energy to the pen of a lady! The fair
et need not have shrunk from putting her name to a work, which
ght confer reputation on many of the more practised fraternity
Parnassus: but it is an amusing proof of the graceful diffidence
ich has here been the companion of talent, that so fearful was
e author originally of discovering herself, as to deny even her
x. In the advertisement to her first seven cantos, she declares
he translator will only observe, that while HE has endeavoured,
c.;' and even the preface to the completion of the undertaking in
e second volume, though written with more boldness, only ven-
res to leave the reader in doubt to which sex to ascribe the person
'the translator.' An *incognito* thus sedulously preserved, we shall
t be ungallant enough to disturb: although we have heard the
dy's name, and heard it associated with so honourable an in-
oduction to the world as the literary esteem and friendship
f Joanna Baillie. But we must really protest against the conti-
ued refusal to claim a title, which any female of intellectual as-
rations might take pride in asserting.

It is singular, that, while so much of the inferior and the
orthless literature of Germany has been perseveringly forced upon
he attention of this country, no suitable effort should earlier have
een made to familiarize the English reader with the chastened
eauties of Klopstock. And this neglect is the more remarkable,
ecause, as we have elsewhere observed, the poet of the Messiah

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* Tu dalle stanche cene
Sperdi ogni ria parola;
Il Dio che atterra e suscita,
Che affanna e che consola,
Sulla deserta coltrice
Accanto a Lui posò.—pp. 523.

was, among the German writers, one of the first to form his
upon our great English models; and he is, perhaps, of all
countrymen, the individual who most successfully cultivate
congenial taste for our literature. Considered, too, as a Ger
classic, the purity and sublimity of his muse must place him in
very highest rank among the poets of his "father-land;" and
master-piece is regarded in some native circles, with the same
neration and affectionate enthusiasm, which we are accustome
entertain for the far superior and the incomparable excellenc
Milton. We are persuaded, that among the Germans themse
this high appreciation will become more general; for the poe
the Messiah will deserve to be remembered long after the wil
travagance which has characterised some later flights of the nat
imagination has been consigned, by the growth of a better t
to oblivion and contempt.

The virtue and genius of Klopstock are in beautiful accord
Born in the north of Germany, in the year 1724, he surviv
our own times, and closed a long and happy, a pious and a p
ful career, at Hamburg, in 1803, at the great age of seventy-
In private life, he was idolized; and his pure human affec
were divided between friendship and conjugal love. The h
aim of all his writings was the inculcation of patriotism and
gion; and, as a lively writer has well remarked, "if poetry h
saints, Klopstock might be accounted one of the first in the c
dar." He appears, like Milton, to have already proposed t
ambition in early youth, some grand undertaking as the objec
end of his existence; and to have possessed "that lofty and s
confidence in himself, which is the usual concomitant of great
lities," though without any of the attendant contempt of o
which Johnson proceeds to ascribe to his more illustrious
totype.

M. Stöber, in his history of German literature, which we
not fail to notice, absurdly insists, for the sake of ex
Klopstock, that he had never seen the Paradise Lost whe
formed the design of the Messiah; but the common belief th
religious and poetical ardour was inflamed by reading Milton
Young, is more probable and consonant with the palpable i
tions which are observable in the style, the conduct, and th
chinery of his work. However the sacred flame of his enthu
might first have been warmed, it was early kindled, and burnt
a pure and steady light to the close of his existence. Th
three cantos of the Messiah appeared in 1747, when he was
twenty-three years old; and he celebrates the conclusion
poem, after the long labour of years, by an ode to the Rede
In this ode, which is a very beautiful composition, he nat
breaks forth into an exalted and rapturous strain of pious grat
for the strength which had been vouchsafed to the complet
his task. We give the English version of it, both to illustr

of Klopstock, and the spirited transmutation of his thoughts, hich we are debtors to the fair author before us:—

‘ My task is ended! Saviour, I have sung
Thy covenant of mercy: I have trod
My fearful path, and thou hast pardon'd me
The wand'rings of my steps! Begin my harp
Thy strain of gratitude! Begin! begin!
My heart is full of everlasting thanks;
I weep for joy! Behold, I ask no meed!
With angels' bliss have I been recompensed
While I have sung. My soul's most secret spring
Has thrill'd beneath the theme. Oft from my eyes
Have vanish'd heaven and earth: oft, when my flight
No longer on the tempest's wing has soar'd,
The gentle whisper of immortal life,
Soft as the breath of spring, has solac'd me.
Oh! he who owns not that in feeling's tide,
Language must fail — he knows not gratitude!
I am rewarded! I have seen the tears
Shed by the earliest Christians: I may dare
Gaze on their happiness beyond the grave!
With human bliss, too, am I recompens'd.
Lord, vainly should I seek to hide from thee
My heart's ambition! Loud, in early youth,
Its pulses thrill'd; in age maturer, still
With curb'd, but constant energy they beat.
“ If there be any virtue, any praise,
“ Think on these things!” That sacred guide I chose.
The holy flame burn'd bright, and beacon'd forth
Ambition's noblest path! Yes, 'twas that light,
Which, while Earth mingled her enchanted cup,
Oft rous'd me from the draught; awak'd me oft
To taste celestial joys! With silver tones
These joys themselves have call'd me. Oft their voice,
As if with thunders mingled, have I heard
Retrace the mem'ry of each happier hour
To virtue and devotion wisely giv'n.
Lo, I have reach'd my goal! The stirring thought
Thrills through my spirit! Thine all-powerful arm,
My Lord, my God, alone has guided me
By more than one dark grave, ere I might reach
That distant goal! Thou, Lord, hast heal'd me still:
Hast shed fresh courage o'er my sinking heart
Which held with death its near companionship;
And if I gaz'd on terrors, their dark shapes
Still disappear'd, for thou protectedst me!
Swiftly they vanish'd!
Saviour, I have sung
Thy Covenant of Mercy! I have trod
My fearful path! My hope hath been in thee!—

vol. ii., pp. 303—305.

Another passage from the Messiah is equally characteristi
the piety of Klopstock's imagination, and connected with his p
sonal history. In the twelfth canto he has imagined the dea
scene of Mary, the sister of Lazarus, one of the most beauti
characters of the New Testament; and he has availed himsel
this occasion to introduce a solemn and affecting picture of
last hours of the righteous. We can afford room only fo
part of it:—

'While thus she slept, Martha beside her couch
Stood in deep watch, with breath restrain'd, lest ought
Might, stirring, wake from slumber one so dear;
One, who was soon to join their forefathers,
To tread the narrow vale of death, and leave
Her sorrowing sister desolate! With woe
The heart of Martha throbb'd : one silent tear
Down her cheek trickl'd; but no sob of grief
Escap'd her lip; she check'd the shorten'd breath
In anguish heav'd, and mute, and motionless,
Beside the couch she stood, scarce visible
Within the darken'd chamber: for the lamp,
The lonely night's companion, oft of late,
Not until morn extinguish'd, flicker'd pale
Around its loaded wick. As 'neath some rock,
To gain whose cooling shade, with weary foot
The wand'rer through the arid desert hastes,
He finds a recent tomb, on which outstretch'd
The statue of the dead recumbent rests;
Beside it stands a mourner, pale and stiff
E'en as the marble, while the darksome vault
Scarcely admits a struggling beam of day:
So by thine angel, Mary, wert thou found
With Martha by thee, when within the room
Invisible he came. With darken'd rays
Stood the celestial Chebar at the foot
Of Mary's dying couch. Still, as he gaz'd,
His beauty, his etherial brilliancy,
Faded to palest twilight. From his cheek
The rosy colour fled; his eye grew dim;
Down dropp'd his wings, like shadows, without sound,
No longer with celestial azure tipp'd,
No longer dripping gold, exhaling scents
From Heav'n's eternal spring. From his fair brow
He took the shining crown; his languid hand
Scarce in his sorrow might sustain its weight.
He knew he had no pow'r to aid, till death
Should burst the suff'rer's bonds.'—vol. ii., pp. 139, 140.

When Klopstock was on his own death-bed, says Madam
Stael, he repeated his lines on Mary with an expiring voice
recollected them through the shades of the sepulchre; he
nounced them in feeble accents, as exhorting himself to die

thus the sentiments expressed in youth were sufficiently e to form the consolation of his closing life. This same sage was read, with the burial service, at his public funeral; the assembled inhabitants of Hamburg paid the last earthly ute of homage to the virtues of the man and the genius of the t.

n examining the composition of Klopstock's mind, we can ribe to him few poetical qualities beyond the solemnity, the ndeur, and the propriety of his conceptions. He was certainly cient in the creative power of imagination, and had little of that ginality and that plenitude of invention, which are the very hest attributes of the poet. The main conduct of his awful bject, indeed, required no invention, and even forbade it: t in the adjuncts, where he might have imagined for himself, he s only copied from another. The whole machinery, the super- tural agency, or the interposition of celestial power in his epic, ere it was not precisely figured out in the pages of Revelation, was contented to borrow from Milton; and what he has bor- wed from that great master he has often injured, and never im- oved. In nothing is this inferiority more remarkable than in e parts of the action which he has assigned to the angels. In e Paradise Lost, those heavenly agents have individual and stinctive characters: "the virtue of Raphael," says a great itic, "is mild and placid, that of Michael regal and lofty;" and Abdiel, fidelity is the prominent and surpassing virtue. But in e Messiah, as has often been observed, the portraits of the angels e altogether unvaried.

To this uniformity, the only exception for which Klopstock de- rves the praise of some originality, is his character of Abbadona, repentant among the fallen spirits, who mourns in despair for the normity of his guilt, and seeks some propitiation in the effort to o good unto man. There is something fearfully impressive in is picture of an eternal hopeless remorse; and the torments of ell are completed to the imagination, when it is presented to us as e abode of a soul thus awakened to the horrors of conscience and e memory of abandoned virtue. There is, moreover, great beauty the idea which places the pardon of Abbadona among the first uits of the Saviour's atonement.

In that completeness or integrity of design which has always een judicially held, from the time of Aristotle downwards, as in- ispensable to the epic action, the Messiah is obviously and wholly anting. It opens with the approaching death of the Saviour; nd, while the crucifixion, which clearly terminates the principal ction, is placed in the tenth book, the poem continues through as any cantos more: and this error in dramatic propriety is the ore unpardonable, because Klopstock voluntarily abandoned the rder of the evangelical history, which might naturally have taught im to open the sacred theme with the first act of the redemption—

the human birth, to which the Saviour of mankind had co scended from his eternity of pre-existence.

Of the deep-seated piety of Klopstock's intentions, not a picion can possibly be entertained ; but it must remain a quest whether the whole subject which he has chosen be not beyond justifiable limits of human composition. It may reasonably seriously be doubted, whether the most awful actions of TRINITY IN ONE are a befitting theme for the uninspired grovelling attempts of human invention: whether we are not bidden to mingle human imagination with the most stupendou heavenly mysteries. For here the Godhead is not, as in Paradise Lost, only the all-pervading power of the action ; and shrink, as from the utterance of blasphemy, when we allude to fact, that the Second Person of the Trinity is plainly here bu hero of the epic ! !

But if any mere human being might venture to treat such a ject without irreverence, we confess that that being was Klopst In all his qualifications, the sublimity of his conceptions of Deity is the only one in which he is, at least, fully equal to ton. Even when he dares to introduce the Father and the in converse, he succeeds in the choice of language, which doe sink under his theme. We shall give one passage of this which will also shew how completely the translator has risen t solemnity and grandeur of the original :—

'The Seraph ceas'd. With an approving glance
The Saviour recompens'd his zeal, and pass'd
Serene yet solemn, tow'rd the mountain-top
Which rear'd its brow to heaven. God was there:
There pray'd the Saviour : far beneath his feet
Earth deep resounded, and a shout was heard
E'en to the gates of Hell, as the glad earth
Receiv'd the sound of the Almighty voice.
For now it spoke no curse. It was no more
A voice on howling storms and thunder borne
Which now the earth received. She heard the words
Of blessing, the decree that once again
She should with endless beauty be renew'd.
Calm slept the hills in twilight's softest hue,
Lovely, as if primeval paradise
Bloom'd fresh around, while the Messiah spoke.
The Father and the Son the boundless depths
Of destiny beheld. Man's falt'ring tongue
Scarce may attempt his Saviour's words to speak.
" Almighty Father, lo! Salvation's day,
" The day of our Eternal Covenant,
" Approaches near! Amidst infinity,
" Alone, ere yet to life created forms
" Were summoned, We together were ; with love
" We look'd on Man unborn, a future race,

“ Once Eden’s happy sons, how wretched grown!
“ For endless life, for bliss eternal made,
“ Now dust by sin deform’d! Father, I saw
“ Their misery, thou didst behold my tears
“ And their redemption was decreed! Ah since,
“ With what desire have I beheld this hour
“ Of my humiliation! Oh how oft,
“ Earth in thy lowly distance, hast thou been
“ The chosen object of my gaze! How oft,
“ Oh Canaan, have I view’d the hill whose brow
“ Wet with atoning blood shall soon be seen!
“ Father, behold me! In man’s semblance here
“ Form’d in thine image, lo, I prostrate pray!
“ Soon will thy justice rend my bleeding form,
“ And crush me deep beneath the dust of death.
“ Judge of the World! Already from afar
“ Mine ear hears thee approach; alone thou com’st,
“ Inexorably stern I see thee pass
“ And mount to Heaven! Already thrills my soul
“ With horror insupportable by all
“ The host of finite spirits. I behold
“ The gloomy garden where soon, agoniz’d,
“ Before thee I shall lie. Lo, I am here!
“ Father, with deep obedience am I here
“ Resolv’d to do thy will, to bear thy wrath,
“ To satisfy thy justice! None but God
“ Can reconcile th’ offended Deity.
“ No finite spirit could support thy wrath;—
“ The terrors of thine anger, e’en in thought
“ They cannot image. Judge of Earth, arise!
“ Receive th’ Immortal Victim! Here am I!
“ Yet am I free—to thee should I yet pray,
“ Heaven’s gate would open, and her shouting hosts
“ Bear me in triumph to thy lofty throne;
“ But I will suffer! Death’s severest pang,
“ Eternal as I am, I will endure!
“ I lift my face to heav’n, I stretch my hand
“ High ’mid the clouds, while by myself I swear
“ I will redeem Mankind!” The Saviour spoke
And stood erect, while god-like majesty,
Mercy, and peace, beam’d from his brow divine.
In words unheard by angels, known alone
To the Eternal Son the Father spoke;
His eye upon the Mediator bent,
“ I raise my head through Heav’n, and spread mine arm
“ Through boundless space! By my Eternity,
“ I swear to thee that I will pardon sin!”

The Deity was silent. As they spoke
With reverential shudder heav’d the earth.
Souls, which the breath of life now first receiv’d,
With yet unknown sensations trembling thrill’d.

Th' attendant Seraph's breast throbb'd high with awe.
Silent and still expecting Nature lay
Without a sound, as when in solemn pause
She waits the coming thunder. O'er the souls
Of future Christians stole a presage soft
Of immortality and joy. But deep
In Hell's abyss, with sudden shock the fiends
From their dark thrones were hurl'd. Amaz'd they fell,
The gulph yawn'd deeper, while with hideous crash
Down sank the solid rocks. Through her red vaults
Hell thund'ring rang with echoes long and loud.'—
vol. i., pp. 7-

Our last extract of this nature shall be rather varied in it
We take the scene in the garden of Gethsemane, in wh
poet has striven to depict the agony of the Saviour of mank

' Oh sacred Muse,
Thou hast indeed conducted me within
The precints of the Altar, but the veil
Hangs yet undrawn! Had I a prophet's pow'r
T' entrance with rapture man's immortal soul,
And bear it unresistingly along;
Had I a Seraph's mighty voice, such tones
As loud to God he sings; could from my lips
That fearful trump resound, whose lengthen'd blast
Shook Sinai to its base; could I declare,
In thunder-tones the thoughts of cherubim
So lofty that the trumpet's loudest sound
Should fail to utter them; yet must I sink,
Oh mighty Saviour, ere my lips can sing
Thy suff'rings, while in conflict sore with death,
While stern, inexorable, was thy God!
Oh thou, that in a cavern erst did hide
The prophet who with bold petition pray'd
Jehovah face to face to view, till slow
The Majesty of God before him pass'd,
And from afar the glory he beheld
Of Him who is Eternal, heard the voice
Of God Omnipotent! Spirit Divine,
Oh hear me! Nearer to the grave am I,
Of dust more frail than Moses; hide me then
Darkly secure, beneath thy shad'wy wing,
While, more remotely, in his agony,
I see the Son of God! Bow'd to the earth,
Which, shudd'ring 'neath her Judge, her trembling bre
Heav'd silently, and, with the motion, stirr'd
The dust of Adam's race, the moulder'd bones
Of burried sinners who lay deep within,
Kneel'd the Messiah: his uplifted eyes,
O'er Tabor glancing, nought created saw,
But gaz'd alone upon the Judge. Pallid,

Bath'd in the sweat of death, with hard clench'd hands,
Speechless, o'er-whelmed with suff'rings! Sharp and strong
As life's last pang, swift as the thoughts of God,
Convulsion on convulsion shook his frame,
Torture on torture throng'd. The bitter woes,
Of death eternal, were sustained by Him
Who was both God and Man. Outstretch'd he lay
In mute endurance. But now fearfulness
To terror rose, the agony more sharp,
Still darker grew the gloom, with louder peal
The trumpet sounded, Tabor 'neath her God
Trembled yet deeper, 'stead of death's cold sweat,
Blood, o'er the face of the pale sufferer,
Ran trickling down! He rais'd him from the ground,
And stretch'd his arms to Heav'n. Tears with his blood
Dropp'd mingling, while in supplicating tone,
Thus to his Judge he spoke, " Father, at length
" The time is come! The earth was formed. Soon then
" Sunk Adam to the grave: soon was each hour
" Mark'd by the death of sinners! Centuries
" Burden'd by thy dread curse have pass'd away,
" And now the time is come, that chosen hour,
" Decreed ere yet the earth was made, ere yet
" Death and corruption were; lo, it is come!
" Behold mortality's frail garb I wear.
" Born but to die! Oh thou, who lift'st thine arm
" In judgment o'er me, while my earthly frame
" Shudders beneath thy terrors, let this hour
" Of agony pass from me! Father! all
" To thee is possible! Oh let it pass!
" Thou hast already o'er my head pour'd out
" The cup of pain and terror mix'd, and fill'd
" With thy fierce wrath! Alone, forsaken here
" By thee, by Men and Angels, do I stand!
" Father, behold my misery! Alas,
" What, in the garb of Adam's sons, am I?
" Then cease with death's dark shades to fright my soul;
" Yet not my will, but thine alone be done!
" My wearied eye looks faintly through the gloom,
" And cannot weep: my trembling arm, uprais'd,
" Asks help from Heav'n,—bnt no! I sink to earth,
" She is but one wide grave! Swift o'er my soul
" Thought upon thought succeeds, and all proclaim
" I am by God forsaken! Ah, that still
" The Father's peace might rest upon the Son!
" Yet, may thy will be done!" '—vol. i., pp. 188—191.

have assigned to the genius of Klopstock the general praise d taste. This is strikingly displayed in the decency, with he has mingled the human and fictitious, with the divine *rtified parts* of the action. He has ventured to introduce

only one episode of earthly love into the poem; and this
which subsists between a youthful pair, Semida and Cidli,
have both been raised from the dead by the Saviour, burns w
purity which is more celestial and angelic than mortal or corp
The whole construction of this episode is in faultless harmony
the sacred tenor of the principal action, and it is closed w
contrivance of admirable propriety. To crown the attachme
his lovers, and at the same time to spiritualize it from the dr
earthly passion, Klopstock has had recourse to an expedient
in unison with the delicacy and purity of sentiment, which w
remarkable in him. He has removed them to heaven; and
translation to an union in the ethereal realms of bliss, is the
of the same instant, without separation, and without the pain
mortal dissolution.

The only objection, perhaps, which should be made to this
priety of Klopstock's conceptions, occurs in the eleventh c
where the rising of all the spirits of the departed, from Adam to
the Baptist inclusive, and their search after the bones and d
their corporeal frames, are related with an injudicious minutene
puerility which are offensive to good taste; because they mu
evitably provoke some images of the burlesque and the ridic
The mode in which the souls of men shall, at the eternal day, l
united to their proper bodies—as re-united we know they m
—is beyond our finite comprehension, veiled in mystery, an
volved in a miraculous necessity. In sacred poetry, the att
to particularize that which it is impossible for us circumstan
to define, must be vulnerable to levity, and should never be r
undertaken.

But minor blemishes in this sublime production we shal
care to enumerate. Its all pervading, and its greatest defec
a poetical composition (next to the absence of originality), a
want of human interest, the uniformity of the funeral impre
which it conveys, and its excessive length. The want of h
interest, it may be urged, the Messiah has only in common
the Paradise Lost, which the reader therefore "admires and
down, and forgets to take up again," and the perusal of whic
been declared by a great authority, to be felt as a duty rather t
pleasure. But, to an English reader, at least, the Messiah
not even the charm of that wonderful originality which belon
Milton, and which may assist in relieving this sensation of fa
and weariness: Klopstock, we cannot help feeling, has not pu

'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme,'

and the besetting remembrance, that his is no more than an i
tive greatness, is always present to damp our curiosity, and
our admiration at his excellence.

The obvious monotony of the only ideas which his subjec
excite, need not be insisted upon: here the reader is const
conducted to reflection on his end. He dwells in medi

ng the tombs, and is perpetually shrouded in thoughts which
ompass the grave. However wholesome and salutary such oc-
onal mental discipline may be, we have here too full a volume
nvaried images: life could not go on; cheerfulness, even the
t innocent, would be withered, if every idea of our existence
ted but to its closing agony. This uniform quality in Klop-
k's poem—perhaps, an inevitable condition of his subject—
very much aggravated by the prodigious length to which he
llessly protracted the work. The poem is far too much loaded
discourses and incidents, which all relate to the same mourn-
theme, and which do not at all advance the great business of
action. Passages from the Messiah will frequently be read
elevated pleasure, and may suggest associations of pious con-
plation and useful instruction; but no one, we imagine, ever
sed the whole work, without feeling overburdened and ex-
sted by the task.

s we have so strongly denied the quality of originality to the
e of Klopstock in the Messiah, it is only fair to allude to some
is minor poems, in which he has displayed much more of that
ical essence. Of his religious odes we shall not speak; as
seem only made up from the few remnants of unexhausted
s, which the composition of his great work had left him. His
tical pieces breathe an ardent, though aimless strain of patriotic
usiasm, which is sufficiently poetical, if not very appropriate,
he modern condition of Germany. Into some of the odes,
h he has filled with the deeds of the ancient Germans, he has
essfully interwoven the machinery of the Scandinavian mytho-
. But it is remarkable, that his happiest efforts among his
or poems were on elegant and trivial subjects. His ode to the
tingale is a charming little production; that on Rhenish
e is very original and animated; and his poem on Skaiting,
lays a lively and playful fancy. These occasional pieces in-
t us with the conviction, that there was nothing morose or
my in the genius of Klopstock; that his mind had its alterna-
of seriousness and sportive elation; and that he could render
ntense devotion of his religion, amiably consistent with serene
artless enjoyment of the lighter intellectual pleasures, and the
gaieties of life.

to the translation before us, our general opinion of its merits
be gathered from what we have already said. The solemnity
sublimity in which the thoughts of Klopstock are almost
ys invested, and which he so powerfully threw into his style
e German, have here been completely transfused into our lan-
e. And certainly the fair translator's numbers are usually
melodious than his. Klopstock may be said to have founded
is example, as he was the first who introduced from our En-
practice, a blank-verse measure for the modern heroic poetry
ermany: but his versification is not otherwise remarkable in

itself, than for considerable majesty and a peculiar swell i periods; and the specimens which we have given will enable reader to judge for himself how well the rhythm of the tran has preserved these characteristics. Some passages, howev certainly still susceptible of more polish and smoothness; an whole poem would, in this respect, profit by a revision.

Of the mere fidelity of the translator, we have next to sp but our report will in this respect be brief and satisfactory. have laboriously compared the four first cantos of the Ge original and the English version, passage by passage, and lin line; and the result has been the detection of only *three* dis pancies, which we submit, rather for the use of the fair an than for any purpose of censure. But after satisfying ourselv this remarkable and scrupulous adherence to the meaning and pression of the original throughout four cantos, we deemed it u cessary to pursue the examination farther.

In canto 1, line 50 of the translation, we have

> 'In vain
> The Father had himself in thunder spake:
> The mighty voice.'

The original (line 35) has nothing of thunder.

> "Gott kam selbst von dem Himmel herab. Die gewaltige Stimme:"

literally,

> "God himself came down from Heaven and spoke.
> The mighty voice."

Again, farther on, in the same passage:

> 'The mighty voice, "lo, I have glorified
> "My name, and I will glorify it still!"'

The original is,

> "Sieh, ich hab' ihn verklärt, und will ihn von neuem verklaren!"

Here is either an unwarrantable liberty, or else a palpable mis apprehension of the passage. *Ihn* evidently refers to the Saviour and the rendering should be:

> 'The mighty voice: "lo, I have glorified
> "My *Son*, and I will glorify *him* still."'

In canto 2, line 75, we have,

> 'Here speechless lay the wretched Samma, stretch'd
> Beside the recent grave of his dead son,
> His youngest, and his dearest.'

The original is,

> "Samma, so hieſs der besessene Mann, lag neben dem Grabe
> Seines jüngsten geliebteren Sohns in kläglicher Ohnmacht."

In which *besessene* should plainly have been rendered possessed, *wretched.* Samma, as here expressly stated, and as we gather m the whole subsequent passage, was a demoniac. This is a aterial error, as it renders the story for some time obscure.

But though the translator has presented to us so faithful a vern, she has had the tact to discover, that the excessive length of e poem must be reduced, to render it at all acceptable to the stes and habits of the English reader. She has therefore curiled it by the abridgment of many parts, and the total omission some passages of the original. The whole of these compressions e scrupulously and distinctly pointed out in an index to each lume; and a short abstract is added, of all the matter totally itted. By such means, she has compressed the twenty cantos Klopstock into fifteen. The omissions consist chiefly of such logues, episodes, and detached scenes, as are quite unnecessary the progress of the action. The whole of the sixteenth canto of e original, which contains an account of the judgment of the viour on imaginary characters, and of his descent into hell, is very operly left out. Indeed, our own conviction is, that the transtor might with advantage have made still greater abridgments d omissions, and yet spared sufficient length to her poem to hibit all the beauties of the original. But it is very creditable her good taste that she has even done so much, and done it so diciously; and it is not possible to desire a more spirited, faithl, and characteristic English version than she has here produced, a poem, which is undoubtedly the finest production of the Geran muse.

RT. VII. *Histoire Naturelle des Races Humaines du Nord-Est de l'Europe, de l'Asie Boréale et Orientale, et de l'Afrique Australe, d'après des Recherches spéciales d'Antiquités, de Physiologie, d'Anatomie et de Zoologie, &c. &c.* Par A. Desmoulins, Auteur de l'Anatomie des Systemes Nerveux, Docteur en Médecine. 8vo. pp. 392. Paris. London, Treuttel and Wurtz. 1826.

HIS is altogether a strange production; and not the least exaordinary part of it is, its prefatory matter, addressed, in the form a very angry and vituperative epistle, to Monsieur le Baron uvier. That eminent naturalist has, it appears, unhappily for is fame, incurred the personal hostility, and provoked the indignaon of the learned doctor Desmoulins; and his scientific and rivate character is accordingly destined, in this immortal work, be branded with disgrace, not only during his own times, but to e latest posterity.

The indictment against the Baron displays several counts. In e first place, it declares that M. Desmoulins having made sundry nportant discoveries in physiology, the said baron took umbrage t the success of his young *rival*, and in his quality of reporter to *e French Institute*, avoided to notice the results of these valuable

researches with suitable commendation : being moved t
criminal omission, as it is broadly insinuated, by the evil p
of envy, hatred and malice. Secondly, the Baron is charge
having confounded the Urus (the Thur of the Sclavonic na
with the Buffalo, until M. Desmoulins set him right by provi
difference between those animals; and with having then
buted to himself the merit of shewing this distinction.
Desmoulins, however, disclaims the wish of insisting very
upon the enormity of this unjust appropriation of his la
having, as he complacently confesses, himself made so ma
coveries in that branch of science (which he may say that l
created), as to be well able to resign to M. Cuvier the hono
single one of the number. 'Ayant fait peut être assez de décou
en ce genre, que je puis dire avoir créé, je vous laisserais
neur de celle-ci, &c.' And, accordingly, by way of evinci
generous forbearance, he goes no farther than merely to t
Baron publicly with this scientific theft.

Our doctor's third charge relates to the publication of his
work. In his "Anatomie des Systemes Nerveux," he sp
M. Cuvier in terms which, though composed, as he says
"un luxe d'eloges," were so far from satisfying the great nat
as to induce him, when the author called on him after its p
tion, to *turn him out of his house.* Not having the good fort
have read the Anatomie des Systemes Nerveux, we are una
decide on the just interpretation of that, which one party
as a prodigal eulogy, and the other received as a mortal offe
but this ultimate measure of M. le Baron in his own hous
we admit, incur the appearance of having been *un peu for*
the dimensions of quarrels and injurious proceedings ever g
geometrical progression, this misunderstanding seems to h
creased in an alarming ratio; and our author next accus
Baron of having drawn down upon him the hostility of the
Academy of Sciences; of having prevented his being put in
nation to succeed the Comte de Lacepède in the departm
anatomy and zoology in that learned body; and finally, of
arbitrarily excluded him from the usual access to the muse
anatomy, of which the Baron is director.

Of all his charges, this last is the only one of which our
perated author offers any proof; and here certainly M. Cuvi
pears, by copies of his own letters, to have acted in a manner
we cannot but designate as betraying a mean and petty sp
personal animosity. Such collections as a national muse
anatomy are intended, we presume, for the general advancem
knowledge, for the use of the whole republic of science; not
exclusive benefit of a faction. In a memoir, "proving th
hippopotamos of Senegal differs more from that of the Cap
the latter differs from the fossil species," M. Desmoulins
plained that he could not elucidate his subject by drawings

been denied admission to the Museum. M. Cuvier first
ly pronounced this statement to be false: but he admitted
ruth, and exposed the unworthy influence of private hostility,
n he afterwards descended to make a quibbling distinction
een the right of admission to the galleries, and to the use of
specimens.

his our author smartly and justly compares to allowing a man
ook at the shelves of a public library, without permitting him
pen the books; and he seems to be galled, with reason, at the
ection that, to the cases of specimens which were thus closed
inst him, "he had himself contributed some fifty anatomical
parations." Whereupon it is, that M. le docteur Desmoulins
rs out the whole phial of his wrath upon the devoted head of
Baron. In his indignation and impotent rage, he is reckless
v far he wanders from the matter in dispute: he assails the ob-
of his vengeance with all the missiles of ridicule and abuse;
n the filth of an indecent jest about the Hottentot Venus, to the
re serious reproach of being destitute of all personal and political
grity. Having thus disposed of M. Cuvier, by "gibbeting him
ame," our magnanimous author protests that he shall not con-
cend to notice inferior antagonists, who have fallen under his
pleasure; modestly applying to himself the injunction of Alfieri,

> Va, tuona, vinci; e se fra pie ti vedi
> Costor, senza mirar sovra essi passa;

t he should proceed, *thunder*, and conquer; and if he saw them
er his feet, pass over them without deigning to regard them!

aving given a summary of this epistle introductory, as much
llustrate the general temper of the writer and his book, as for
mere sake of exhibiting so whimsical a compound of anger and
ity, we proceed to the immediate subject of the volume. The
ure and design of the work may be very briefly explained: it is
posed with the laudable purpose of proving, in opposition to the
hority of Holy Writ, the absurdity of ascribing a common and
gle derivation to the several races of man.

ome partiality for researches into the origin of nations, we have
n a former occasion expressed*: we are convinced that such
uiries, if rationally conducted, may throw much light upon the
siology of human talent and disposition; and we can imagine
objects of intellectual speculation more interesting to an in-
sitive mind, than the attempt to investigate the natural causes
he diversities of national character, as operating by difference
political and religious institutions, in prevailing occupations of
ustry, in climate and local position, and above all by the dis-
tion and admixture of races. That all these causes, and espe-
ly the last, have had their share in the formation of national
racter, we presume no man of reflection is prepared to dispute;

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* Monthly Review, No. viii., p. 279.

and it will scarcely be doubted, that there are physiological la in the moral world, acting by principles as fixed and determinat as those which regulate the operations of nature.

But while we confess the attraction, and feel the importance o inquiries into the origin of nations, as a part of this general subject, we are not the less disposed to deprecate the tendency and object of such researches, when they blindly abandon, or would presumptuously extinguish, the sure light of revelation and scriptural evidence. Any system of such philosophy, whatever be its range, which is not at least in accordance with sacred authority, we should be satisfied at once to reject as unsafe and untrue; and we can choose only between the feelings of pity for the error, or scorn for the purpose, which can have prompted its development. Not that the slightest fear or reluctance should in any case be entertained to meet the arguments of infidel speculation upon their own vantage ground: their refutation needs no *petitio principii;* and there will never be wanting some ray of truth, from mere reason and philosophy itself, to enable us to detect their fallacy, or destroy their dangerous implication.

The arrangement of M. Desmoulins' treatise is sufficiently systematic. He commences by an attempt to prove, from the records of ancient history, that the existing varieties of the human species have been known from the remotest ages, by the same physical diversities which they exhibit at this moment, and that they have always been grouped, from time immemorial, in distinct regions of the earth. He next examines what he calls the anatomical characters of these different races of men, and particularly of those of eastern Asia and southern Africa. He then labours to establish 'an agreement of the laws which regulate the geographical distribution of the different species of animals and men;' and he concludes that it is equally impossible that these *different species of either* should have been produced from a common stock, or dispersed from a common centre of creation. He contends that each existing form must 'have had a primitive centre of existence, and in so much, of creation;' that 'in the creation of animals no unity of place can be admitted, from whence they could have been dispersed; that therefore the plurality of the centres of creation is evident;' and that, 'for the geographical distribution of the races and species of men, there are no other laws than for that of animals.'

In the plan of his work, as we have here given it, M. Desmoulins' first book is occupied with an account of the people known by the ancients under the names of Scythians, Huns, Turks, Alains, Khazars, &c., and according to physical characters given to them by historians. Here he professes to exhibit all the clear and precise facts, that history and the monuments of art have transmitted to us, on the physical character of the various people of Europe and of Asia, to the north east of Persia, the Euxine and the Casn seas. Three chapters are devoted, successively, to a description those people, as known by the Greeks and Romans, by the menians, Persians, Arabians, and Turks, and by the Chinese. e agreement of all writers which these chapters are to shew, ll confirm the identity of each people described, and coincide th a physical principle of distinction between one race and other. This principle is the invariability of the colour of the in and hair, and of the shape of the countenance in races and ecies not mixed: and M. Desmoulins felicitates himself upon ving already given in his "Anatomie des Systemes Nerveux" ch proofs of it as to expose the imperfection or nullity of all rmer labours, and to demonstrate the precision and exactitude of is own!

On the execution of this portion of his labours, with which he is imself so well satisfied, we shall only observe, that M. Desmouns has lavished a great parade of deep learning on a very small urpose. For he has not established a single historical fact or eduction which was not already familiar to every general scholar. ndeed, he seems himself to have been strangely ignorant of the resent state of historical literature; or, it may be supposed that e would scarcely have engaged in the laborious researches which e has imposed upon himself in this part of his work, merely to stablish some recognised conclusions, which can have novelty for ew of his readers, and which no one of them will care to dispute. Ve never heard a doubt expressed by physiologists, that the existng nations of our northern continent, and some of the modern ordes of north eastern Asia, are of consanguineous races with those everal barbarian swarms, which some fifteen centuries ago, howver impelled, burst like successive inundations upon more civilized Europe, overthrew in their course the institutions and power of imerial Rome, and even in some cases swept from before them the ass of the ancient population.

Take, for one instance, the Huns, to fix whose identity our author as expended so much dissertation. Long before he wrote, the enealogical history and physical characteristics of no ancient eople had been better determined than theirs. In the description f Attila, which the horror of his contemporaries has bequeathed to s, it is impossible that any one should fail to recognise the xaggerated portrait of a genuine modern Calmuck. No one has oubted, that the exterminating followers of that "scourge of God" ere a true Mongolian race; and even their history anterior to heir irruption into Europe, has been satisfactorily examined. Their original Asiatic seats, their earliest vicissitudes of fortune, heir pristine conquests, and the subsequent flight before hostile nd more powerful hordes, which finally precipitated them on the estern world, have all been defined and related with remarkable ccuracy. The ingenious and indefatigable De Guignes, by his nowledge of the Chinese language and literature, was enabled to throw the clearest light upon the remote fortunes of that peop and his Histoire des Huns, which we detect M. Desmoulins in c sulting much oftener than he has acknowledged, is a prodigi monument of erudition and patient research. The labours of Guignes have been used by a great historian in our own langu with a worthier spirit than by his countryman; Gibbon, in admirable view which he has given (c. 26), of the gradual west progress of the Huns from their original seats, frequently confes his obligations to the learned Frenchman.

Nothing can be more lucid than Gibbon's narative of this ea history of the Huns;' his masterly and fearful picture of th later career, of the reign, the exploits, and the destroying cours the ferocious Attila, is too well known to every reader to need eulogy of ours. But it is singular, that M. Desmoulins sho have written as though he were ignorant of the familiarity of subject, and conceived he were illuminating the world with his found 'discourses' in national history, as well as in physiol He seems (p. 153) to attach great importance to the originali his remark, that the barbarian irruptions were merely the sep tion of the fugitive or adventurous hordes from the mass of race, and not whole national emigrations. But even the boast of a novel observation cannot be permitted to him. Gi has distinctly characterized the Huns, who invaded the empi a broken fragment only (vol. iv., p. 368, &c.) of the national and that fragment, when its frightful impetus was exhausted its cohesion destroyed, by the death of Attila, dwindled crumbled, in the divisions of civil war, until the very remains were again lost in the Scythian deserts. The reader will n quire to be reminded, that the modern population of Hunga not the descendants of the people, who seem to have given name to that kingdom, but of a proper Tatarian (and not a golian) horde, who so late as the end of the ninth century lished themselves between the Danube and the Carpathian tains.

So much for the value of M. Desmoulins' pretensions. dition we must remark, that he has crowded this part dissertation with such innumerable quotations and reference involved each chapter in such confusion, without the sli regard to arrangement or order, that it is by no means e decipher and define the precise conclusions at which he arrive. But if it be his object to prove, that the extant ra mankind have existed from the earliest authentic periods of p history, with the same physical varieties of colour and fe which they now display, he has, we repeat, made a large sh erudition to very small effect. The fact was before well kn and these, his important premises, will be freely conceded to But they will avail him little in the superficial conclusions, he would deduce from them. Whatever may have been the h these various races diverged from the parent stock of d, it was far more remote than the earliest times to which ure heathen knowledge of classical antiquity can ascend; epoch of the dispersion of the human species is lost in that loom, which it has pleased the purposes of Infinite Wisdom nly to shadow out to our imperfect understandings, in the ooks of the inspired Writings.

oncluding chapter of our author's first book is occupied ketch of the races of Europe and Asia, next of the Monace or *species*, as it better suits his purpose to call it. He apitulates the successive locations in Europe of the Celtic , the German, Slavonic, or Sarmatian, the Mongolian, the , the Tatar or Turkish, and again, a second time, of the ian nation. This part of his inquiry—the only legitimate l object of any such inquiries, as explaining the original tion of modern nations, and assisting to develop the nd causes of their distinctive characters—he might have l full of curiosity and interest. For much, both of amuse- d instruction, might be gathered from an examination of raphical strata, as it were, in which the various races of opean population will be found to lie, according to the n in which the stream of national conquest and emigration ed in successive ages. Thus, in our own island, the re- f the more aboriginal Celtic population are to be found in emities of Cornwall, Wales, and the Scottish Highlands, g as they were driven before the overwhelming tide of the nvasions; again, the irruptions of the Northmen upon the and their well known settlement in some of our eastern , have covered that coast with a superincumbent layer of race, of which the marks are still visible to antiquarian in a variety of peculiar customs and etymologies; and the conquest overspread the whole island with a tinge of and Frankish character and blood.

also, in France: the original Celtic population were rolled d by the succession of German invasions, until their re- ere compressed into the peninsula of Brittany, the fast- f Auvergne, and the Pyrenean mountains: where the t traces of a different language and countenance still re- confirm the assertions of history. Meanwhile layers of and Frankish, and Norman generations successively passed rest of France, and gradually cemented into the com- and strength of the modern nation. If M. Desmoulins e inquisitive to examine further the composition of the 'national strata,' the events of our own times may afford sh specimens for his curiosity. The long occupation of y the invading armies of Europe has doubtless not been its effects upon the eastern provinces; and the rising n *of that* part of his country may exhibit the amusing

admixture of our Celtic races of Ireland and Scotland,
Slavonic breeds of Russia, and even of the genuine Calmuc
of his 'Mongolian *species*.'

Such speculations, however, are probably less to M. Des
taste than some others of not quite so innocent a tenden
he offers merely a rapid enumeration of the races wh
formed the parent stocks of the European nations. In c
with this superficial part of his volume, we may observe,
has, (in a general table, reprinted from M. Majendie's
physiology), swelled the primary classification of Blu
from five races of man to sixteen *species*. The enumeratic
worth repeating: but it seems inserted in his volume pr
to mark the south African population (Hottentots, Boschism
as a distinct species, both from the Ethiopian (or Negro),
the Mongolian, under which a very few modern physiolog
proposed to class them. To assist in the maintenanc
precious system of 'various centres of creation,' he triu
adduces evidence (p. 158) that no Mongolian hordes are
from the remotest antiquity, to have penetrated into Afri
therefore, that the South Africans cannot have their desc
such an emigration. His negative proof is here no real pro
for the emigration might as well have occurred by sea as b
from China, for example; and an observant traveller has
remarked the resemblance in colour and complexion betw
Mongolian Chinese and the Hottentots*. But we do not
believe that the Hottentot tribes are of Mongolian race; t
more frequently and naturally been classed under the E
variety; and, besides their local position on the globe, th
woolly locks, (so different from the thin straight hai
Calmuck), constitute a proof of community of race with th
at least, as strong as can be urged on the other hand, fr
similarity of colour with the Mongolians.

Having, in his first book, prepared a masqued attack up
lation, M. Desmoulins more boldly opens the second wit
fidel motto from Micali: "La generazione umana non p
derivata da una sola provincia, ne da un sola clima"—
human race can neither be deduced from a single province
one climate: and he here gives the natural history of the
northern and eastern Asia, and southern Africa, for the
proving that they cannot have had their original derivatic
common stock. He begins with an inquiry into the caus
variety of the skin, hair, &c., of the human races; and he
much length, that these cannot have been primarily pro
the influence of climate and situation. Here, again, he
pended needless labour on a point, upon which the best
physiologists are already agreed. This matter also we fr

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* Barrow's Travels in China, p. 185.

to him ; the fairest Europeans of the German race are found
e same parallels of latitude with the copper-coloured Indians
rth America ; the Esquimaux, who scarcely ever feel the sun,
ery dark, while the Arabs of the scorched deserts of Asia are
orn, at least, in the hundredth generation, with a white skin ;
affers are of the blackest human jet, and the Hottentot tribes
djoin them are no more than of an orange tawny. But fifty
examples might be added, if any proof were required, that the
influence of climate will not alter the colour of the race. The
pean is swarthened by a residence under the tropic, but his
is born not the less fair : the offspring of the negro, in the
temperate regions of the United States, is as ebon as if it
produced under the African equator. So also in the European
ns of compound origin, there is observable a constant mixture
ht and dark complexions of the skin, eyes, and hair. In our
opulation this variety of tint is to be found, derived probably
the ancient fusion of German and Celtic blood ; while in the
ngled nations of a Mongolian or Ethiopian race—the Chinese
groes, for example—different shades of colour are rarely ex-
d in individuals of the same tribe. Nay, almost in every
sh family this mixture of complexions is to be found ; and
hildren of the same bed often alternate irregularly in two
, of "blonde and brunette." Even where both parents are
he offspring will be dark-eyed, and *vice versâ:* paternal re-
ances will disappear in the first, and be recovered again in
cond and third generations ; and children may be seen unlike
ather and mother, and like their grand parents—for thus, in
nguage of Lucretius,

> ——— Venus varias producit sorte figuras
> Majorumque refert vultus, vocesque comasque.

ving elaborated these acknowledged facts—truisms we had
t said—that the various races of man have existed from anti-
with the same physical distinctions as at present, and that
is not the result of climate and position, M. Desmoulins
eds to his grand conclusion, that this *permanence of type* is
constitutes species : and that, therefore, the races of man are
erely varieties of the same species, but so many different
s, created as such from the beginning of all things. It would
yond our purpose and limits to offer the easy refutation of this
ious system, by entering into minute and lengthened argu-
: nor, fortunately, does the state of physiological science in
orld require that we should waste time and words in opposing
clusion so false, so gratuitous, and so decidedly opposed to
miliar results of all rational modern research. We shall be
nted to enumerate only two or three among many well known
triking *proofs,* from analogy with the physiological laws of
wer *animal* world, which must afford a complete answer to

this untenable hypothesis: even if it were not in itself obvio repugnant to reason as to the authority of inspired Scripture.

And here we shall avowedly borrow our weapons fr armoury, in which they were assuredly tempered for far oth poses than the defence of the Christian dispensation. It is nate when the enemies of Revelation, by neglecting to obser uniformity of error, enable us to play off their rival systems ag each other; and the conclusions of a celebrated physiologist, has utterly denied any weight to the Mosaic account of creation, shall furnish a sufficient reply to those of M. Desmo Mr. Lawrence (Lectures, p.), considers the subject of the of man to be open to the utmost freedom of discussion; examines it solely as a mere philosophical question; and he ar after a most patient and full investigation, at a conviction to w at least no partialities of opinion would have led him,—that different races of man can be no more than varieties of the species. His plan of reasoning from the analogy of the a kingdom is here so thoroughly safe and satisfactory, that we do no more than give the conclusions at which he arrives:—

> "The facts and observations addressed in this section, lead us manif to the following conclusions; 1st, That the differences of physical org zation, and of moral and intellectual qualities, which characterise several races of our species, are analogous, in kind and degree, to th which distinguish the breeds of the domestic animals; and must, the fore, be accounted for on the same principles. 2dly, That they are produced, in both instances, as native or congenital varieties; and t transmitted to the offspring in hereditary succession. 3dly, That, of circumstances which favour this disposition to the production of varie in the animal kingdom, the most powerful, is the state of domesticat 4thly, That external or adventitious causes, such as climate, situa food, way of life, have considerable effect in altering the constitution of and animals; but that this effect, as well as that of art or acciden confined to the individual, not being transmitted by generation, and t fore, not affecting the race. 5thly, That the human species, there like that of the cow, sheep, horse, and pig, and others, is single; and all the differences, which it exhibits, are to be regarded merely as ties."—p. 548.

Thus the apparent 'permanence of type' does *not* cons species, as M. Desmoulins would peremptorily conclude; no the mere difference of colour which he has so confidently u for that type, be received as indicating any thing more t variety of the same species. For if it did, it must involv palpable contradiction that a number of new species may be duced. The proof *ex absurdo* is here simple and short. strongly marked tints in the human races have, for the sal classification only, been distinguished as five: white, yell olive, red or copper, brown or tawny, and black; but betwe these there is every conceivable intermediate shade of colour mple, the fair flaxen-haired German and the swarthy Portuguese necessarily included alike under the white variety. The oppo- extremes run into each other by the nicest and most delicate sitions; and the human skin exhibits every possible hue, in ost imperceptible gradation, from the clear snowy whiteness of most beauteous females, to the deep ebony of a Gold Coast ress. If colour constituted species, how should we accurately ine the number of human kinds already existing, and distinguish em, as all species in the animal kingdom may easily be distin- ished? But this is not all: the difficulty would be endlessly on e increase. The pairing of the European and the negro produces e well-known variety of the mulatto; and there can be no doubt, om all the laws of animal analogy, that if without any re-admix- ture of European or negro connection, mulattos were to match xclusively with each other for a few generations, this variety would e fixed as a permanent breed. Moreover, the same thing would e true in all races of such a single mixture of two bloods, unin- errupted by farther crosses. And thus in every such case, according to M. Desmoulins, a new permanent type being produced, a *new species of man would arise!!*

But after all, to what does this boasted permanence of type amount, when encountered by accidental interruptions? The Persians as a nation are of positive Mongolian origin; but their men of rank have for ages filled their harems with the women of Georgia and Circassia; two races which surpass all the world in personal beauty; and the consequent refinement of blood from this mixture, by the female line, has so completely washed out the stain of their Mongolian descent, that the Persians are become a well-grown and a handsome people. Are they still Mongolian? Say, what has then become of their permanent type, and how shall they be recognized for the same race of four centuries past. Have they been converted altogether into a new race or *species?* Then is this novel creation at least within the memory of history.

But it is little less than audacious presumption to declare any breed permanent, because it has existed since the earliest records of profane history: those records, even when most illuminated by human research, extend comparatively but a short distance back into the unfathomable darkness of time. If we have proved only that the common derivation of man from one stock, and therefore the Mosaic account of his creation, is not incompatible with the existing laws of physiology, we have ascertained enough for the humble inquirer to know. The established possibility of that common descent, is sufficient refutation of all the mere hypotheses which scepticism would invent to deny it. We are no more called upon to explain the physical incidents which might originally produce the variations of colour and feature in our species, than we are to scan the inscrutable designs of the Almighty, in gifting some races with superior intellect and beauty, and permitting the degeneracy of others from the primitive stock.

ART. VIII. *The Federalist, on the Constitution of the United States, written by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Jay; with an Appendix, the original Articles of Confederation, the Constitution of the United States, and the Amendments made thereto.* A new edition. 8vo. pp. 582. 18*s*. Philadelphia. 1826.

ALTHOUGH several editions of this very valuable work have been printed in the United States, we believe that, if not wholly unknown in England, it would be new, at least to a great majority of our readers. It is a collection of letters written under the common name of *Publius*, by Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Jay, three of those distinguished men who have been deservedly classed among the sages of the American revolution; and the object which they had in view when they combined to prepare and publish them, was to exhibit the merits of the constitution, at the time it was proposed for adoption to the different states of the Union. It need hardly be observed that at that epoch, so important to the future destinies of that great republic, a strong diversity of opinion prevailed in several of the States, not merely as to particular articles of the constitution, but with respect to the vital principle of the federative compact. From the period when they were first united, in order to shake off the sovereignty of the parent country, until the constitution was adopted in 1787, they were held together by the "Articles of Confederation;" an instrument in which many fatal defects were discovered, as soon as the re-establishment of tranquillity afforded leisure for revising it. But the idea of reform and improvement scarcely suggested itself, when some of the states felt themselves released from the union altogether, and many individuals of influence and ability openly discussed the expediency of separating the thirteen members of the republic into three distinct confederacies. It was in order to combat that scheme particularly, and at the same time to refute other objections of a minor character to the constitution, as well as to explain those provisions in it which were most misunderstood and misrepresented, that the statesmen whom we have named undertook to write the letters, which are here collected under the appropriate title of 'The Federalist.' They did not hesitate to descend into the arena of newspaper controversy, as they saw that it was the readiest and most effectual path to the public mind: nor did they believe that their great talents and acquirements could have been more usefully engaged, at such a crisis, than in enabling the people whom they addressed, to deliberate wisely, and according to a strict process of reasoning, upon the social compact to which their allegiance was invited.

Perhaps it was the finest political spectacle which the world has ever yet seen—that of three millions of people, who had within a few years overthrown the domination of a brave and powerful country, discussing by their manifold organs, the question of their union under one presiding system of government, arranging how much of their individual liberties they should surrender for the general safety, and jealously fixing the barriers by which their remaining privileges and rights should be defended to the latest posterity. That the Americans did all this, not only without bloodshed, but even without turbulence, they owe, perhaps, in a great measure to their British origin, their habits of manly thought, and to the happy diffusion of their population at the time: but it would be most unfair to deny, that they are chiefly indebted for the success of that splendid experiment, to the few but illustrious minds that rose with the exigencies of the period, and continued to pour around them a flood of godlike and eloquent light, until their great purpose was accomplished.

The examples of such men cannot be too often held up to admiration, nor their labours too highly appreciated. In modelling their government, they were obliged to make themselves perfect masters of the history of ancient and modern times, in order that they might guard against the defects, and if possible improve on the perfections, of systems already reduced to practice. They had to steer a safe course between the licentious democracies of Greece, and the representative monarchy of England--a task difficult under any circumstances, but arduous beyond all calculation at a moment when a whole people were triumphing in their newly-won independence, and when the very name of sovereignty was detestable to their ears. In proceeding to their object, the American sages had to grapple with the foundations of every known system of government, to explore the causes that led to the speedy ruin of some, and to the permanence of others. They had the advantage of contemplating the lessons of history, with a view not to subjugate their fellow citizens, but to erect the fabric of their freedom upon an imperishable basis; and it is admirable to find how their minds grew and expanded in proportion to the dignity and magnitude of their theme. Principles of power which with us are but slightly and delicately touched, through an habitual deference to the crown, are opened out and boldly dissected by these sturdy republicans. But their criticisms on our laws and institutions are framed, with reference only to the use which they proposed to make of them on their own side of the Atlantic. They were wise enough to know that a system of government, which might be beneficial to their union, might be wholly unsuited to the circumstances of any European country. We fully concur in the wisdom of that principle; but while we may at the same time feel a just pride in the reflection, that the great elements of American liberty were originally discovered in the bosom of our own laws; we may also contemplate, not perhaps without advantage, the institutions into which they have been expanded, with so much discretion and success, by a kindred people.

The papers contributed to this collection by Mr. Jay are [illegible] and less important than the others. Mr. Madison's lette[illegible] numerous. They are published here, with his own correcti[illegible] for the first time, and form the principal features of the vol[illegible] They exhibit in a striking manner the singular acuteness of [illegible] mind, his unwearied zeal for the federal system, and his calm [illegible] determined perseverance in assisting to build up and firmly se[illegible] every part of that fine structure of human wisdom. Mr. Hami[illegible] has also written a considerable proportion of the volume. His [illegible] tion is more fervid and eloquent than that of Madison. He i[illegible] warm advocate, but it is not difficult to perceive that he prefe[illegible] the federal system, not so much on account of the munim[illegible] which it provided for the general liberties of the people, as for [illegible] tendency—its necessary and irresistible tendency, to create [illegible] foster an aristocracy. It is well known, that "the wealthy [illegible] the well-born" form as distinct a class in America as they do [illegible] England; to this class Mr. Hamilton belonged, and he natur[illegible] wished to uphold it. Whereas Mr. Madison, though "well-born," and a man of distinguished talent, maintained the federal syst[illegible] on its own merits—the strength, dignity, and resources which [illegible] was capable of affording to the republic. The whole of the lette[illegible] combined, present to us a masterly commentary on the American constitution, which ought to be placed by the side of Blackstone in the library of every Englishman. In order that the reader may be enabled to form some notion of its character, we shall select a few passages, without going into the details of the controverted topics with which they are immediately connected. Mr. Hamilton thus defends the utility of the union, as a safeguard against the necessity of "standing armies."

'Standing armies, it is said, are not provided against in the new constitution: and it is thence inferred that they would exist under it. This inference, from the very form of the proposition, is, at best, problematical and uncertain. But STANDING ARMIES, it may be replied, must inevitably result from a dissolution of the confederacy. Frequent war and constant apprehension, which require a state of as constant preparation, will infallibly produce them. The weaker states, or confederacies, would first have recourse to them, to put themselves upon an equality with their more potent neighbours. They would endeavour to supply the inferiority of population and resources by a more regular and effective system of defence, by disciplined troops, and by fortifications. They would, at the same time, be obliged to strengthen the executive arm of government; in doing which their constitutions would acquire a progressive direction towards monarchy. It is of the nature of war to increase the executive, at the expense of the legislative authority.

'It may perhaps be asked, by way of objection, why did not standing armies spring up out of the contentions which so often distracted the ancient republics of Greece? Different answers, equally satisfactory, may be given to this question. The industrious habits of the people of the present day, absorbed in the pursuits of gain, and devoted to the im-its of agriculture and commerce, are incompatible with the con- a nation of soldiers, which was the true condition of the people republics. The means of revenue, which have been so greatly d by the increase of gold and silver, and of the arts of industry, science of finance, which is the offspring of modern times, con- vith the habits of nations, have produced an entire revolution in m of war, and have rendered disciplined armies, distinct from the he citizens, the inseparable companion of frequent hostility.

e is a wide difference also between military establishments in a which, by its situation, is seldom exposed to invasions, and in h is often subject to them, and always apprehensive of them. rs of the former can have no good pretext, if they are even so in- keep on foot armies so numerous as must of necessity be main- the latter. These armies being, in the first case, rarely, if at all, to activity for interior defence, the people are in no danger of ken to military subordination. The laws are not accustomed to ns in favour of military exigencies; the civil state remains in full either corrupted nor confounded with the principles or propen- the other state. The smallness of the army forbids competition natural strength of the community, and the citizens, not ha- to look up to the military power for protection, or to submit to its ns, neither love nor fear the soldiery: they view them with a jealous acquiescence in a necessary evil, and stand ready to resist which they suppose may be exerted to the prejudice of their

army, under such circumstances, though it may usefully aid the tes to suppress a small faction, or an occasional mob, or insur- will be utterly incompetent to the purpose of enforcing encroach- ainst the united efforts of the great body of the people.

in a country where the perpetual menacings of danger oblige the ent to be always prepared to repel it, her armies must be nu- enough for instant defence. The continual necessity for his enhances the importance of the soldier, and proportionably de- e condition of the citizen. The inhabitants of territories often re of war, are unavoidably subjected to frequent infringements rights, which serve to weaken their sense of those rights; and by the people are brought to consider the soldiery not only as their s but as their superiors. The transition from this disposition to considering them as masters, is neither remote nor difficult: but difficult to prevail upon a people under such impressions, to bold or effectual resistance to usurpations supported by the power.

kingdom of Great Britain falls within the first description. An ituation, and a powerful marine, guarding it in a great measure the possibility of foreign invasion, supersede the necessity of s army within the kingdom. A sufficient force to make head a sudden descent till the militia could have time to rally and em- all that has been deemed requisite. No motive of national policy anded, nor would public opinion have tolerated, a larger number upon its domestic establishment. This peculiar felicity of situa- , in a great degree, contributed to preserve the liberty which that country to this day enjoys, in spite of the prevalent venality and c ruption. If Britain had been situated on the continent, and had b compelled, as she would have been, by that situation, to make her mili establishments at home co-extensive with those of the other great pow of Europe, she, like them, would in all probability, at this day, be a vict to the absolute power of a single man. It is possible, though not e for the people of that island to be enslaved from other causes; but it c not be by the prowess of an army so inconsiderable as that which has be usually kept up within the kingdom. 'If we are wise enough to preser the union, we may for ages enjoy an advantage similar to that of an in lated situation.—pp. 40—44.

The last paragraph will hardly be read with indifference by Englishman. It must at once appear to him as wholly inapplic ble to Great Britain at the present day, when, in the midst of th enormous taxation and irremediable distress under which a lar proportion of the people are actually suffering, an immense army kept up, and distributed in barracks throughout this country an Ireland. To our shame, we must avow, that the day has gone by when public 'opinion would not have tolerated' such an overgrow establishment in a time of peace; and when that 'public opinion' would have hooted from the cabinet the minister who would hav dared to propose it.' But let this pass for the present.

The objection most usually made in the first instance to republics of every form is, that they afford so many facilities to domestic faction and insurrection; that they are incompatible with the security either of persons or property. To these objections Mr. Hamilton gives a masterly, and, as we think, a most triumphant answer. We can extract only a part of it.

'It is impossible to read the history of the petty republics of Greece and Italy, without feeling sensations of horror and disgust at the distractions with which they were continually agitated, and at the rapid succession of revolutions, by which they were kept perpetually vibrating between the extremes of tyranny and anarchy. If they exhibit occasional calms, these only serve as short-lived contrasts to the furious storms that are to succeed. If now and then intervals of felicity open themselves to view, we behold them with a mixture of regret, arising from the reflection, that the pleasing scenes before us are soon to be overwhelmed by the tempestuous waves of sedition and party rage. If momentary rays of glory break forth from the gloom, while they dazzle us with a transient and fleeting brilliancy, they at the same time admonish us to lament that the vices of government should pervert the direction and tarnish the lustre of those bright talents and exalted endowments, for which the favoured soils that produced them have been so justly celebrated.

'From the disorders that disfigure the annals of those republics, the advocates of despotism have drawn arguments, not only against the forms of republican government, but against the very principles of civil liberty. They have decried all free government, as inconsistent with the order of society, and have indulged themselves in malicious exultation over its friends and partisans. Happily for mankind, stupendous fabrics, reared

> basis of liberty, which have flourished for ages, have, in a few
> us instances refuted their gloomy sophisms: and, I trust, America
> e the broad and solid foundation of other edifices not less magnifi-
> which will be equally permanent monuments of their error.
> ut it is not to be denied that the portraits they have sketched of re-
> can government were too just copies of the originals from which they
> taken. If it had been found impracticable to have devised models of
> re perfect structure, the enlightened friends of liberty would have
> obliged to abandon the cause of that species of government as inde-
> ble. The science of politics, however, like most other sciences, has
> ved great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now
> understood, which were either not known at all, or imperfectly known
> e ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct depart-
> ts; the introduction of legislative balances and checks; the institu-
> of courts composed of judges, holding their offices during good
> aviour; the representation of the people in the legislature by deputies
> heir own election; these are either wholly new discoveries, or have
> e their principal progress towards perfection in modern times. They
> means, and powerful means, by which the excellences of republican
> ernment may be retained, and its imperfections lessened or avoided.
> this catalogue of circumstances that tend to the melioration of popular
> ems of civil government, I shall venture, however novel it may appear
> some, to add one more, on a principle which has been made the
> dation of an objection to the new constitution; I mean the EN-
> GEMENT of the ORBIT within which such systems are to revolve,
> er in respect to the dimensions of a single state, or to the consolidation
> everal smaller states into one great confederacy.—pp. 44—46.

n England, as well as in America, the principle is acknow-
ged, that all power is derived from the people. With us, how-
, the principle is necessarily understood with restrictions,
ch have no force in America. Even in that republic, the ulti-
e appeal to the people is rarely made; and when an important
gency arises, they are still consulted only through a convention,
cially elected for the purpose. The character of the exigency
ch should justify a measure of so much delicacy and impor-
ce as this; in other words, the mode by which a safe and con-
tional channel should be kept open between the three depart-
ts of the government, (viz. the executive, the legislative, and
judicial), and the people, and the occasions on which it should
esorted to, gave rise to a great deal of discussion. Mr. Jeffer-
proposed, "that whenever any two of the three branches of
ernment [shall concur in opinion, each by the voices of two-
ds of their whole number, that a convention is necessary for
ring the constitution, or *correcting breaches of it*, a conven-
shall be called for the purpose." (*Notes on the state of Virgi-*
) The reasoning by which he supports the necessity of ap-
ling to the people in the last resort is unanswerable; but the
le here suggested of making that appeal (though subsequently
pted in the constitution), is open to many objections. Indeed,

there are difficulties of a serious nature to be found in ever
by which a given time, or occasion, would be marked out a
fying a convention, and accordingly, we find that the wr
'The Federalist,' touch upon this delicate matter with gr
cumspection. Mr. Madison, indeed, argues that such
ought to be thought of as little as possible; and that in
render them unnecessary, 'the interior structure of the gove
should be so contrived, as that its several constituent par
by their mutual relations, be the means of keeping each
their proper places.' After developing his suggestions up
point, he proceeds to shew the great additional security
civil rights of the people, which is found in the federal
His observations on the latter subject are so forcible and ju
so applicable to governments in general, that we feel gre
sure in transcribing them.

'In a single republic, all the power surrendered by the people
mitted to the administration of a single government; and the usu
are guarded against, by a division of the government into dist
separate departments. In the compound republic of America, th
surrendered by the people, is first divided between two distinct
ments, and then the portion allotted to each subdivided among
and separate departments. Hence a double security arises to the
the people. The different governments will control each other
same time that each will be controlled by itself.

'It is of great importance in a republic, not only to guard th
against the oppression of its rulers; but to guard one part of th
against the injustice of the other part. Different interests ne
exist in different classes of citizens. If a majority be united by
mon interest, the rights of the minority will be insecure. There
two methods of providing against this evil: the one, by creating
the community independent of the majority, that is, of the societ
the other, by comprehending in the society so many separate des
of citizens, as will render an unjust combination of a majority of th
very improbable, if not impracticable. The first method prevail
governments possessing an hereditary or self-appointed authority
at best, is but a precarious security; because a power independen
society may as well espouse the unjust views of the major, as the
interests of the minor party, and may possibly be turned against b
ties. The second method will be exemplified in the federal republ
United States. Whilst all authority in it will be derived from,
pendent on the society, the society itself will be broken into s
parts, interests, and classes of citizens, that the rights of individu
the minority will be in little danger from interested combination
majority. In a free government, the security for civil rights mu
same as that for religious rights. It consists in the one case in th
plicity of interests, and in the other in the multiplicity of sects.

'The degree of security in both cases will depend on the numb
terests and sects; and this may be presumed to depend on the
country and number of people comprehended under the same gov
This view of the subject must particularly recommend a prope

all the sincere and considerate friends of republican government:
hews, that in exact proportion as the territory of the union may
d into more circumscribed confederacies, or states, oppressive
ions of a majority will be facilitated; the best security under the
n form, for the rights of every class of citizens, will be diminished;
equently, the stability and independence of some member of the
nt, the only other security, must be proportionally increased.
the end of government. It is the end of civil society. It ever
and ever will be pursued, until it be obtained, or until liberty be
e pursuit. In a society, under the forms of which the stronger
an readily unite and oppress the weaker, anarchy may as truly be
ign, as in a state of nature, where the weaker individual is not
against the violence of the stronger: and as in the latter state,
stronger individuals are prompted, by the uncertainty of their
, to submit to a government which may protect the weak, as
hemselves; so in the former state, will the more powerful factions
s be gradually induced, by a like motive, to wish for a government
ll protect all parties, the weaker as well as the more powerful.'—
–294.

ubtedly the stain of the American union is its recognition,
may say, its encouragement of the slave system. The con-
in apportioning the representatives for the different states,
g to the amount of their population, considers the slave
as an inhabitant, but 'as debased by servitude below the
vel of free inhabitants, and as divested of *two-fifths of the*
The southern states would undoubtedly never have adopted
ral constitution, without a clause of this description, and
therefore justified in concluding that the sages who pro-
, made that sacrifice in order to accomplish the confederacy.
can hardly be deemed that the clause is an open infraction
sound and admirable maxim just propounded, that in a
vernment each part of society, whether it be in the mino-
majority, should be equally protected from injustice. Is it
Mr. Madison has stated, that 'justice is the end of go-
nt,' 'the end of civil society?' Is it true that 'in a society,
he forms of which the stronger faction can readily unite
ress the weaker, anarchy may as truly be said to reign, as
te of nature, where the weaker individual is not secured
the violence of the stronger?' If this be so, assuredly it is
chy of the most cowardly, selfish, and oppressive kind, to
ate a system by which the most helpless of all human beings,
napped African negro, is to be treated as if he were no bet-
a brute, as if he were not informed by an immortal mind,
stined for eternity. It may be answered, "but the slaves
o part of American *society*, and are therefore not contem-
in the maxim." But to whom is it to be attributed that
not belong to society?

Americans defend the slave system upon the principle of
y, and when this and all other arguments have failed them,

they retort thus upon an Englishman. “ Your professions ar
fine, but shew us an example of justice in your own nation,
you attempt to reform ours. There is Ireland, with a popu
of seven millions of men, not one of them a negro; men eq
yourselves in every respect, so far as intellect, bodily strengt
gin, and personal worth, are concerned. Yet these seven m
you keep down in a situation of the most disgraceful thraldo
no reason whatever, except that they differ from you in one
points of religious faith.” We have no answer to give to su
argumentum ad hominem as this. The American justly tri
over us in the comparison, and it is one of the most painful ci
stances attending his triumph, that it stigmatizes equally t
lightened and the prejudiced men of our country, althoug
incontrovertible that a large majority of the former are deter
in their abhorrence of the foul and profligate injustice, of
Ireland has been so long the victim.

While we are upon this subject of slavery, we must add t
senate of the United States have evinced little considerat
their own honour, or for that of their country, by refusin
sanction to the treaty which had been agreed to by the pre
for branding that abominable traffic with the character of
The second section of the constitution gives power to the pre
“ by and with the advice and consent of the senate to ma
ties, provided two-thirds of the senators present concur.
senate form in fact the only council which the executive
the United States is entitled to consult upon matters relatin
administration of the government, and it is much to be la
that they did not concur with him on this subject.

The senate must concur also in all appointments made
president, otherwise his nomination is of no avail. It is
of our duty to consider, whether a branch of the legislatur
to have been invested with so large a share in the execu
this prerogative implies; but we confess that it appears
have been a great oversight in those who framed the const
to have fixed upon the same body as the only court compe
try impeachments. That form of trial is usually resorted
in cases, where a public officer stands charged with some g
linquency. But if his appointment to office must hav
sanctioned by the senate, is it reasonable to suppose, th
will be impartial judges of his conduct? Further, we m
gine the case of a president impeached by the house of rep
tives, for making a treaty detrimental to the interests of the
But if such a case as this were to be tried by the senate
they must themselves have been a party to the treaty, it
that they would be judges, and indirectly defendants, at th
time. Mr. Hamilton has expended a great deal of argur
order to shew, that such would not in fact be the result,
think he fails most egregiously in his object. He is muc

ssful in defending the constitution against the objections of
rty, who proposed that the president should be assisted by a
cil of ministers. His reasonings upon this point are unanswer-

esponsibility is of two kinds, to censure and to punishment. The
is the most important of the two; especially in an elective office.
in public trust will much oftener act in such a manner as to render
unworthy of being any longer trusted, than in such a manner as to
them obnoxious to legal punishment. But the multiplication of the
tive adds to the difficulty of detection in either case. It often be-
s impossible, amidst mutual accusations, to determine, on whom the
e or the punishment of a pernicious measure, or series of pernicious
ures ought really to fall. It is shifted from one to another with so
dexterity, and under such plausible appearances, that the public
on is left in suspense about the real author. The circumstances
may have led to any national miscarriage or misfortune, are some-
so complicated, that where there are a number of actors who may
had different degrees and kinds of agency, though we may clearly see
the whole that there has been mismanagement, yet it may be im-
icable to pronounce, to whose account the evil which may have been
red is truly chargeable.

I was overruled by my council. The council were so divided in
r opinions, that it was impossible to obtain any better resolution on
point." These and similar pretexts are constantly at hand, whether
r false. And who is there, that will either take the trouble, or incur
lium, of a strict scrutiny into the secret springs of the transaction?
ld there be found a citizen zealous enough to undertake the unpro-
g task, if there happen to be a collusion between the parties con-
d, how easy is it to clothe the circumstances with so much am-
y, as to render it uncertain what was the precise conduct of any of
parties?

the single instance in which the governor of this state is coupled
council, that is, in the appointment to offices, we have seen the
iefs of it in the view now under consideration. Scandalous appoint-
to important offices have been made. Some cases indeed have
so flagrant, that ALL PARTIES have agreed in the impropriety of the
When inquiry has been made, the blame has been laid by the
nor on the members of the council; who, on their part, have charged
n his nomination: while the people remain altogether at a loss to
nine, by whose influence their interests have been committed to
so manifestly improper. In tenderness to individuals, I forbear to
d to particulars.

is evident from these considerations, that the plurality of the exe-
tends to deprive the people of the two greatest securities they can
or the faithful exercise of any delegated power: *First*, the restraints
blic opinion, which lose their efficacy as well on account of the
n of the censure attendant on bad measures among a number, as on
nt of the uncertainty on whom it ought to fall; and, *secondly*, the
tunity of discovering with facility and clearness the misconduct of
rsons they trust, in order either to their removal from office, or to
actual punishment in cases which admit of it.

'In England, the king is a perpetual magistrate; and it is a ma which has obtained for the sake of the public peace, that he is unacco able for his administration, and his person sacred. Nothing, theref can be wiser in that kingdom, than to annex to the king a constitutio council, who may be responsible to the nation for the advice they gi Without this, there would be no responsibility whatever in the execu department; an idea inadmissible in a free government. But even th the king is not bound by the resolutions of his council, though they answerable for the advice they give. He is the absolute master of own conduct in the exercise of his office; and may observe or disregard counsel given to him at his sole discretion.

'But in a republic, where every magistrate ought to be personally sponsible for his behaviour in office, the reason which in the British c stitution dictates the propriety of a council, not only ceases to ap but turns against the institution. In the monarchy of Great Britain, furnishes a substitute for the prohibited responsibility of the chief m gistrate; which serves in some degree as a hostage to the national jus for his good behaviour. In the American republic it would serve to d stroy, or would greatly diminish, the intended and necessary responsib of the chief magistrate himself.'—pp. 395—397.

These passages which we have given from "The Federalis are sufficient to indicate the solid and instructive matter of whi it is composed, and the brilliant and manly style in which it written. We again recommend it to the perusal of our country men. Without kindling in their minds a vague desire for change which even if practicable, would hardly be desirable under our circumstances, 'The Federalist' will assist them to form a clear and just estimate of the machinery of our own admirable constitution, and to cherish that passion for liberty, without which the best laws were a mere ineffectual sound.

ART. IX. *German Stories: selected from the Works of Hoffman, de la Motte, Fouqué, Pichler, Kruse, and others.* By R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh. Cadell, London. 1826.

MR. GILLIES is already well known to the world, not only as a scholar well versed in the German language, but as one of the most judicious translators of the best specimens of the literature which that language contains. We know of no writer better calculated for the task which he has performed in the volumes before us; for it is his fortune to combine, with an eminent degree of good taste, a lively partiality for the extraordinary, not to say fantastic, tales, which minister so abundantly to the amusement of our German neighbours. Whatever be the cause of it, it seems pretty certain that they still delight in stories of ghosts and murders, robberies, and all sorts of forest mysteries and superstitions, which have long since ceased to attract any attention amongst us. It would appear also that they really enter into the most extravagant details with the most perfect good faith. Every thing is in keeping. No apology is offered for the introduction of incidents which soar far beyond the reach of all sober calculation. The narrator appears to believe in every thing which he relates, and thus he carries his audience with him to the end of his tale, little caring how far he trespasses on their credulity, provided that he can, for the moment, entertain their imagination. In this respect, the stories here presented to us by Mr. Gillies, and which he has selected from the most popular novelists of Germany, strongly resemble the Arabian Nights. In both, we find the same consistency of colouring, the same credulity, if we may say so, on the part of the author; and, if we mistake not, the reader will find, in the German tales, a spell quite as binding, and, we may add, fully as delusive, as that which presides over the fictions of the east.

Let it be conceded, that we sit down to these volumes only for the purpose of amusement; to while away, for instance, a dark, stormy, winter's evening, a good fire glittering in the grate, the window-curtains drawn closely together, puss purring on the warm rug, and the rain pattering on the house-top, and we defy the most heroic philosopher to give them up until he has read cleanly through the whole of the three books, from the preface to the end. They will, every one of them, startle his reason, and when he has finished one tale, before he proceeds to the next, he may take a pinch of snuff, or a cup of coffee, and exclaim,—how truly Germanic! how mysterious! how absurd!—yet, as surely as the time wears away, he will begin, and beginning, will certainly go on to the conclusion of the next, and of the next tale, and so on to the last page. At least we speak from our own experience when we say, that in the course of our reading we have never encountered three volumes less friendly to a lethargic propensity, than those with which Mr. Gillies has here presented us.

The first story is entitled, 'Mademoiselle de Scuderi,' from the pen of Hoffman. We had already read a tale upon the same subject, in some publication of which we now forget the name; yet the resemblance of the theme is all that can be imputed to Hoffman, for several of the characters are altogether original. De Scuderi, as every body knows, was honoured with the friendship of Madame de Maintenon, and, of course, patronised by Louis XIV. She was not less conspicuous for her literary acquirements, than for the tender benevolence of her dispositions. She is introduced into the present story at that very remarkable period, when Paris was the scene of the most dreadful atrocities. Assassinations and poisonings were so frequent, and the malefactors so rarely discovered, that a tribunal of police, called the *chambre ardente*, over which La Regnie presided, was expressly instituted for the purpose of detecting and punishing the guilty. Among these, the well known De Brinvilliers was a monster of wickedness; she poisoned her own father, because he separated her from her paramour, the infamous De St. Croix; and, in order to obtain the family inheritance, she disposed of her brothers and sisters by the same summary process. Indeed, to such a height did she and her associates carry their monstrous depravity, that, in the words of Hoffman, it seemed as if the 'inclination towards crimes of this description became at last a ruling passion, without any other object but the unnatural pleasure they derived from it.' Scarcely had the police, at the head of which was the celebrated Desgrais, relieved the capital from this band of miscreants, when another appeared to have been leagued together for the 'purpose of bringing into their own possession all the finest jewellery in Paris.'

'No sooner had a rich ornament been purchased, than, however carefully it had been locked up, it vanished immediately, in a manner the most inconceivable. It was far more intolerable, however, that every one who ventured out at night with jewels on his person, was attacked in the streets, (or in dark courts and alleys), and robbed of his property, while, though some escaped with life, scarcely a week passed away, in which several murders were not committed. Those who were fortunate enough to survive such an attack, deponed that they had been knocked down by a blow on the head, as resistlessly as if it had been a thunderbolt, and that, on awakening from their stupefaction, they had found themselves robbed, and lying in a situation quite different from that where they had first received the blow. On the other hand, the persons who had been murdered, and some of whom were found almost every second morning upon the streets, or in the dark entrances to houses, had all one and the same deadly wound, namely, a stab in the heart, which, according to the opinion of the surgeons, must kill so instantaneously, that the victim so struck would, without a scream or groan, fall instantly lifeless to the ground.

'Now, at the luxurious and gay court of Louis XIV., what young nobleman was there to be found who had not some amorous intrigue, and who did not glide through the dark streets at a late hour, bearing oftentimes rich jewels, as a present to his mistress?—As if the murderers had been aided by some direct intercourse with the devil, they knew exactly where and when any opportunity of this kind was to occur. Frequently the unfortunate man was not allowed to reach the scene of his love adventures; at other times he was struck dead on the threshhold of the house, or at the very chamber door of his mistress, who with horror discovered on the following morning the ghastly corse.

'In vain did Argenson, the police minister, order every individual to be arrested who seemed in any degree suspicious; in vain did the passionate La Regnie foam with rage, and endeavour by torture to force out confession: in vain, too, were the watchmen doubled in number; no trace of the criminals could be discovered. Only the precaution of going fully armed, and employing torch-bearers, seemed to have some effect; and yet there were instances when the attendants, if not sufficiently numerous, were brought into confusion by large stones being thrown at them; while at the same time their master, as it usually happened, was robbed and murdered. It was especially wondered at, that, notwithstanding the minutest inquiries in every place where the traffic of jewels could be practicable, no evidence was to be found that any of the stolen goods had been offered for sale; in short, all the ordinary means of justice to bring about discovery were completely baffled.

'Desgrais, the principal police officer, was furiously enraged that the miscreants should have been able to escape from his cunning and contrivance. Indeed, that quarter of the town (commonly thought the most unquiet) in which he was stationed was, for the most part, spared; while in other districts, where no one apprehended any outrage, the robbers and assassins failed not almost every night to find out new victims. Under these circumstances, Desgrais bethought himself of a good *ruse de guerre*, viz., to multiply his own personal identity; in plainer words, to dress up different individuals so exactly like himself, and who resembled him so much in gait, voice, figure, and features, that even the catchpoles and patrol did not know which was the true Desgrais. Meanwhile, he used to watch quite alone, at the risk of his life, in the most retired lanes and courts, from which he would at times emerge, and cautiously follow any individual who seemed, by his appearance, likely to bear about his person property of value. The person so followed remained always unmolested, so that of this contrivance too the assassins must have been fully instructed, and Desgrais fell into absolute despair.

'At length he came one morning to the President la Regnie—pale, disordered, and, indeed, quite beside himself. "What's the matter now?" said the president, "what news?" Have you found any trace? "Ha! your Excellence," began Desgrais, stammering in his agitation,—"your Excellence, last night, not far from the Louvre, the Marquis de la Fare was attacked in my presence."—"Heaven and earth!" shouted La Regnie, "then we have them at last!"—"Oh, hear only," said Desgrais, with a bitter smile, "hear only, in the first place, how it happened. I was standing at the Louvre, and with feelings that could scarcely be envied even by the damned, waiting for those demons that have so long mocked at all our endeavours. Then, with steps rather unsteady, and always turning his head, as if to watch some one behind, there comes up a passenger, who went by without observing me. By the moonlight I recognized that this was the Marquis de la Fare. I could keep watch over him from the place where I stood, and I knew very well whence and whither he was going. Scarcely had he proceeded ten or twelve paces farther, when a man started up, as if he had risen out of the earth, attacked the Marquis, and knocked him down. Without reflection, and overcome by the impulse of the moment, which promised to give the murderer at once into my hands, I shouted aloud, and thought that, with one vehement bound, I could dart from my hiding-place, and seize upon him. But as ill-luck would have it, there I entangle myself in the skirts of my mantle, and fall down. I see the man hastening away as swift as the wind. I scramble up, run after him, and, in running, blow my trumpet. In an instant I am answered by the whistles of the patrol;—all is in commotion;—from all quarters is heard the clang of arms, or trampling of horses. 'Here, here,' cried I, in my loudest tone, 'Desgrais! Desgrais!' till the streets re-echoed to my voice. Still, by the clear moonlight, I see the man moving before me, and keep a strict watch on all the turnings that he makes to elude me. We come at last into the Rue *de la Nicaise*, where his strength in running appeared completely to fail him. I, of course, exert myself with double energy. At that time had got before me only, at the utmost, fifteen paces"———

‘ “ You overtake him—you seize him—the patrol comes up?” roa La Regnie, with glaring eyes, and catching Desgrais by the arm, as if had been the flying murderer. “ Fifteen steps,” repeated Desgrais i hollow voice, and so much agitated that he could scarcely breathe—fift steps or thereabouts distant before me, the man starts away out of moonlight into the dark shade, and vanishes through the wall——?”

‘ “ Are you mad?” said La Regnie, indignant and disappoint “ From this hour onwards,” said Desgrais, rubbing his brows, “y Excellency may call me a madman, an insane visionary, if you will— the truth is neither more nor less than I have narrated, I stood starin the wall, almost petrified with astonishment, when several of the pa came up, and with them the Marquis de la Fare, who had recovered senses, and now appeared, sword in hand. We had our torches ligh and examined the place with the greatest care ; but there was no trac be found of a door or window, or, in short, of any opening whatever. is a strong stone wall of a court, adjoining to a house in which people living to whom not the slightest suspicion is attached. Even this day, by sunlight, I have examined the whole premises with the m scrupulous care ; and, doubtless, it must be the very devil himself mocks at us in this manner.’—vol. i., pp. 25—32.

This scene is admirably conceived, with a view to heighten curiosity. We receive no explanation of it until near the clos the story, when we find that the author imagines the whol these assassinations to have been perpetrated by a jeweller, wh he names Cardillac, a character, most probably, of his own inv tion. To him Hoffman ascribes the utmost skill and excellenc the art of setting precious stones, and also the strange passio being enamoured so excessively of the jewels on which his in nuity was expended, that he returned them to the owner w reluctance, and even anger ; and took the first opportunity of gaining them, by assassinating the person who wore them. T it must be owned, is a considerable draught upon our credul yet it is impossible to read the tale, extravagant though it may in the conception, without feeling deeply interested in every p of it.

Cardillac has a beautiful daughter, Madelon, and an apprent Olivier Brusson. Of course the young people soon become mu ally attached, but such a connection not suiting the views of C dillac, he turns Olivier out of doors, without any ceremony, soon as he discovers the affair. Olivier watching one night o side the window of his mistress, in order to obtain a stolen in view with her, unluckily placed himself in a situation, wh enabled him to perceive the old man gliding through a se passage in the wall behind his house into the street. Pursu him silently, and at a distance, Olivier saw him strike down stab to the heart, a gay chevalier who was walking alone ; rifling him of his jewels, Cardillac made his escape. Olivi found, by the police, leaning over the dead man; but his innocence appearing at once, he was not detained. The next day, Cardillac went to the lodgings of his ex-apprentice, and brought him back to his house, promising him, on condition of secrecy, Madelon in marriage. The offer was too tempting to be resisted, and for the sake of the mistress, Olivier connived at the guilt of the father. But one occasion occurred upon which Olivier could not be indifferent. De Scuderi had been the friend of his youth, and the patroness of his family. One night be had reason to suspect that Cardillac went out with murderous designs against her, and, as before, he followed the assassin. But this time Cardillac himself was the victim. He attacked a stranger, who was too powerful for him, and Olivier reached the spot in time only to prevent him from dying in the street. He carried his master home, where the old malefactor speedily expired. It was evident that his death was produced by violence; Olivier was accused of his murder, thrown into prison, and condemned to death. But through the interposition of de Scuderi, a rigid inquiry is instituted, which ends in the development of the whole mystery, and in the liberation and marriage of Olivier and Madelon.

The next tale is 'The Castle of Scharfenstein,' by the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué. It is of a character altogether different from that which we have just noticed. The interest with which the fair author has invested it, is entirely of a pathetic and melancholy nature, and she has contrived to impart a desolate grandeur to the scene, in which her action is laid, that adds powerfully to its effect. The heroine (Julia) is an English lady of great beauty, who is supposed to have been attached to one of the minor courts in Germany. Her attractions obtain for her an undesirable pre-eminence in the affections of the grand duke, whose advances she uniformly resists. To his younger brother, however, she is less cruel; in process of time they are secretly betrothed; the grand duke, maddened with jealousy, reproaches his brother with the alliance; the latter, inflamed with passion, draws his sword against his brother and his sovereign, in consequence of which he is banished to the castle of Scharfenstein, under the pretence of his being insane. Julia quits the court and gives birth to a son, who, when arrived at maturity, without being known to the duke, obtains his favour and confidence, and is finally commissioned to watch over the prisoner at Scharfenstein. The intercourse which thus takes place between the father and son, leads, of course, to the disclosure of their connection; it is, moreover, discovered, that Julia had, for many years, fixed her residence near the castle, under a feigned name, finding the only solace of her life in the sounds of her lover's flute, which she heard every evening from a neighbouring hill. After a confinement of twenty years, the prisoner succeeds to the sovereignty of his brother, and the happiness of his declining life compensates him for the wrongs which he had so long endured. The story is told in letters, and is among the most affecting in the collection.

The tale of 'The Sisters,' we do not much admire. It turns upon the common-place superstition of one sister foreseeing her own death, and of being speedily followed by the other. But the first volume can well sustain the appendage of this indifferent ghost story, and therefore we proceed without further remark to the second, which opens with another very powerful tale, by Hoffman, called 'Rolandsitten; or, the Deed of Entail.' It is rudely, and in some passages confusedly written, but nevertheless it seizes the attention, and fixes it, without interruption, through nearly two hundred pages. We must find room for the introduction:

> 'On the bleak shore of the Baltic sea, between the towns of Bernburg and Rovienne, is situated the old family mansion of the Barons von Rolandsitten. The immediate environs are wild and desolate. Scarcely here and there a single blade of grass rises out of the bottomless drift-sand, and instead of a garden,—the usual adjunct of a baronial castle, Rolandsitten has, on the landward side, only a frightful wood of Scotch firs, that, with their never changing gloom, seem to mock the beautiful garniture of the spring, and from whose dark umbrage, instead of the delightful songs of the blackbird and nightingale, nothing is heard but the croaking of ravens, and the storm-boding screams of the sea-fowl.
>
> 'Only about half a mile distant, however, all nature suddenly changes. As if by the wand of an enchanter, one finds himself here transported into a blooming district of luxuriant corn fields and meadows. Here, too, is visible the large flourishing village of Rolandsitten, with the commodious house of the Baron's land steward, and beside a pleasant thicket of older trees, are observable the foundations of a large castle, which one of the former proprietors had intended to build. His immediate successors, however, living on their other property in the dukedom of Courland, left his plans thus unfinished; and as for the Baron Roderick von Rolandsitten, who again took up his residence on the family estate, he never thought of building farther, since, to his dark and misanthropical disposition, the aspect of the lonely old castle was exactly suitable. Accordingly, he made its half ruinous apartments be repaired as well as he could, and shut himself up in it, with a frightful old scarecrow of a house-steward, and a very slender establishment.
>
> 'This Baron Roderick seldom appeared in the village. However, he both walked and rode frequently on the bleak shore, and people insisted that, from a distance, they heard him talking aloud, and saw him listening to the roaring breakers, as if he could hear answering and intelligible voices from the sea. On the highest pinnacle of the watch-tower, he had fitted up a kind of study, and supplied it with telescopes, quadrants, and all sorts of philosophical apparatus. From thence, in the day time, he contemplated the ships, as, like white-winged sea birds, they floated across the distant horizon; and every star-light night he used to spend there, occupied with astronomical, or, as some would have it, with astrological labours, in which the old steward assisted him.
>
> 'The report, indeed, was very general during his life-time, and still more,

is death, that he was devoted to the occult sciences, or Black Art, at, by the failure of some of his magical operations, by which he eatly injured, or offended, a noble family in Courland, he had been l to fly from the capital of that dukedom. The slightest allusion to idence there, filled him with horror. But, whatever misfortunes had n him, he ascribed them wholly to the conduct of his predecessors, s he said, had wickedly deserted the ancestral castle. In order that, future at least, the representatives of the family might be induced de at Rolandsitten, he made the property, in the strictest manner, by al deed of entail, into a *majorat*. The prince of the district was re willing to ratify this arrangement, as he wished to retain, under n government, a family that had, in former times, produced several soldiers, but which had already spread its branches into foreign ies.'—vol. ii., pp. 3—6.

thout going into the details of the story, it is sufficient for urpose to state, that in the course of descent this *majorat* rise to a mortal antipathy between Wolfgang the elder, and t, a younger brother of the family, and that the old house- rd Daniel, who had been grievously insulted by the former, ly entered into the views of the latter for making himself r of the property. Hubert arrived at the castle, and having ged his stay, to the great displeasure of his brother, for many , he one night went down to the stables with Daniel, who ed a horse for him, as if he were setting out on his departure. hen every thing was prepared, Hubert returned to his cham- nd resolved on remaining longer. It happened some time this, that a violent storm overthrew a wing of the castle, which an astronomical tower was connected, and it was be- that beneath the vaults now covered by the ruins, vast trea- had been concealed by an ancestor of the family. Wolfgang n the habit of going nightly to the door of the fallen tower, immediately overlooked the ruins, in order to feed his thirst ld, by an imaginary contemplation of the riches which he sed to be buried in the vaults below. Winkler the Justitia- or law adviser, of the household, had accidentally observed cene already mentioned, which took place in the court-yard, en Hubert and Daniel, and resolved on informing the baron n the morning.

hen eight o'clock struck, at which hour the baron used to make his rance, Winkler heard an extraordinary uproar sounding along the ies,—doors violently slammed or opened, steps of people running to ro, and voices shouting aloud. On leaving his apartment, he met of the servants, who, with visages deadly pale, ran past him, without answering his questions, and rushed in great agitation from one room other. At length he ascertained that the baron was amissing, and very one had for some time been on the alert to discover him, but in He had retired to bed the preceding night as usual, attended by nfidential *chasseur*, but afterwards must have risen, and gone out in ight-gown and slippers, with the candlestick in his hand; for these articles were found wanting, while his wearing apparel lay as usual on a sofa. With his mind full of horrid anticipations, Winkler ran into the fatal audience-hall,—for Wolfgang, like his father, had chosen a cabinet adjoining to this for his bed-room. The moment that the *Justitiarius* entered the long apartment, he turned his eyes instinctively towards the gate that once led up to the astronomical tower, and, behold, it stood wide open! Shuddering in every limb, he now exclaimed—“ Aye, aye! It must be so. In that horrible abyss he lies dashed to pieces!”

‘ His words were soon found to be correct. Snow had fallen, which, by its reflection, aided the day-light, so that those who looked down into the chasm, thought they could clearly distinguish the form, now stiffened in death, of the unfortunate man, who lay with his hands clenched, and eyes starting from their sockets, amid the stones and rubbish. After some unavoidable delay, workmen were sent down, at the risk of their lives, by means of several ladders tied together, and succeeded in drawing up the dead body. In the convulsive strife of his last agony, the baron had firmly seized on the silver candlestick; the hand in which it was thus grasped, was the only uninjured part of his whole frame, which, by striking against the stones in its descent, had been hideously shattered, so that it presented a most appalling spectacle.’—vol. ii., pp. 125—127.

Hubert of course immediately succeeded to the property, and the general supposition was, that the baron had fallen accidentally into the abyss. The following scene, however, points out the murderer. It will immediately remind the reader of lady Macbeth; but even if we suppose it to be founded on Shakspeare’s original conception, it has still the merit of being naturally introduced, and executed with consummate ability.

‘ It was now midnight, and the full moon shone brightly into the adjoining hall, to which the door leading from the bed-room stood open. All had been for some time hushed and silent as the grave, when Winkler suddenly heard a noise, as of some one coming slowly and heavily up stairs, also the ringing and rattling of keys. Instantly he was on the alert—rose up, went into the hall, and plainly ascertained that some one was advancing along the corridor towards the main door, which opened accordingly, and a man in a night-dress entered, with a pale anxious visage—in one hand a candlestick, with a thick wax light—and in the other a great bunch of keys.

‘ Winkler immediately recognized the house steward, and was on the point of asking him what in all the world he wanted there so late at night, when the whole appearance of the man struck him as being so mysterious and ghostly, that he could not help shuddering. “ No doubt,” said he, “ this person must be a sleep-walker;” and he determined to watch his proceedings for some time in silence. With slow measured steps, the old man went straight towards the walled-up door, which had formerly led to the astronomical tower. Directly before it he remained stationary, and, as if from the very bottom of his heart, uttered a long howling cry, which echoed so horribly through the hall, that the Justitiarius actually trembled with affright. Then, having set the candlestick on the ground, and stuck the keys into his girdle, Daniel began with both hands to scratch against the wall, so that it was unaccountable how the pain that he must have caused to himself did not awake him, groaning all the while, as if under the influence of some nameless and deadly torment. Now, he laid his ear to the wall, as if watching for some voice within—then turned round and waved his hand, as if to quiet the anxiety of some one that he supposed to be near him. At last, he stooped down, lifted up the candlestick carefully, and went back with the same solemn demeanour through the door. Winkler was resolved to see the end of all this—ran for his own candle, and followed the old man, who went sedately down stairs, opened the great gate of the castle, (when the Justitiarius, unobserved, contrived to slip out along with him), thereafter betook himself to the stable, where he stationed the candle with great caution, in a place where it could not come in contact with the hay and wood-work—took down bridle and saddle, and got ready one of the horses, arranging accurately the girths and stirrup buckles—smoothing the animal's hair on the forehead, and clapping his neck, led him out to the court. There he stood for some moments, nodding his head, bowing, and muttering as if he received orders; after which, he led the horse back to the stall, took off the saddle and bridle, and bound it to the manger. Finally, he took up the candlestick, locked the stable, returned to the castle, and retreated to his own chamber, carefully bolting the door.'—vol. ii., pp. 140--143.

Of the next tale, entitled George Selding, Mr. Gillies thinks that 'had the scene been changed to England or Scotland, it might, (in good hands), have made an excellent sketch of domestic life, after the manner of Miss Edgeworth; or rather, perhaps, that of the author of "Lights and Shadows,"' If Professor Wilson had not been a Scotchman, and a friend of Mr. Gillies, the latter could never have conceived the idea of placing that author for a moment on a level with Miss Edgeworth. There is as great a difference between the two novelists, as there is between a natural moss-rose and an artificial one. The one is exuberant of bloom and fragrance, whereas the other, patched up with gum and thread and wire, and painted muslin, is fit only to crown the false frontlets of some tawdry milliner. We hope that the Professor will not be tempted by his complimentary friend, to spoil the fair work of Caroline Pichler. As it now stands, the story is told with simplicity and feeling, and affords a picture of domestic manners in Germany, such as we rarely discover among the fictitious productions of that country.

George Selding is represented as a young and wealthy banker, who, by accidentally affording assistance to a family overturned in their carriage, becomes acquainted with a young lady of shewy person and accomplishments. In the back ground, however, he discovers another Cinderella—an orphan girl of much greater beauty and worth, who is compelled by the family to superintend their household affairs, and only rarely permitted to be seen in the drawing-room. Every time Selding meets her, he becomes more interested in her fortunes, until at length he shakes off the fetters of his first admiration, and unites himself to the orphan. He gives himself up to domestic attentions for three or four months, but a growing taste for new society leads him among gamblers; his fortune is impaired, and his home rendered unpleasant, soon becomes intolerable. A separation takes place, and Selding, having exhausted all his fortune, loses his new friends. His health declines, and he is thrown upon the bed of sickness. His wife, upon being informed of his situation, through the agency of a good physician hires herself to her husband as a nurse, and for that purpose assumes the disguise of an old woman. In that capacity she watches by his bedside, affectionately administering to all his wants, until he becomes convalescent. The pious fraud is discovered, and their reunion, like that of the Stranger and Mrs. Haller, admits of no hesitation upon the introduction of *their* child, and they begin a career of happiness, such as neither had experienced before. This brief outline is sufficient to induce the reader to refer to the tale itself; it will fully repay his attention.

In the third volume we have five stories, all of which possess more of the legendary character, than those which we have been hitherto considering. 'The first of May, or Wallburga's night,' is indeed little more than a fairy tale; it strongly reminds us of Mr. Hogg's misty productions. Two young village beauties happening to set their hearts upon the same gallant serjeant, and he being obliged to conform to the laws of the world at this side of Turkey, and having indeed a decided preference for one of them, becomes her husband. Her rival leaves the village from pure chagrin, but returns shortly after, having in the mean time married a swain for whom she cared not one farthing. Retaining still her ancient affection, she consults an old witch, and by her incantations causes the serjeant's wife to be transported one fine night from Switzerland to Sweden, in an aerial car, and herself to be transformed into the likeness of her victim. She then walks into instant possession of the serjeant's cottage, nurses his little child, and soon yields him another, without his discovering the delusion. He finds, however, a great alteration in the disposition of his wife, who, from the best of helpmates, is turned into a capricious, scolding damsel. His peace is utterly broken, when after the lapse of two years, his real wife makes her appearance, and creates no little confusion in the good man's ideas. Matters are, however, soon restored to order. The charm is broken, the false one vanishes, together with her equally false offspring; and her body, for which search had been frequently made during the two preceding years, is discovered the next day in the neighbouring lake, to the great joy of her first husband, who feared that she would have returned to him in *statu quo*.

Ridiculous and antiquated as the superstitious notions are, upon which this tale is founded, it is nevertheless charmingly written, and, shall we confess it? attractive in a high degree, to any reader who will give himself up for an hour or two to an imaginative mood. The commencement of the tale is picturesque.

'It happened on a very beautiful evening of the year 163--, that a young lover and his mistress, by name Rudolf and Alice, were seated together on the banks of the Lake Constance in Switzerland. The sun had long since vanished behind the mountains, only the rugged pinnacles of the opposite shore on the south still shone with a roseate splendour. Twilight shades had settled dimly in the vallies, where wreaths of white vapour collected, and were slowly mounting towards the pine-tree forests above. Meanwhile, it was delightful to see how the stars, shining out one by one, and the red light from these lofty cliffs, were mirrored in the water; and, as it happened to be Sunday evening, no sounds of rural labour interrupted the quiet mood of contemplation. Only the light beating of the lake waves on the shore, the voice of a blackbird, or the call of a lone shepherdess on the Alps, broke the solemn stillness.

'Rudolf and Alice were faithfully and ardently attached to each other. Many a severe trial had they already undergone;—they were long separated, and had encountered painful scenes of contention among relations;—but those evils were now passed; their hearts heaved with mutual affection, and with gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for, on this Sunday, they had been regularly betrothed in the chapel of the Benedictine convent, and their wedding was appointed to take place early in the following month.'—vol. iii., pp. 3, 4.

We can find room only for the return of Alice to her home, after her extraordinary exile. It is natural and affecting.

'Hope, to which she had been so long a stranger, once more dawned in her mind; and the mere possibility of again beholding Rudolf, was an impression so delightful, that she thought of nothing else; and did not lose a day in putting her plans into execution. She obtained proper information as to the route that she must pursue, and, in short, after some laborious weeks' travelling, sometimes with the mail-waggon, sometimes on foot in company with good people to whom she had been recommended, she at length beheld the snow-clad tops of the Alps once more rise at a far distance on her view; and the thought, "Yonder lives thy husband and child, and thou wilt soon behold them again," was so overpowering, that she burst into tears and almost fainted, so that her travelling associate, an old citizen's wife, had much trouble in again restoring her to any degree of composure.

'She had determined to make out the remainder of the way, from this last station to her birth-place, quite alone, and on foot. For, in truth, she knew not what changes might have taken place, or what people would now think of her, and she would gladly, at first, have remained unknown as a stranger. These doubts and fears increased as she drew near her journey's end, so that she could not move along with her wonted rapidity. Now, at last, she had psssed through a rocky narrow ravine, which alone lay between her and the sight of the wide gleaming lake, and her former beloved habitation. With every step, her agitation increased, till behold,—the beautiful expanse of waters—the well known landscape—the wooded cliffs, and smiling village were unrolled, as if by magic, before her!—As yet, she could not, on account of the sheltering woods, discern her own house, but the smoke of the chimney was rising over the trees, marking the place where Rudolf and her child now lived, if indeed they yet survived.

Once more, quite overpowered, she threw herself weeping on the gr and prayed long and fervently for support in the trials that perhaps av her. Feeling her strength quite exhausted, she determined to mal quiries, and to beg some refreshment at the nearest house that had a mising appearance, and luckily observed one, where there was seated, her spinning-wheel at the door, a good-humoured old woman, surrou by a little party of children, who looked kindly at the handsome str remarking, no doubt, both her unusual dress, and the traces of car anxiety which were so visible on her countenance. A jar of mill some brown bread were immediately brought out, and Alice was requ to sit down on the stone bench with her hostess, where the varied ol in the beautiful landscape soon afforded a commencement for their versation. On inquiring who lived at the farm, whence the smok rising over the woods, and hearing Rudolf's name, Alice ventured t many questions regarding him, pretending that she had known that l some young Swiss, when he was a cavalry soldier in the Pappenheim rassiers. She, herself, was born in the neighbourhood of Prague, and came in search of some friends of her late husband's who lived at St. gen. The old woman kindly answered all her queries, and especially Rudolf said, that he was living in his usual way, with his wife an children.

' "His wife," exclaimed Alice, turning deadly pale, "He has then ried again?" "Not that I know of," said the old woman, "unle had a wife before when he was abroad in the wars. Soldiers indee not very scrupulous about such matters." "And to whom then is h married?" said Alice. "She was a girl of this neighbourhood," ans the woman—"and they have now been man and wife several y "Two years, perhaps?" faltered Alice. "Oh, longer than that," r the other—"their youngest child runs about and speaks by this t Alice was petrified with astonishment. She knew not what to con from such assertions; and her hostess, thinking that perhaps Rudo formed some connection with this handsome young girl when he w foreign states, looked with increasing interest on the poor sufferer.- therefore, in her turn, proposed many questions, of which Alice, i confusion, scarcely observed the proper drift; but when she had in degree recovered, begged to know whether Rudolf now lived happil his wife?" "On the contrary," answered the old woman, "peopl of them all over the country,—she is said to be so ill-natured and wl cal, that the good young man's life will end in absolute martyrdom strange feeling of blending triumph and compassion gave Alice strength; but through the rest of the conversation, all that she only served to perplex her the more, though she had, alas! learned e to crush every lingering hope that might have remained of future l ness.'—vol. iii., pp. 66—70.

'Still, however, she must once more behold her husband and her though it were for the last time in this world. The way was yet lon strength was exhausted, and she walked slowly and laboriously. length she saw her own beloved dwelling-place; she had turned th ner of the thicket—the rivulet on whose banks she had so often sa Rudolf, saluted her with its accustomed murmur,—the farm-yar garden and trees were all as she had left them; and on drawing n he door, she heard from within, the plaintiff accents of a child's voice,—erhaps her own child! On entering the court, she observed there a male figure employed on some household-work at the fountain, but she was bending down over her labour, and Alice could not see her features; o she glided onwards to the half-open door, looked in, and, good heaven, here sat Rudolf, her own dear husband,—but, leaning his head thoughtully on his hand, looking very pale and disconsolate. All reflection and aution forsook her at this sight, and, with a loud exclamation of blended orrow and delight, she flew into his arms. But Rudolf angrily forced himelf from her embrace. "What means all this?" said he; "why these oolish pretences? and why have you drest yourself out so absurdly?" Alice felt as if she had been struck by a thunderbolt. This reception, at once so cold, and yet so natural, as if he perfectly well knew to whom he was addressing himself, confounded her more than aught that she had yet encountered, so that she could do nothing but wring her hands, and look up to him imploringly. Her husband, however, took no other notice of her than by exclaiming "Pshaw! let us have no more of this mummery!"—and turned away in wrath towards the window. "Alas! Rudolf," said she, "have you no better words for me than these, after two long years of such unhappy separation?" "Two years of separation, forsooth!" answered he; "half an hour ago, you went out to the fountain in the court, and now you come back in a strange dress. To say the truth, Alice, your conduct all this morning has been by no means in keeping with this fine scene, and in short—but I shall not vex myself more about the matter. Away with you to your task, for here you have no business at this hour." "Oh, Rudolf, Rudolf!" answered Alice, "what monstrous deception must have been practised against you. It is now two long years and three months since I had the happiness of seeing you! Never since the fatal Wallburgas's night——" "Darest thou yet speak of that time?" replied he; "aye, from that night, as thou well know'st, thou hast been changed, and I have been a miserable injured husband!" "It was not I—it was not I'"—cried Alice, with increasing animation and courage. "No, Rudolf, I have never done ought to vex you, and, moreover, I was far, far from hence. Alas! have you then quite forgotten your once dear Alice?" With these words she stretched out her arms towards him. The tears that now flowed from her eyes,—her tone of voice and whole expression of countenance, moved him to the very heart. "Good God!" cried he, "it seems at this moment as if old times were indeed revived,—Alice, is it possible!—and do you indeed still love me?"—vol. iii., pp. 72—75.

"Oath and Conscience," and the "Crystal Dagger," by Professor Kruse, of Copenhagen, though they depend for their interest rather on the complication and mysterious obscurity of their plots, than upon the spells of witchery. "The Spectre Bride," like "The Sisters," already noticed, is a ghost-story; and the concluding tale, "The Warning," is said to be founded for the most part on real events. It has certainly a great air of probability about it, if we suppose the incidents to have occurred in Germany some thirty or forty years ago.

It is due to Mr. Gillies to observe, that his translation of these '*German Stories,*' is admirable. It is impossible to detect in style a single sentence, which savours of the foreign idiom. His periods are remarkably free from those involutions and compound phrases, which are usually discovered in versions from the German by less skilful hands.

Art. X. *Iu-Kiao-Liou les Deux Cousines, Roman Chinois; traduit par M. Abel-Remusat; Precede d'une Preface, ou se trouve un parallele des Romans de la Chine et de ceux de l'Europe.* 3 Tomes, 12mo. Paris. Moutardier. Treuttel and Wurtz. London. 1826.

China has been so long a sealed country against all foreign inquiry, that an insight, ever so limited, into its social condition, must be an object of interest. We regard, therefore, this romance, which gives a genuine picture of the habits and manners that prevail amongst that remarkable people, as a highly valuable curiosity. The work bears too many internal marks of its legitimate descent, to require any investigation into its claims in that respect: it breathes throughout the pure serene atmosphere of the "Celestial Empire." In the very outset of the book we have an illustration of the paramount influence amongst the Chinese of two great motives in life, namely, marriage and civil promotion: all other human purposes are as nought compared with these. The feeling, however, with respect to the former is of a complex kind. A father is anxious to have his son married, partly as it will be delightful to see him established, but principally in order that that son may have a successor, to perform towards his manes those posthumous offices, the prospect of being deprived of which is the most terrible idea, that can agitate the mind of a Chinese. Thus, then, a parent advanced in years, having only one child, and that a daughter, is very properly designed as the element of an interesting story. The want of a son, who would execute those sacred duties to his memory after his death, is calculated to make the old man's life perfectly irksome; but he consoles himself with the hope of seeing his daughter speedily united to a suitable husband. His anxiety on that score gives rise to some very striking pictures, of the very amiable state of relation that subsists between the members of the same family in China. The charms and acquirements of the young lady are such as to invite proposals of marriage in abundance: but the father's solicitude about her is such as to lead him to adopt a very severe principle of selection, in obtaining a husband for her; and his adherence to it excites jealousy, and in one instance a spirit of vengeance. But dramatic necessity requires a lover to be produced. A Chinese hero essentially differs from the European model. His perfections belong exclusively to the civil kind: he must be a collegian, and distinguished at the examinations. Mind and education, in short, carry every thing in China: a college gown there has attractions for the ladies equal to those of a red coat amongst us. It is not his rent-roll, or a recital of his deeds of arms, that will recommend a Chinese suitor—his capacity and literary proficiency are narrowly inquired into by the friends of the lady. One of the most pleasant scenes in the book is a sort of trial of wit, which a young fellow, named Yang Fang undergoes, in order to establish his pretensions to the hand of the heroine. Her father and uncle contrive a dinner party, to which the old and young Yang are invited. The two former, like a pair

uisitors, endeavour to draw out the young man, whilst his father, who
sible of the lad's imbecility, practises a thousand devices to cover
is errors. The character of the lady's father is finely developed in a
ion, where he has to struggle with the duties of a loyal subject and
ternal feelings; for, by the intrigues of the elder Yang, now rendered
to this father by the firm rejection of his suit, the latter is ap-
d to a perilous political mission. Extricated from the danger, the
ntleman finds himself and his family enmeshed in a series of cross-
ses with the real hero of the story, who, in his turn, commits a
and mistakes, and is involved in a thousand misadventures. Inci-
thicken upon each other, so as more strongly to confirm the in-
, without in the least affecting the unity of the story, until the proper
arrives for the usual mutual understanding between all parties, and
eral reconciliation of interests. The peculiarity that will most
ly rivet the attention of the European reader in these volumes, is un-
edly the course of love which the hero is obliged to run. The effect
ystem of polygamy on society appears to be, to make divisible, as it
a passion which, to our western notions at least, is the most exclusive
whole catalogue. The lover of this romance is blessed with two
sses, who are each conscious of his divided adoration. As the
man sighs, dies, and indites *double,* he must be the pink of industry,
npared with our European heroes. The two young ladies, instead
ing war under the banner of the green-eyed monster, are only more
leagued together; and all their mutually explained hopes and
aspire to an union with the object of their double attachment.
oughout the volumes will be found a very small portion indeed,
is of the strictly narrative writing. The story is rather acted and
n before us by the persons themselves, who thus imperceptibly dis-
all the parts of their character, even to the nicest shades. It
in no part the least appearance of artifice. We perceive in it no
ng of circumstances to produce surprise or terror; and there is
r a battle nor a death, to call up our sympathies, from beginning to
but all the passions of our gentler nature are kept in constant agi-
. We feel that we have contracted an intimacy with beings of our
alk, and we attend them with interest through all the turns of their
e. We are thus brought at once into the circle of Chinese society,
dmitted, as it were, among its members.

English version of this romance is now in the press*, under the su-
endence of an experienced hand. The difficulty of a translator's
on this occasion is to be faithful to his text, to preserve that air of
city and nature, which characterizes the only European version
t possess of the Chinese original, and at the same time to guard
mposition from the impurities of a foreign idiom. This task, we
eason to expect, is likely to be accomplished in the forthcoming
ation.

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* Printed for Messrs. Hunt and Clarke, Tavistock-street.

Art. XI. *Continuazione della Storia d'Italia dal fine di quella* *Guicciardini fino al* 1789.

This is the title of a projected work in which Botta, the Italian historia undertakes, at the solicitation and with the support of his Italian frien and admirers, to write the continuation of Guicciardini's history of Ital from the period at which the Florentine historian left it, to the year 178 where it will join Botta's lately published history of the revolution. Bot intends to follow as much as possible, the method, and imitate the sty of Guicciardini, so as to form a complete narrative of the affairs of Ital written almost entirely by one hand, from the end of the fifteenth centur a period in which that country underwent a total political change, fro the turbulent condition of the middle ages to that of a modern natio Among the principal events which Botta will have to narrate, are the co tinuation of the wars between Charles V. and Francis I. and their succe sors in Piedmont, and in the Milanese, the revolutions of Naples and Genoa, the means used by the Medici to obtain possession of the princ pality of Tuscany, the siege of Sienna, and the abolition of that republi the council of Trent, and its consequences, the reigns of the prince of Savoy, especially that of Emanuel Philibert, the wars between Porte and the republic of Venice, with the attacks of the former the islands of Cyprus, Candia, Corfu, and Malta, the wars of Spanish, and of the Austrian successions; the useful reforms Maria Theresa and of Joseph II., in Lombardy, those of Ferdinand Medici, of Leopold and Ferdinand of Austria in Tuscany, and those Charles and of Ferdinand of Bourbon at Naples, the reigns of ma pontiffs, from Paul III. to Pius VI., and the vicissitudes of opinions, a the essential changes which took place during the last century in the sta of literature, sciences, and arts, forming altogether a period equalled in importance by few in the history of the world, and inferior to none.

The work will consist of eight thick volumes 8vo., and Botta requir six years to write it. It is to be printed and published at Paris, und Botta's eyes. The first volume will be ready for the press in July, 182 and the last in 1832. The limited subscription was opened at Mr. Ca cia's, a banker, at Paris, which, we believe, has been already filled up, as to defray the first expenses, and to assure the author a monthly allo ance of 500 francs, whilst engaged in his laborious undertaking. We inclined to augur well of this new work of Botta, in which, no *doubt* will avoid those failings that have been criticised in his otherwise *clev* and powerfully written history of the late Italian revolutions. *Botta* perhaps, of all Italian writers, he who knows best his countrymen and general spirit of the age we live in. An universal history of Italy is still desideratum in Italian literature; Bossi's voluminous work being lit more than a useful but plain chronology of events.

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